April 13, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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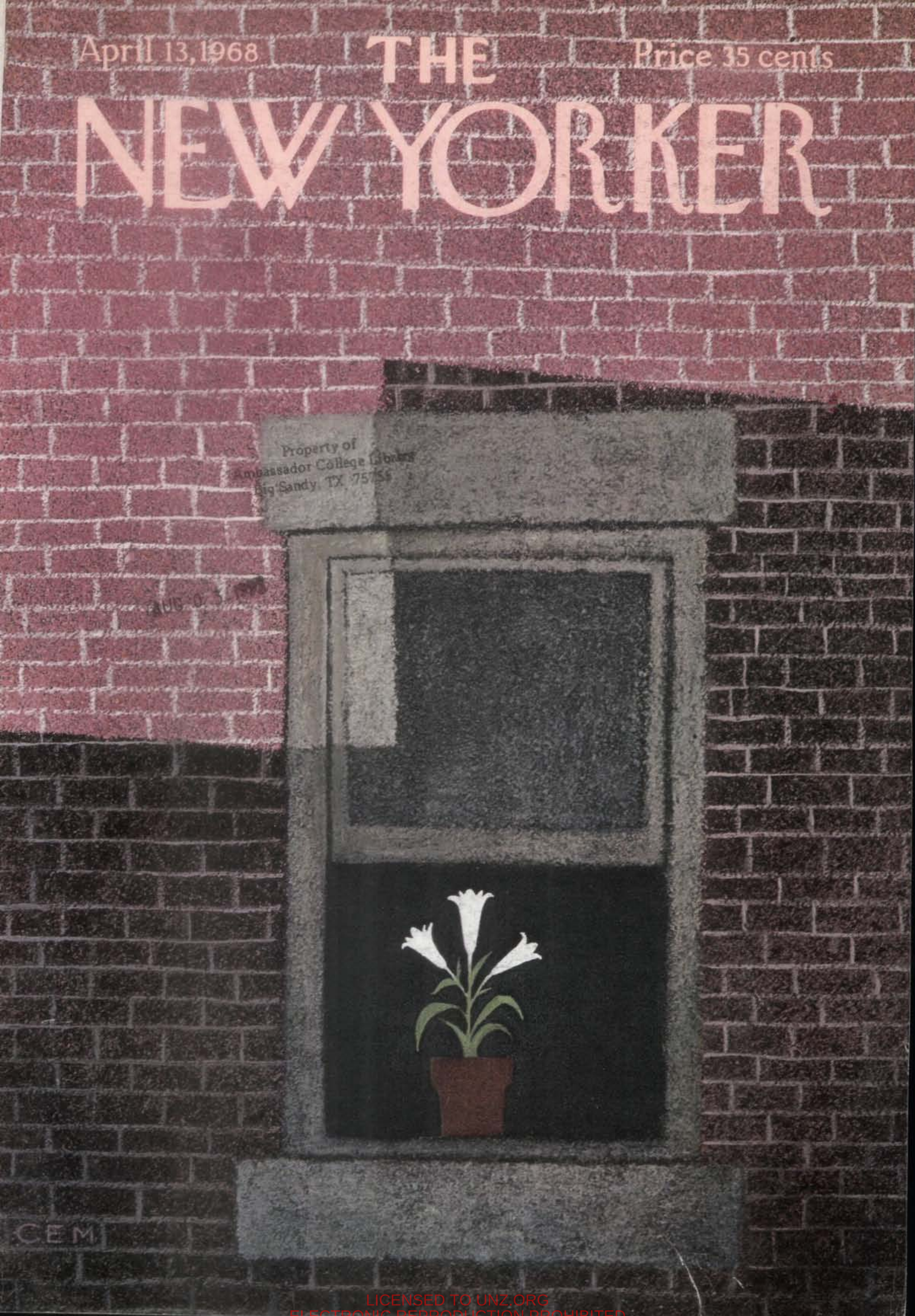

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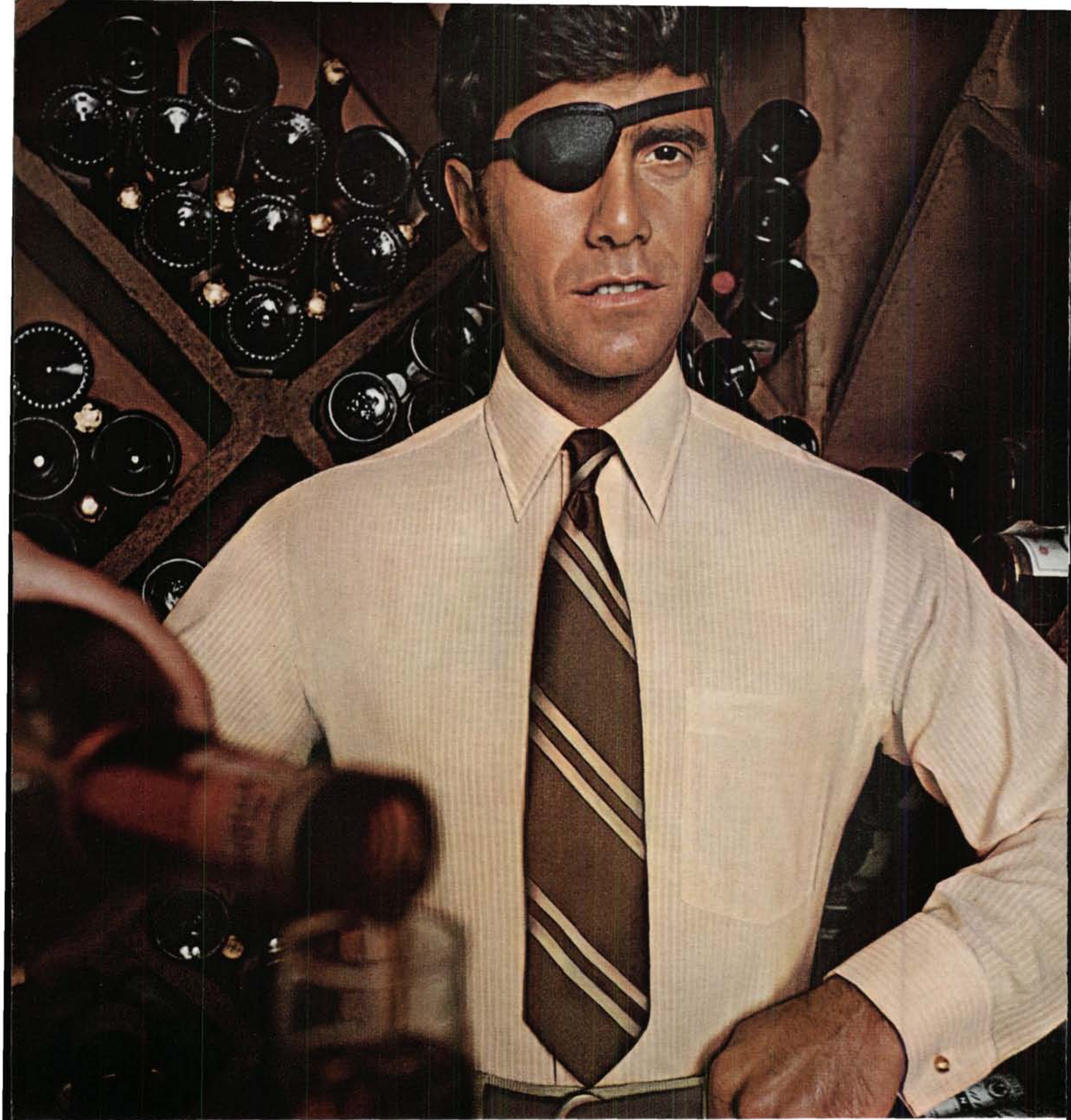

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NEAL BARR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD**, with Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker: Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 8:30; Saturday, April 13, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday, April 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**: Tuesday, April 16, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 17, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING**: Thursday, April 18, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A trio of one-acters by Ed Bullins, resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. The plays are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well, a few of them matching the dramatist in brilliance. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ergo—An old-fashioned Expressionistic play by Jakov Lind that exposes either Teutonic or general corruption (it is hard to be sure which) in a parcel of garish pranks, many of them extremely disagreeable. The production and acting, under Gerald Freedman's expert direction, are fine, but the script is a thick-fingered bore. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish, (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18, at 2:30.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's sad-faced, tongue-tied account of the perennial unwinnable war between the generations. With Alan Webb, Hal Holbrook, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. Albert Finney is the superb anti-hero. Also on hand and also superb are Zena Walker and Elizabeth Hubbard. Starting Tuesday, April 16, Donal Donnelly will replace Mr. Finney. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Kongi's Harvest—A play by Wole Soyinka, presented as the third in a series of four productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leda Had a Little Swan—A comedy by Bamber Gascoigne, in which Severn Darden, Michael J. Pollard, Joan Darling, and Fred Stewart have the leading roles. Directed by Andre Gregory. Opens Thursday, April 11. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mike Downstairs—Dane Clark in a comedy by George Panetta, directed by Donald Driver. Previews through Wednesday, April 17. Opens officially on Thursday, April 18. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Queen—Dorothy Tutin progresses from pretty girl to plump old tigress in William Francis's charming account of Queen Victoria's durable and fruitful reign. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and Harold Gary carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 17, at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Seven Descents of Myrtle—Three gloomy wretches circle around each other in a ruinous farmhouse somewhere in Mississippi. In some mysterious fashion, Tennessee Williams manages to turn the situation into comedy. Well acted by Estelle Parsons, Harry Guardino, and Brian Bedford. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 13.)

Spofford—An old Connecticut nutmeg, played with skill and charm by Melvyn Douglas, takes a look at the commuting set that is invading his domain, and his observations make for quite a bit of merriment. The comedy was written by Herman Shumlin and based on a novel, "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries. Mr. Shumlin also directed the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Le Tartuffe and **En Attendant Godot**—The opening performances of a four-week engagement of the Molière and Beckett plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris, that will run through Sunday, May 12. **LE TARTUFFE:** Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30, and Wednesday through Saturday, April 17-20, at 8:30. . . . **EN ATTENDANT GODOT:** Preview Saturday, April 20, at 3. Opening on Monday, April 22. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. For tickets, call AG 9-3074.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH:** A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 17.)

The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N—A dreary, saturatedly Jewish musical, based on some funny pieces that once appeared in this magazine. Tom Bosley is delightful as Mr. Kaplan, but ho-hum. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 18, at 2.)

George M!—Joel Grey in a musical with a book by Michael Stewart and John and Fran Pascal, and music and lyrics by George M. Cohan (with revisions by Mary Cohan). Joe Layton is the director. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 11, at 2.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by lots of bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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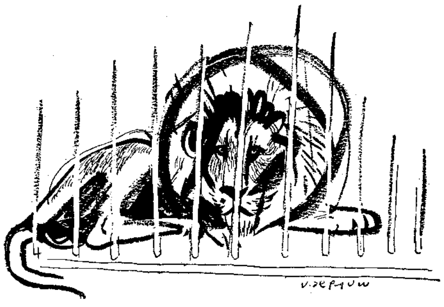
The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays at 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 16-18, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Keep left for exact-change lane. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige has succeeded Angela Lansbury as the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



DANCE PROGRAMS

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13, at 8:15, and Sunday, April 14, at 1:30: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "Sargasso," "Screenplay," and "Mythical Hunters.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 14, at 7:30: "Dualis," "Impressions," "Le Diable à Quatre Pas de Deux," and "The Anatomy Lesson.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16-17, at 8:15; Saturday, April 20, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 21, at 7:30: "Metaphors," "Essay in Silence," "Septet," and "Dualis.". . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:15, and Sunday, April 21, at 1:30: "Metaphors," "Circles," "Five Sketches," and "Opus 12." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey are now at home at their sleek new address. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 11, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, April 12, at 10:30 and 3; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; Sundays at 1:30 and 6; and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 10:30 and 3. Performances may be cancelled Sunday, April 14, and Thursday, April 18, because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 17-20, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 737-5793 weekdays, 9 to 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. The Serendipity Singers, a folk group with a lot of cheerful hoo-hah, will be the main group through Monday, April 15. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. On Wednesday, April 17, another outfit will take over.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—Ian and Sylvia, two attractive folk singers who go to the roots, are the principal act in this dim, congenial coffeehouse. On Tuesday, April 16, Steve Miller's Blues Band will replace I. & S. Closed Mondays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful place. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Jake Hanna's quartet, with Richie Kamuca on tenor, plays nightly except Mondays. Between sets, you can listen to the easeful jukebox.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group usually comprising Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night except Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—A spacious bluegrass pasture. Elton Britt leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight each night. On Tuesday, April 16, David Houston will take his place. Limited dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. On Sundays, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions brings in a variety of instrumental (non-banjo) groups—some tried, some untried.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man banjo band plays from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Jazz every night by Freddie Hubbard's quintet. On Saturdays from five to nine, a visiting group plays, and on Sundays from five to nine, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble plays big-band jazz. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, Toshiko's polychromatic piano alternates with Monty Alexander's trio every night but Monday. . . . ¶ Downstairs, starting Friday, April 12, Stevie Wonder, a singer out of Motown, will perform with a nine-piece band, nightly except Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box where jazz lives. Thelonious Monk's quartet plays his fundamental stuff nightly, trading sets with the Elvin Jones trio, which is in frenetic pursuit of formlessness. On Tuesday, April 16, Eddie Harris's quartet will replace Monk's. Mondays are a different scene, being devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to nine.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the live sounds of the Pleasure Seekers, an all-girl group from Detroit, then shifts back again nonstop. On Tuesday, April 16, the Fuzzy Bunnies will replace the Seekers. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—The new place—infrared lights and all—still has an unfinished look, and time will tell whether the old crowd still flocks. Things may pick up when the upper level opens for dancing and alcoholic drinks, around the end of April. Till then, only the lower level will function, and the drinks will remain soft. Linda Ronstadt and the Stone Poneys deliver readymade rock, and Little Charles and the Sidewinders play hard through Wednesday, April 17. On Thursday, April 18, Clear Light and Harvey and the 7 Sounds will take over. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the crowd grooves on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Through Saturday, April 13, from eight-thirty to three or four, the Chambers Brothers, a soulful rhythm-and-blues group, will alternate with records. Sunday through Tuesday, April 14-16, at seven-thirty, the same Brothers will combine with the New York Pro Musica for mixed-era concerts. On Wednesday, April 17, at seven-thirty, the N.Y.P.M.'s collaborator will be Kenneth Koch, a poet. On all these concert nights, dancing will begin at nine, except on Monday, April 15, when the place will close right after the concert. Alcohol is out.

The Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded rock from ten to three or four every night but Monday.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The late-dinner menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Maxine Brown sings and the Marvin Alston quartet plays for listening. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Well, yes, everybody, Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, playing with baroque embellishments, alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): George Shearing, who more than once has made the round trip from Spartan jazz to sweetness-and-light, is conducting his first seminar in a long, long time. He and his quintet have chosen the tallest pulpit in town, and one of the noblest. They tee off at nine, a trio begins at seven, and the bands (to say nothing of the bird's-eye view) do not cease until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are played by Stanley Worth's band, which is spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Business as usual every night of the week, except that Miss H. has Mondays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shouldn't the postillions sit a bit more erect?) are thrown open to the general public. Lester Lanin himself, and not a tape, runs one of the bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The well-known civic center, devoted to such domestic arts as table-hopping and, when all else fails, dancing—nine until two—to a small band. It stays home Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): Woody Herman and his eight-wheel-drive Herd provide the local thunderstorms; Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five provide a certain remembrance of things past. They are on the firing line from six until two every night but Sunday. On Thursday, April 18, at seven-thirty, Doc Severinsen's band will replace the pair of them. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the foxtrot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the three extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates are the best-known). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty, and for Wednesdays, which run from six-thirty until twelve. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She begins around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Meanwhile, back at the ranch, which lies in between Beersheba and Jerusalem. The quality of this Israeli prance-in often verges on the amateur, yet the budding spirit with which the song and jest (mainly the provinces of Yoel Sharr) and the music are presented contrasts pleasantly with our customary prepacked way of night life. Dining as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

Living Room, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—Felicia Sanders, a soprano worthy of being placed upon a pedestal, is instead placed amid the hurlyburly of a *Walpurgisnacht*. Nevertheless, she sings bravely on, every night of the week.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—The ploy's the thing; so say the quick-as-a-wink players of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The ployers, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Liz Sheridan, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, Mary Jo Gillis, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box resumes on Tuesday, April 16, to enthrone Edie Adams at the dinner and supper table, from which she will deliver, in her diffuse fashion, her words and music. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, will carry on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773)—Saturday, April 13, is the last night ever on these premises for the Madrileños who have so long lived here. Lucho Gatica, the only Chileño in the lot, will do his final head-over-heels-in-love aria, and Emilia Rivas's flamencans will do their final exhibition of footing it featly. The new Château should be opening on Thursday, April 18, at Lexington Ave. and 48th St. (PL 2-8080), with, naturally, Los Chavales de España as the leaders of the pack, hotly followed by Rosario Galán and *her* flamencans. Their stint will be dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. The current Flamencan Room will be repeated, with music from five until early morning every night, and a guitar will man the bar from five to twelve, night after night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—From a world of her own comes Peggy Lee, her songs a cargo of ivory, sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine, so let us rejoice. Dave Frye is the wit of the occasion; the Copa ballerinas, one of the last strongholds of individualist thinking, run slowly riot. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—A famous Mississippi steamboat, Louis Armstrong by name, pulls in here for shore leave on Wednesday, April 17, and all those fine big healthy 4-H Club showgirls who inhabit the place will be down on the dock to greet him. Twice a night, forever and a night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A true cavalier (nothing *rusticana* about *him*) is Sergio Franchi, the dinner and supper troubador of the Persian Room, and the pleasure is all ours. He finishes his term of office on Tuesday, April 16, and next evening brings up John Davidson—up, that is, principally from television, where he has been in pretty good voice. The well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

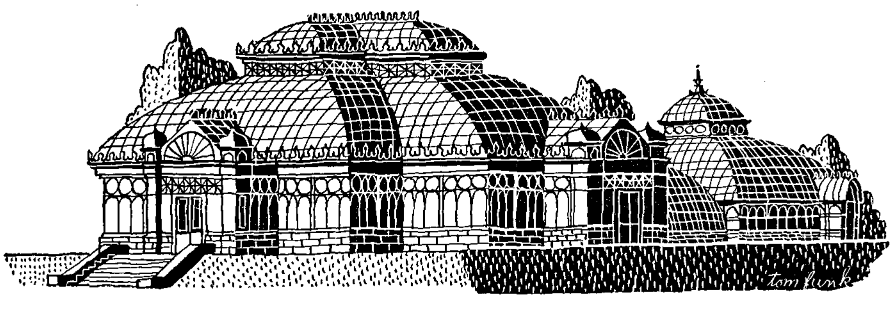
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, the ornate library-*cum*-refectory of this establishment, Gino Tonetti sings, for his dinner and supper, a most acceptable assortment of songs. He takes his final bow on Saturday, April 13, but on Monday, April 15, Jack Cassidy, a leading leading man of the Broadway musicals, moves in. The bands of George Cort and Quintero will continue to do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Benny, master of both give-and-take and the slow take, arrives in the Empire Room on Monday, April 15, at ten; and thenceforward at the same hour, in general, though Fridays and Saturdays he will do dinner and supper sets instead. Charles Turecamo's band moves in with Mr. B. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has a less spectacular but unceasing career, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance triad of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Easter Sunday from three-thirty to eight-thirty).

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. The evening begins with Francis Thorne, back once more at his old show-tunes piano from six until eight-thirty, after which Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders take over, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Sam Anderson, who fits neatly into this regime, will (as of Saturday, April 13) be the Colonel's stand-in for a while. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. No music Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano



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FROM TOP: KING WILLIAM, CHRYSANTHEMUM (BACK VIEW), SHELL AND THREAD

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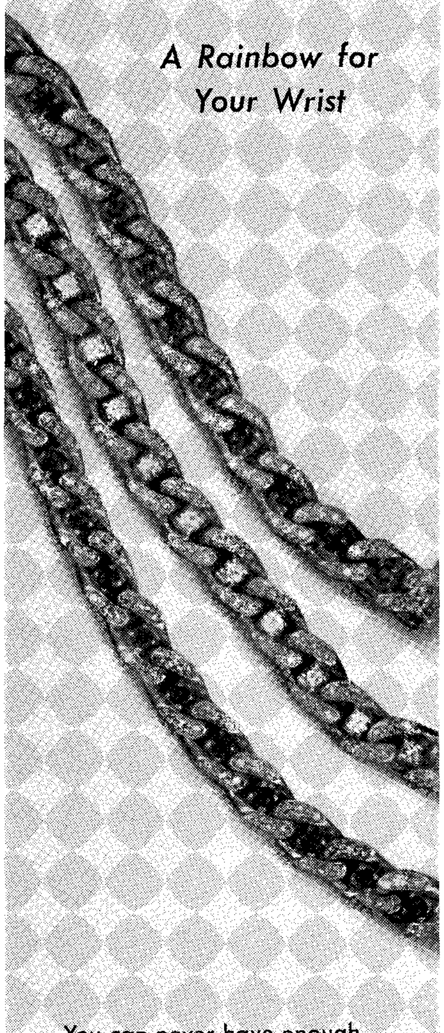

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and voice are in full cry from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest, whose songs and piano delight those who fly, and late at night, cheers this den of propinquity, where he carries on every evening but Sunday. Marian McPartland's trio, which is not so modern as to believe that jazz must be joyless, operates on the same plan.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the mainfloor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. On Monday, April 15, he will be replaced by Rogelio Reguera. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the manner and the piano are visibly grand. George Feyer, who presides over the latter commodity from eight-thirty until two every night but Sunday, applies to this instrument his own sort of serendipity. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is perpetual serenity enhanced—from six-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays—by the piano of Bob Kail.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RUTH ABRAMS—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indications of figures and interiors; through April 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEF ALBERS—New paintings in the "Homage to the Square" series by a Bauhaus-schooled founder of American geometrical paintings; through May 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MARCH AVERY—Landscapes, figure paintings, and stone sculptures by Milton Avery's daughter; through April 28. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Sculptures in metal by an artist well known for his building decorations; through Saturday, April 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings of subjects handled in a semi-abstract mode; through April 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

POL BURY—Sculptures with kinetic balancings in polished metals that reflect the movement; through Saturday, April 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRETCHEN CARACAS—Figures in imaginary landscapes and urban public places; through Friday, April 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Twenty-eight gouaches from 1957 to the present, many not shown here before; through April 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Tiny paintings by an artist known for his striped canvases; through April 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD DAVIS—Geometrical paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

FRANK ELISCU, IBRAM LASSAW, AND SAHL SWARZ—About seventy sculptures; through Saturday, April 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Recent paintings of interiors and landscapes by a Viennese artist who has lived in America since 1941; through Friday, April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who now stresses color contrast; through April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS GEORGE—Abstract black-and-white paintings in free forms; through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM GILES—Paintings composed of planes of bright color; through Saturday, April 13. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE GLICKMAN—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through April 27. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large canvases by a prominent member of the New York School; through Thursday, April 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Paintings of the figure; through April 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Compositions of assembled elements incorporating words; through April 25. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

GEORGE KANELOUS—Abstract Expressionist paintings, mostly suggestive of heads; through Saturday, April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

GYORGY KEPES—Colorful abstractions; through April 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Sixty oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings by this pioneer Czech experimentalist; through April 27. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

LENORE LAINE—Geometrical paintings with Op effects; through Saturday, April 20. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings and drawings of the female nude; through April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANABU MABE—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through April 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

TONY MARTIN—Light and sound "environments" by a young medium mixer; through May 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARRIE McDOWELL—Stainless-steel sculptures

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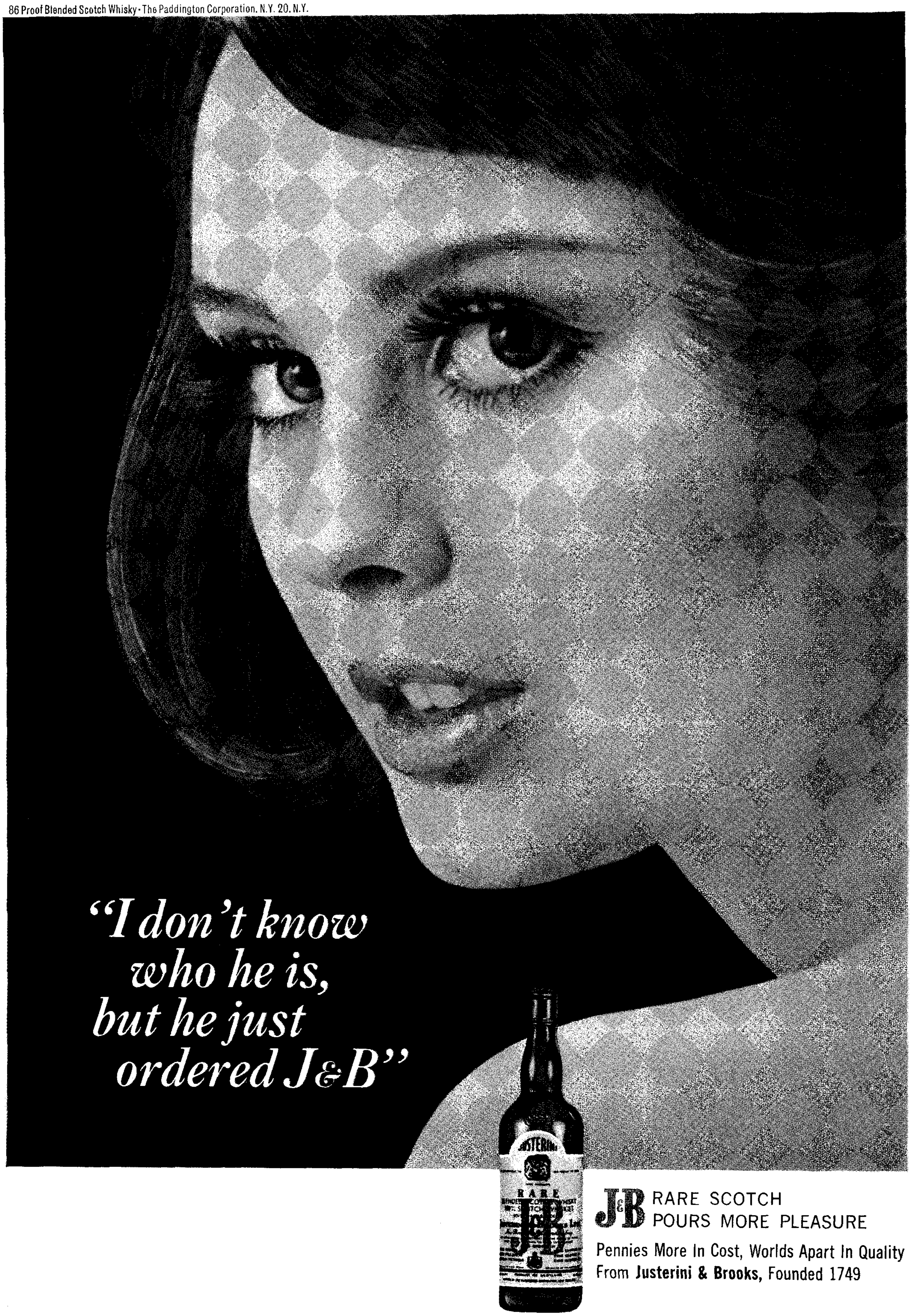
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RCA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with movable parts; through Wednesday, April 17. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Color-field paintings, mostly in a "Z" motif; through April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Rome, Vienna, and Chicago; through Saturday, April 20. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Joan Mitchell—A new series of landscape-like paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Natkin and Judith Dolnick—Paintings, gouaches, and watercolors by a husband and wife—the husband Abstract, the wife, too, but less so; through Friday, April 19. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles O. Perry—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through May 11. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings (1908-64); through Saturday, April 20. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leslie Randall—Landscape paintings; through April 27. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Randell—Fibre-glass sculptures in bright colors; through Saturday, April 13. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

Man Ray—Twelve objects, from a small hand in a pot to a chess set, by one of the original Dadaists-Surrealists; through Saturday, April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Paintings of landscapes with well-defined subjects; through Saturday, April 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Ross—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 13. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

Harold Rotenberg—Paintings, many of them on Israeli subjects, by an artist who spends part of his time in New York; through Thursday, April 18. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Seligmann—Drawings and prints by a prominent Surrealist and medievalist who died in 1962; through Saturday, April 20. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Three large geometrical sculptures in bright-colored plastic on wood by an "environmental" artist; through April 24. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Irish subjects; through May 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Thumim and Lisa Collado—Abstract landscapes by the former and mosaics done in paper by the latter; through Saturday, April 13. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

William Tucker—Abstract sculptures by a young British artist; through April 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Sculptures of transparent fibre glass over wood; through April 25. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

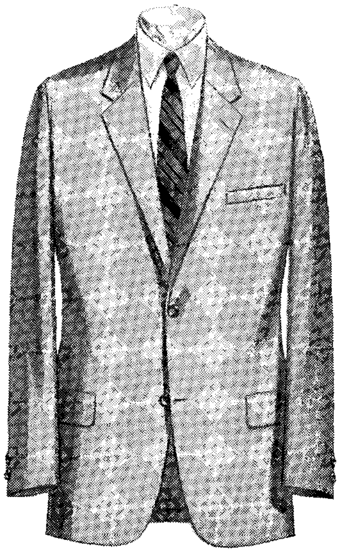
Bram van Velde—Abstract paintings done in the past ten years by a Dutch Expressionist well known since the Second World War; through April 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Maurice de Vlaminck (1876-1958)—Twenty-eight oils from the French modernist's Fauve period, 1903-07; through May 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, and prints of the lower East Side, representing early works by a familiar American painter of the Paris School; through April 27. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Zajac—Bronze and marble biomorphic and dynamic shapes; through Saturday, April 13. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-first annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 21. (National Academy



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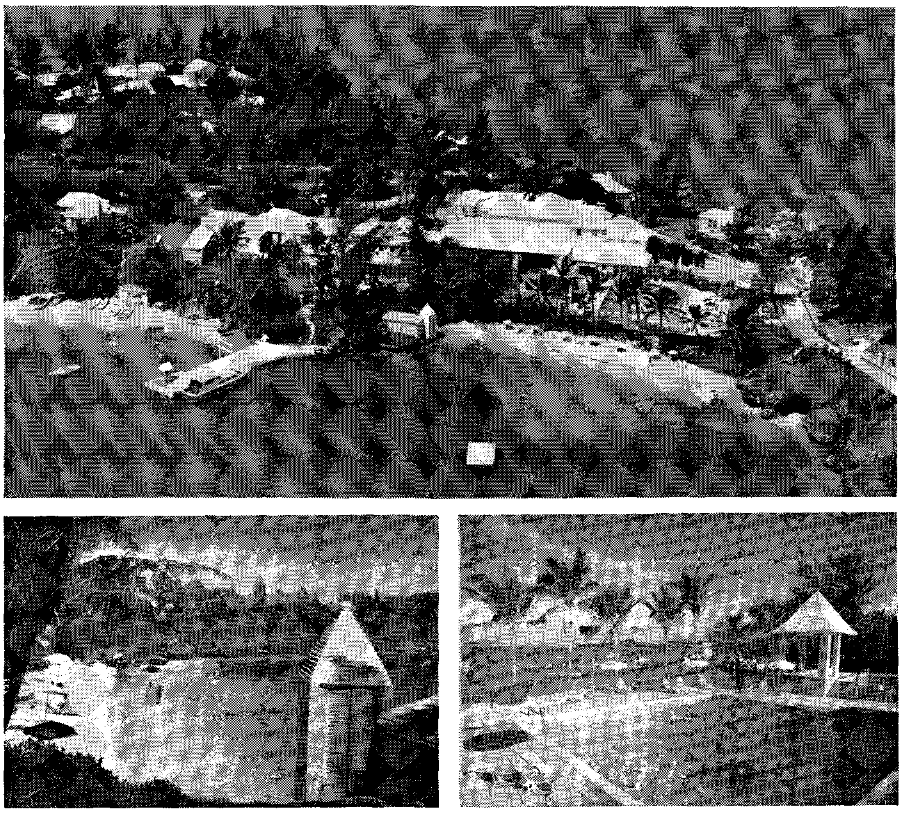

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by four young artists, William Dubin, Leslie Kerr, Joseph P. White, and Franklin Williams; through April 26. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and constructions of doors by artists related to Surrealism, for example Delvaux, Duchamp, Lindner, Magritte; through Saturday, April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings by artists from Beckmann and Chagall to Soutine and Vlaminck, squeezed into the category of "International Expressionism;" through May 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through April 27.

Latin Americans; Group Shows—At the **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Four Argentine artists working in current Abstract modes; through Saturday, April 13. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by noted Mexican artists, including Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo, and Cuevas; through Saturday, April 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Painting in France: 1900-67," a hundred and fifty paintings covering early twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, to younger figures like Le Parc and Messagier; through May 12. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ Peruvian silver from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

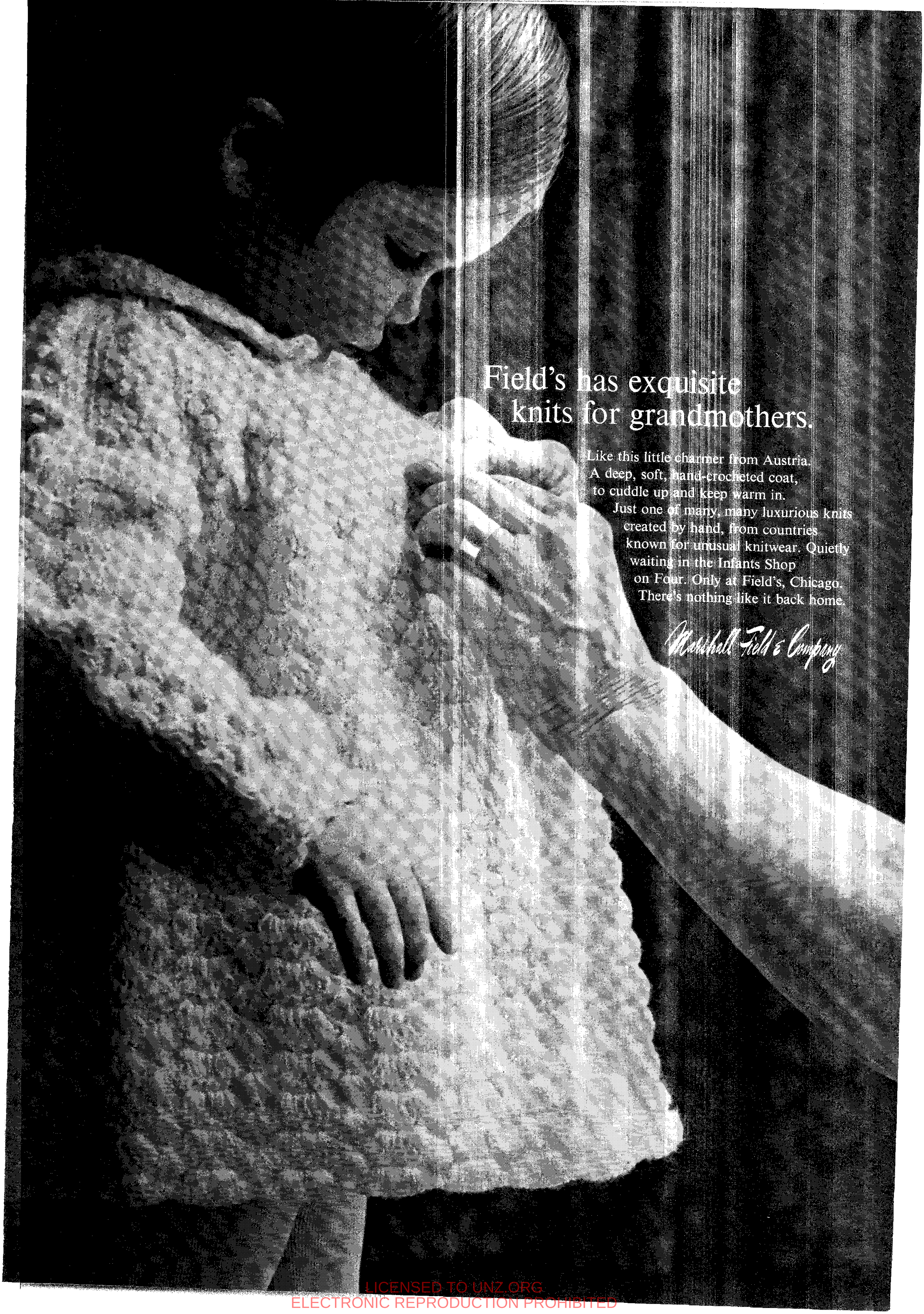
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, presented as a tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, April 15, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through May 12. . . . ¶ A demonstration of light effects by Robert Whitman, known for his Happenings; through May 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran—also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings



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by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Man in Sport," the subject of some seven hundred photographs by Horst Baumann, Toni Frissell, Hy Peskin, and others; through May 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings by Salvador Dali depicting "Aliyah: the Rebirth of the State of Israel," in themes from the Bible and the history of the Jews; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, except April 19, from 11 to 3.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeld, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Views of Florence and Tuscany by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67), and autograph manuscripts and books by Florentines and about Florence; through May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g. corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

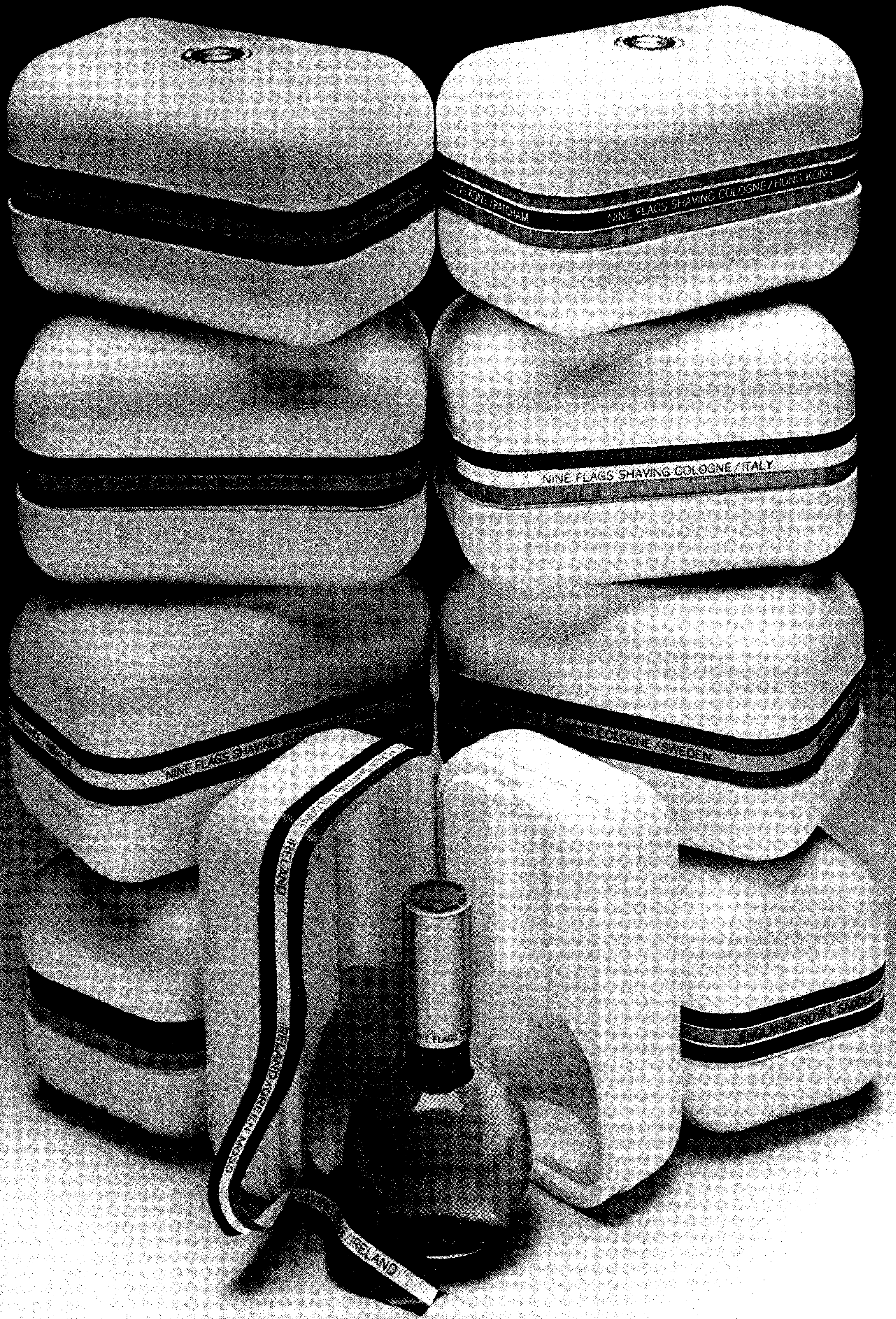
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nancy Williams, John Alexander, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Joy Clements, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Co-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THE FLEISCHMANN DIST. CORP. NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN relli, Anselmo Colzani, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Monday evening, April 15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Joy Clements, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill....¶ Tuesday evening, April 16: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski....¶ Wednesday evening, April 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nancy Williams, Barry Morell, and Ron Bottcher....¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Clifford Harvuot, and Lorenzo Alvary....¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ezio Flagello. ...¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Mirella Freni, Richard Tucker, Justino Díaz, Morley Meredith, and Ron Bottcher....¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Joy Clements, Jean Madeira, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, April 11, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, Charlotte Povia, Placido Domingo, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, Chester Ludgin, and Dominic Cossa....¶ Friday, April 12, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico di Giuseppe, Eugene Holmes, and Michael Devlin....¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, William Beck, and Robert Hale....¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Beverly Evans, Frances Bible, Carol Bayard, Spiro Malas, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 1:15: "Carmen," with Edith Evans, LaVergne Monette, Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, and Will Roy.... ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 7:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Evelyn Sachs, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. ...¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel....¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and Norman Paige. ...¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Claudine Carlson, Norman Treigle, Spiro Malas, and Dominic Cossa....¶ Friday, April 19, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Athena Lampropulos, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, William Beck, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Anthea deForest, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman....¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Evelyn Sachs, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

Piccolo Teatro Musicale of Rome—Renato Fasano conducting Cimarosa's "Il Maestro di Cappella" and Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," with the Virtuosi di Roma. The first in a series of four programs of three eighteenth-century comic operas by this company appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting on Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2:15; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Monday, April 15, at 7:30 (all with Richard Kness, tenor)....¶ William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2:15; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Monday, April 22, at 7:30 (all with Ticho Parly, tenor; Arnold Voketaitis, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Washington National Symphony—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, April 14, at 4: Howard Mitchell directing Acts I and III of Wagner's "Parsifal" in concert form, with Jess

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thomas, tenor; Theodor Uppmann, baritone; Malcolm Smith, bass-baritone; and the University of Maryland Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Michael Rabin, violin.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy directing Bach's "St. John Passion," with Judith Raskin, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis and George Shirley, tenors; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Singing City Chorale. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8:30.)

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Daniel Barenboim conducting four different programs, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, April 17-20, at 8:30.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting an all-Mozart program in the final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music by Elliott Carter, Gunther Schuller, and others, performed by the Composers' Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

REGINA RESNIK—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.—Count Basie's band, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Paul Butterfield's blues band, Charles Lloyd's quartet, and Tom Rush. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.). . . ¶ Sun Ra and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Alice Coltrane, Joe Henderson, Jimmy Garrison, Jack Dejohnette, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 8.). . . ¶ The Mothers of Invention and James Cotton's blues band. (Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.)

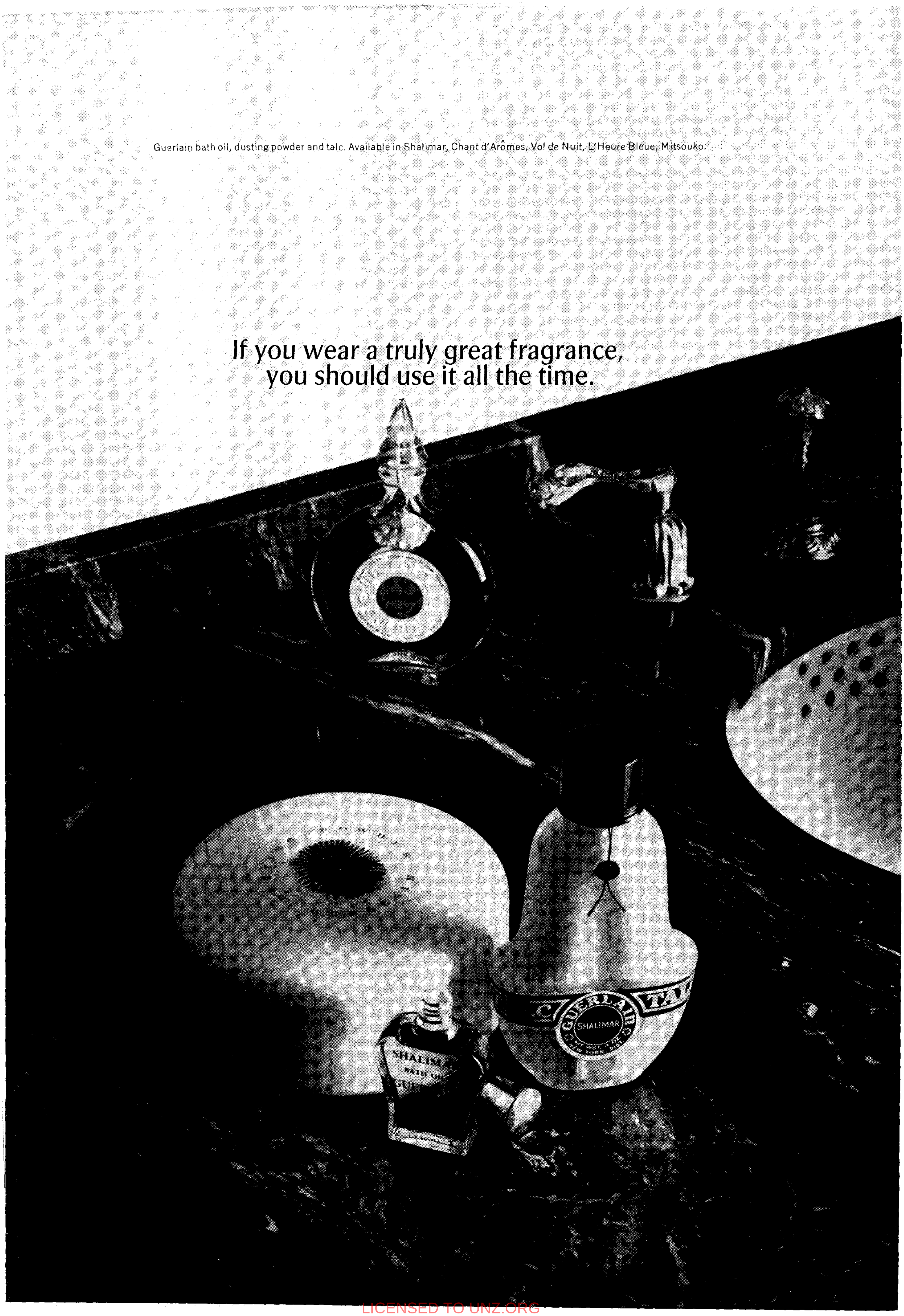
SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, April 15-16, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. San Francisco (first league games here), Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, April 19, at 2:05, and Saturday, April 20, at 2:15.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 20.)

FENCING—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, April 19, at 9 and 8: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 9 and 8: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Chicago. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, April 14, and Thursday, April 18, both at 7:35, if the tug of war is still on.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 13, and Saturday, April 20.)...¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 13.)...¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 20.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Gotham, Saturday, April 13, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, April 20.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (*Friday, April 19.*)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 18, through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—Benefit performances of "Peter and the Wolf," by the American Ballet Theatre, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 13, and Monday through Saturday, April 15-20, at 11:30.)

Opera and Operettas—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "The Barber of Seville," Saturday, April 13, at 2:30....¶ "The Mikado," Wednesday, April 17, at 2:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)... **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 737-5793, weekdays, 9 to 1.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," Friday, April 12, at 3:30 and 7:30, and Saturday through Wednesday, April 13-17, and Friday, April 19, at 1 and 3:30....¶ "Davy Jones' Locker," Thursday, April 18, and Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturday, April 13, through Sunday, April 21, at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.)... **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: "Young Mark Twain," Monday, April 15, at 1.... ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk," Tuesday, April 16, at 11 and 1....¶ "Cinderella," Thursday, April 18, at 1. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 1....¶ "The Bye Bye Tree." Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Tuesday through Sunday, April 16-21, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **REPERTORY MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays at 1:30, and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1:15....¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays at 3, and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 2:45. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Special holi-

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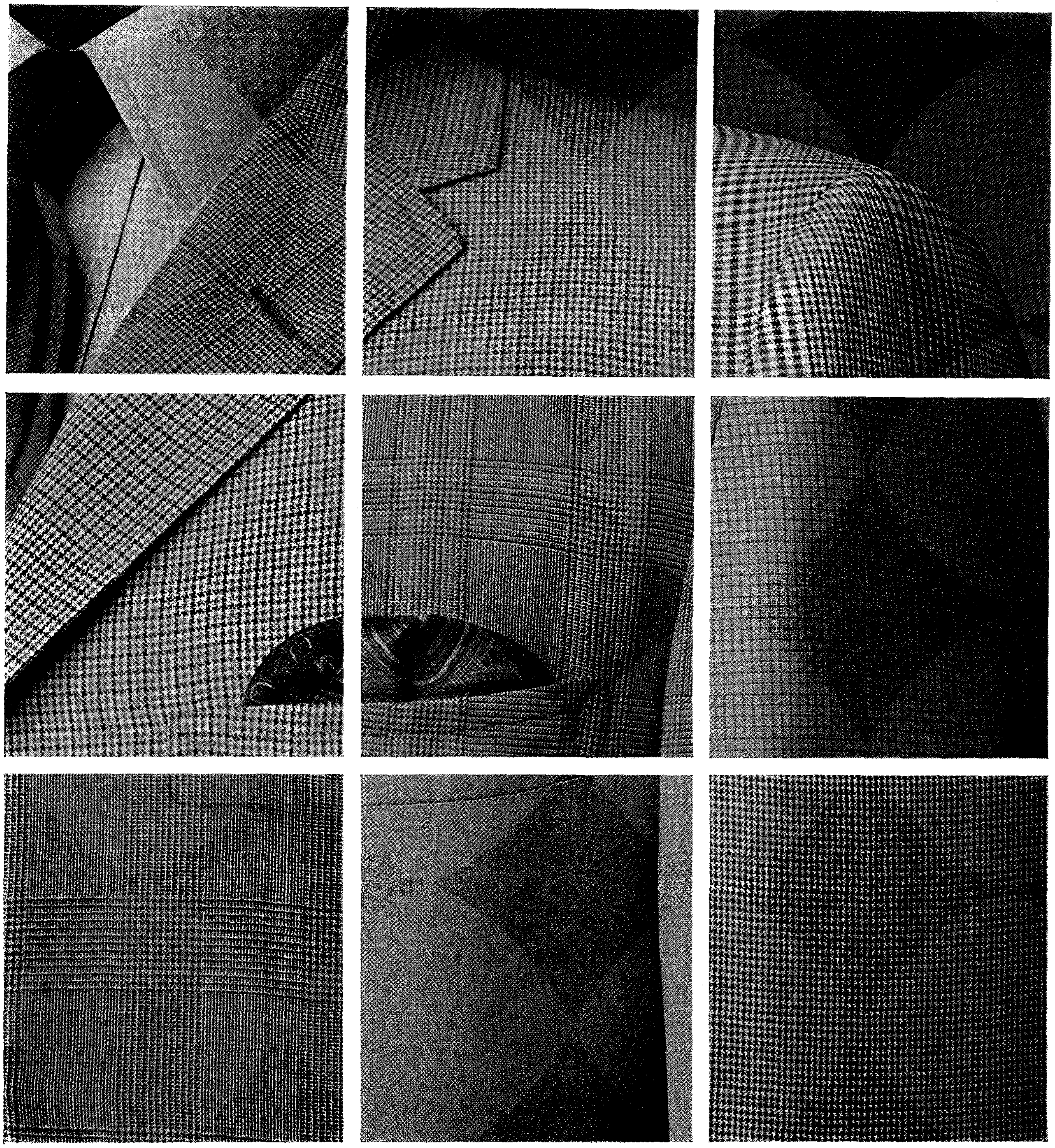

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day schedule: Thursday, April 11, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, April 13, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, April 15, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 16-19, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and a mule colt. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Reopens Saturday, April 13, with a variety of small animals, among them lambs, goats, mice, prairie dogs, and an owl. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES—"The Causes of Human Aggression and Destructiveness," by Erich Fromm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 11, and Tuesday, April 16, both at 8:30.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also includes a Dutch-bulb exhibit, with a street of Dutch shops, a windmill, canals, and fields of spring flowers. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, April 21.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 11, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old-master and modern prints by such artists as Rembrandt, Goya, Dubuffet, and Rouault; from the estate of Michael Zagayski and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 1:45: Rare books belonging to Cornell University Libraries and other libraries. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, early dynastic pottery and porcelains, paintings, and snuff bottles; the property of John J. Frank, Jr., and others. Exhibition starts Friday, April 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 1:45: English and Continental sterling and silver plate, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 12.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Potemkin" (1926), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ April 13 at 11:30: "His Majesty the American" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ April 13 at 3 and 5:30: "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2 and 5:30: "The Crowd" (1928), with James Murray. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Blue Angel" (1929), a German film with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2 and 5:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ April 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The 400,000,000" (1939), a documentary film about China. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17			

Bedazzled—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film) became the Depression's folk heroes and thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 16. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 17.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13, at 2:30 and 8:30; Easter at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through April 13.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The Cold War and a bone-rattling romance between Laurence Harvey and Mia Farrow. Harvey, the man you love to hate, is a lonely, suffering double-agent, and Mia Farrow is a poor little rich girl. This production was designed to be a big, luscious—if shopworn—thriller, all glamour and decadence and suspense, but the ingredients never quite come together. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Easter at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

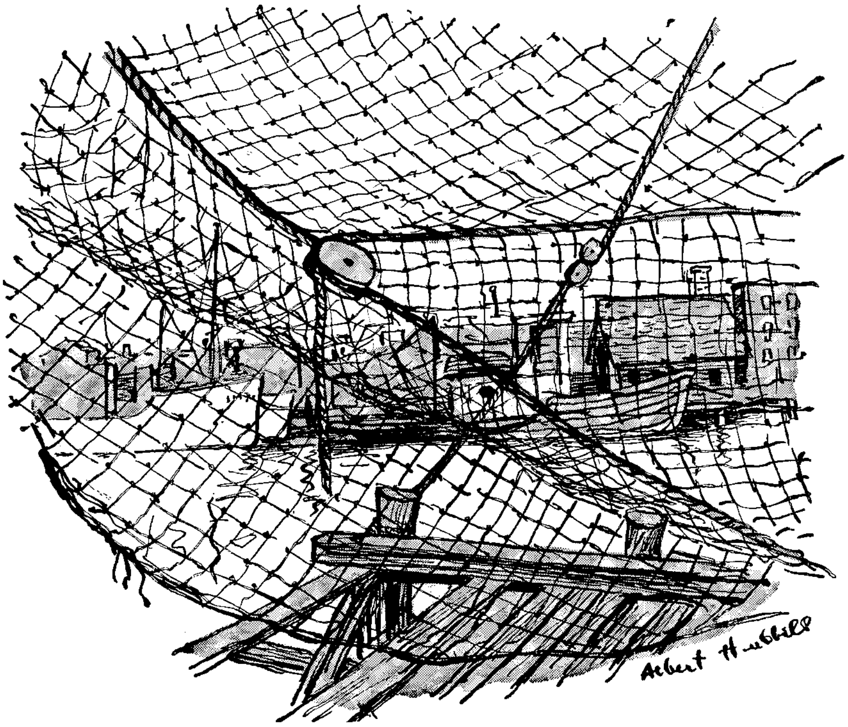
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660.)

Half a Sixpence—Noisy and generally offensive, with fewer redeeming qualities than the other big, bad musicals. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, April 13, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Easter at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 17.)

Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Poor Cow—Donovan sings as Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's disappointingly dreary version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)



The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Scalphunters—A rousing comedy Western with an amiable tone. The director, Sydney Pollack, keeps tight reins on his cast. Ossie Davis, Burt Lancaster, Shelley Winters, and Telly Savalas, not allowed to run loose in the usual slovenly Western-movie manner, are good and funny. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Thursday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday, April 13, at 1:30 and 8:30; Easter at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Whisperers—The melodramatics of the plot are too much for the nature of the film, which is an account of things more inward, but Edith Evans' study of a very old woman living in privation and loneliness is one of the finest performances we could hope to see. Directed by Bryan Forbes, with Eric Portman as her cadging jailbird husband. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 16.)

REVIVALS

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday, April 11, at 2 and 8; Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 2 and 8:30; Easter at 2 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 9, 2, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 16.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting April 12.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 16.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; April 11.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

ROBERT TAYLOR
2 BIG FEATURES PLUS VAUDEVILLE
medeker

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
POOR COW.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 16: **STRAY DOG** (in Japanese), revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.
From April 17: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
LA CHINOISE (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"And There Came a Man," Rod Steiger, Adolfo Celi.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Hour of the Wolf" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 13: **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**
From April 14: "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A DANDY IN ASPIC.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 16: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From April 17: **IN COLD BLOOD.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 16: "Where Angels Go—Trouble Follows," Rosalind Russell, Stella Stevens.
From April 17: Theatre closed.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
THE SCALPHUNTERS.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
April 11: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
From April 12: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," revival, a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 16: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.
From April 17: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 16: "Where Angels Go—Trouble Follows," Rosalind Russell, Stella Stevens.
From April 17: **IN COLD BLOOD.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
April 11: "491" (in Swedish).
From April 12: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "The Young Girls of Rochefort" (in French), Catherine Deneuve, George Chakiris.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Belle de Jour" (in French), Catherine Deneuve, Jean Sorel.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
MILLION DOLLAR LEGS, revival; and "Lenny Bruce," a filmed night-club performance.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 16: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.
From April 17: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 11: "The Trial of Louis Pasteur" (in French), revival, Sacha Guitry; and "Schubert's Serenade" (in French), revival. Louis Jouvet.
April 12-17: Six programs in a series called "Return of the Silent Era."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
April 11: "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From April 12: To be announced.

BONWIT TELLER

**MISS BONWIT JR.
AND LANZ
TAKE TO THE ALPS**

Fresh as the Alps after a summer rain: our peasant-inspired dress, the snow white bodice simple and starchy looking, the red or green dirndl skirt banded at the waist with Tyrolean braid. Bodice in rayon, cotton and linen, the skirt, all linen. By Lanz for 5 to 13 sizes, 30.00

MISS BONWIT JR. DRESSES
.60 handling charge on mail and phone orders outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset Westchester Short Hills Boston
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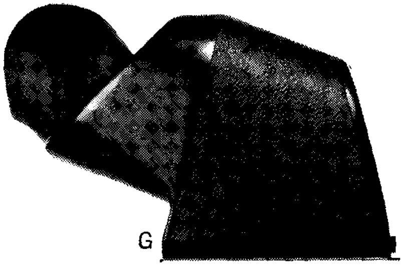
The Hasselblad system...
and a few reasons why the serious photographer needs it.

If you're serious about your photography, (and you wouldn't be reading this advertisement if you weren't), then you are probably already the proud owner of a so called "system" or a "system camera." You like it, because you like to do a lot of shooting, and you like the versatility and freedom that the "system" idea can bring to your photography. Probably the "system" that you have is 35mm ...right? And it's great because you can shoot lots of exposures, then print up your best shots. But you'd be the first to admit that there's a big loss in image quality when you blow up that 35mm negative to "Exhibition" print size. And did you ever get mad because you had a black and white film loaded and then all of a sudden that chance for a great color shot happened. Of course if you have two bodies, and keep one always loaded with color, then you're in great shape...do you have two bodies? And did you ever get mad at your wife when she wanted to see the pictures of that weekend trip you both took, then complained about the size of the contacts? O.K. so some of the things we've mentioned may be a little exaggerated, but they do point out a few things that can happen if you own a 35. None of these things can happen if you own the Hasselblad System. You see Hasselblad is the one camera system that can do anything that any 35mm camera system can do and at the same time give you all the advantages of the 2¼ square format. Plus the Hasselblad System of interchangeable lenses with built in Compur shutter and interchangeable film magazines.

Here's what the Hasselblad System consists of. Firstly, the 500C, the standard camera in the system[A]. It accepts all seven lenses available for the Hasselblad, and is a single lens reflex viewing camera. The 500C always shows you exactly how your final picture will turn out on the ground glass screen, in the same way a view camera does. This allows you to concentrate on the setting up and composition of your picture, no matter what lens or accessories you are using on the camera.

The lens, magazine, focusing hood and winding knob of the 500C are all instantly interchangeable.

Next is the Hasselblad Superwide C. The camera that caused a breakthrough in 2¼ square photography. Equipped with a 38mm, 90° angle of view Zeiss Biogon f/4.5 lens, this camera allows you to take pictures previously considered impossible.



The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. Depth of field at an aperture of f/22 is from 26 inches to infinity.

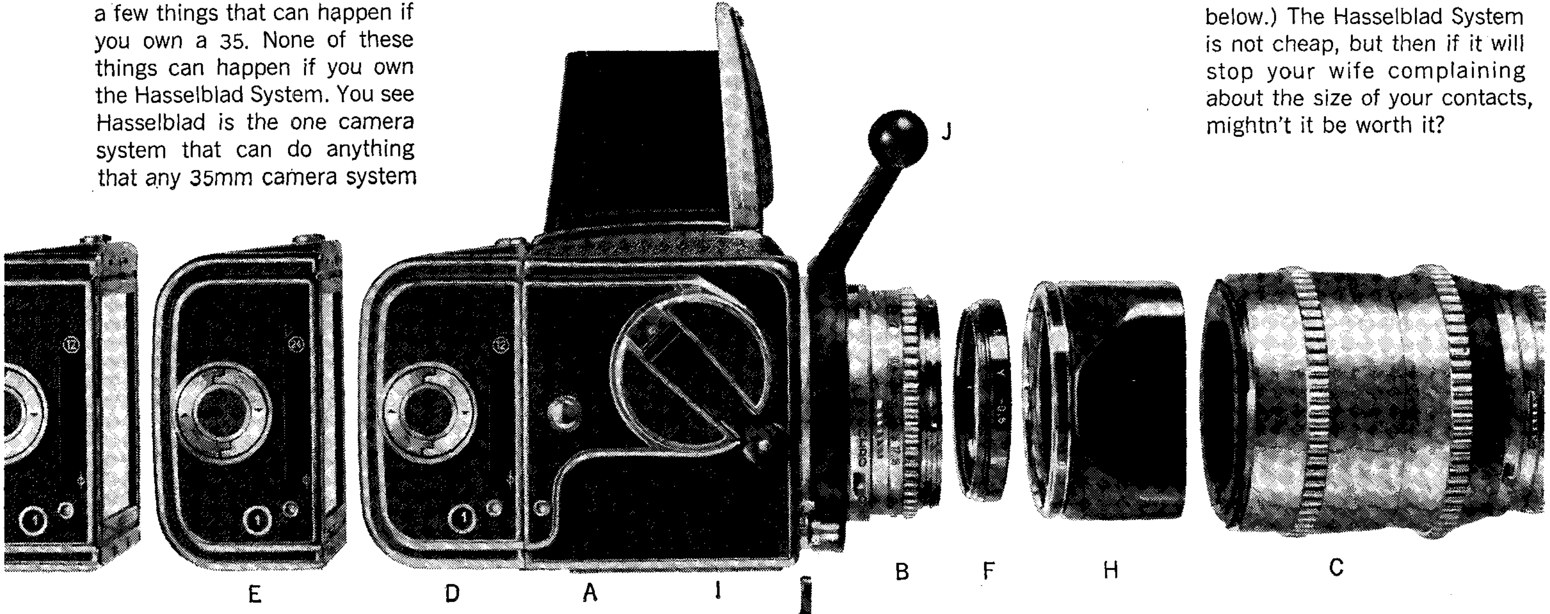
The newest camera in the Hasselblad System is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, allowing a rapid series of exposures to be made, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer or remote radio control. The 500EL accepts all the lenses and most accessories available for the 500C. Obviously one of the advantages of this camera is that the photographer is freed from the actual mechanics of picture taking and can, therefore, devote himself completely to the subject.

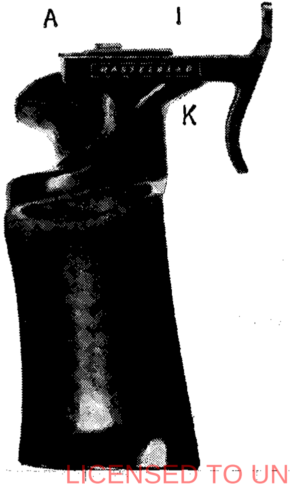
The use of the 500EL with the Hasselblad 70mm film magazine, (up to 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film) allows the photographer, working on a job where a large number of exposures are required, to handle his work load much more quickly and efficiently.

Five different instantly interchangeable film magazines are available. These magazines allow the photographer to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film[D], 24 exposures on 220 film[E] and 70 exposures on 70mm film. The magazines also allow the choice of 3 formats, (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). This allows not only for speed of operation, but the convenience of being able to change either film type or format in mid-roll.

Completing the system is a huge range of accessories that includes extension tubes and bellows extensions for close up work, filters[F], transparency copy holders, cut film backs, eye level prism finders[G], sports view finders, sun shades[H], rapid winding crank[I], quick focusing handles[J], grips[K], underwater housings, ring lights, tripod quick coupling, microscope attachments and carrying cases.

We are not suggesting that you need the entire system all at once. But we do believe that the quality of your photography, and the pleasure that you get out of it, can be increased many times over when you own a small part of the Hasselblad System. (Such as those shown below.) The Hasselblad System is not cheap, but then if it will stop your wife complaining about the size of your contacts, mightn't it be worth it?

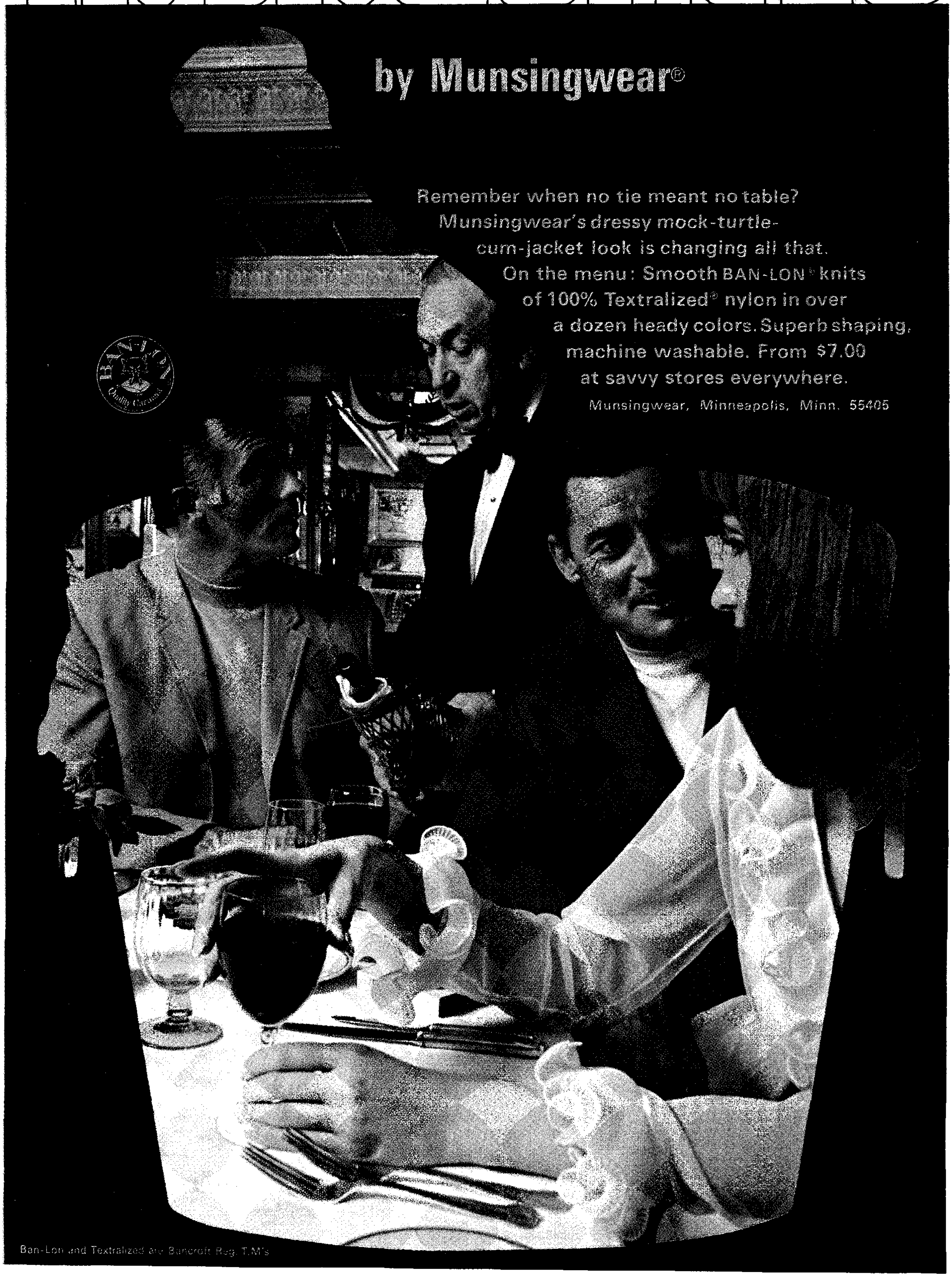




There are seven Carl Zeiss lenses in the Hasselblad System, 40, 50, 80[B], 120, 150, 250[C] and 500mm. Each lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization allowing the use of flash and strobe at all speeds up to 1/500th of a second.

This description of the Hasselblad System has been necessarily brief. If you would like a Hasselblad catalogue or further literature or if you have a specific technical inquiry, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036

HASSELBLAD



Tie-Breaker Knits

by Munsingwear®

Remember when no tie meant no table?
Munsingwear's dressy mock-turtle-
cum-jacket look is changing all that.
On the menu: Smooth BAN-LON® knits
of 100% Textralized® nylon in over
a dozen heady colors. Superb shaping,
machine washable. From $7.00
at savvy stores everywhere.

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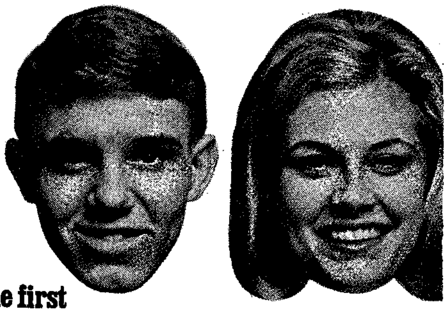
The American Way

Competition is at the heart of it.
Airlines have to work hard
to win customers.
So flying gets easier
and better every year.
Here are some things American
has done to stay out front.

The first Stewardess College.

This may be the hardest college to enter in the U.S. Only one applicant in forty is accepted. The training is the longest in the airline industry because it's training in service, not just a beauty course.



The first
Youth Fare, Family Fare & Military Fare.

American was the first to apply for these
duced fares, which quickly became stand
for the industry. Now every airline can c

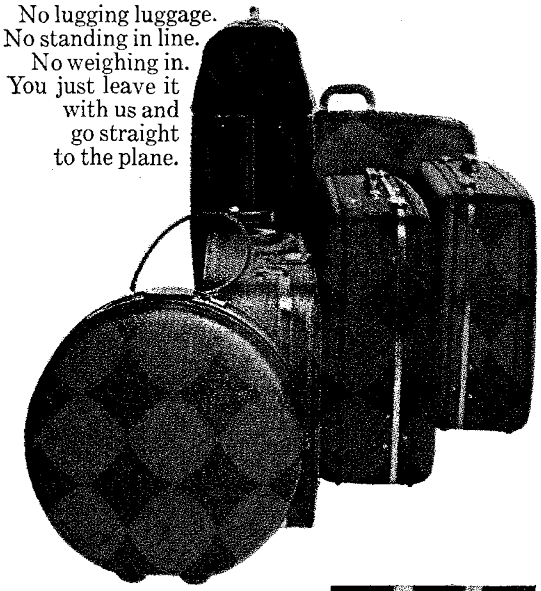
The first continuous in-flight maintenance check.

This is an amazing gadget in the plane that keeps constant track of engine wear. And of almost every other kind of wear. It lets us see a repair job coming long before it's needed. Not on all our planes yet, but we're working on it.

tro-Color is a service mark of American Airlines, Inc.

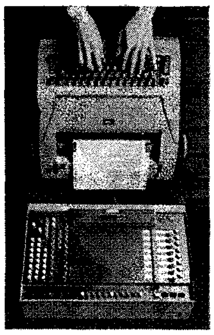
The first airline to check baggage at the curb.

No lugging luggage.
No standing in line.
No weighing in.
You just leave it
with us and
go straight
to the plane.



The first airline to seat everyone within 5 rows of the movie.

Astro-Color is one of those great simple ideas. We put 14 screens around the plane so everyone has a good seat for the show.



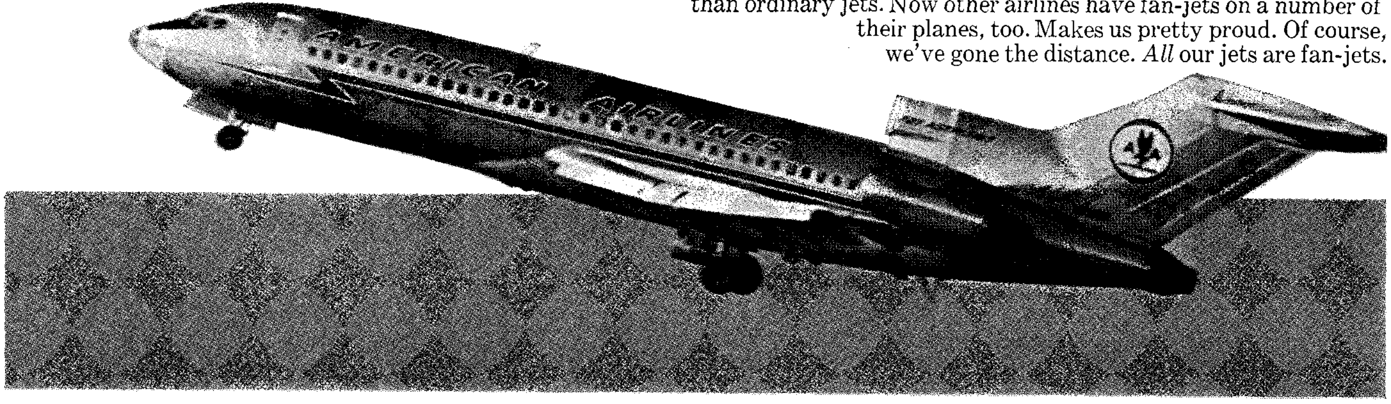
The first computerized reservation system.

We started with automatic reservations units in 1946. Today, we own the world's largest business computer—"Sabre". It can check on seat availability in a split second; in another, it can reserve the seat for you. It also remembers your name and phone number, special food requests, rent-a-car orders, dozens of other facts.

se you with discounts for wives traveling ith husbands, children 12 to 21 on standby, milies of three, four and five people, service-men on standby, and combinations of the above except on certain days. If you're really confused, call American. We started it all.

The first fan-jet airline.

We introduced the fan-jet to get our planes off the ground 30% faster than ordinary jets. Now other airlines have fan-jets on a number of their planes, too. Makes us pretty proud. Of course, we've gone the distance. *All* our jets are fan-jets.



Fly the American Way

American Airlines

Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

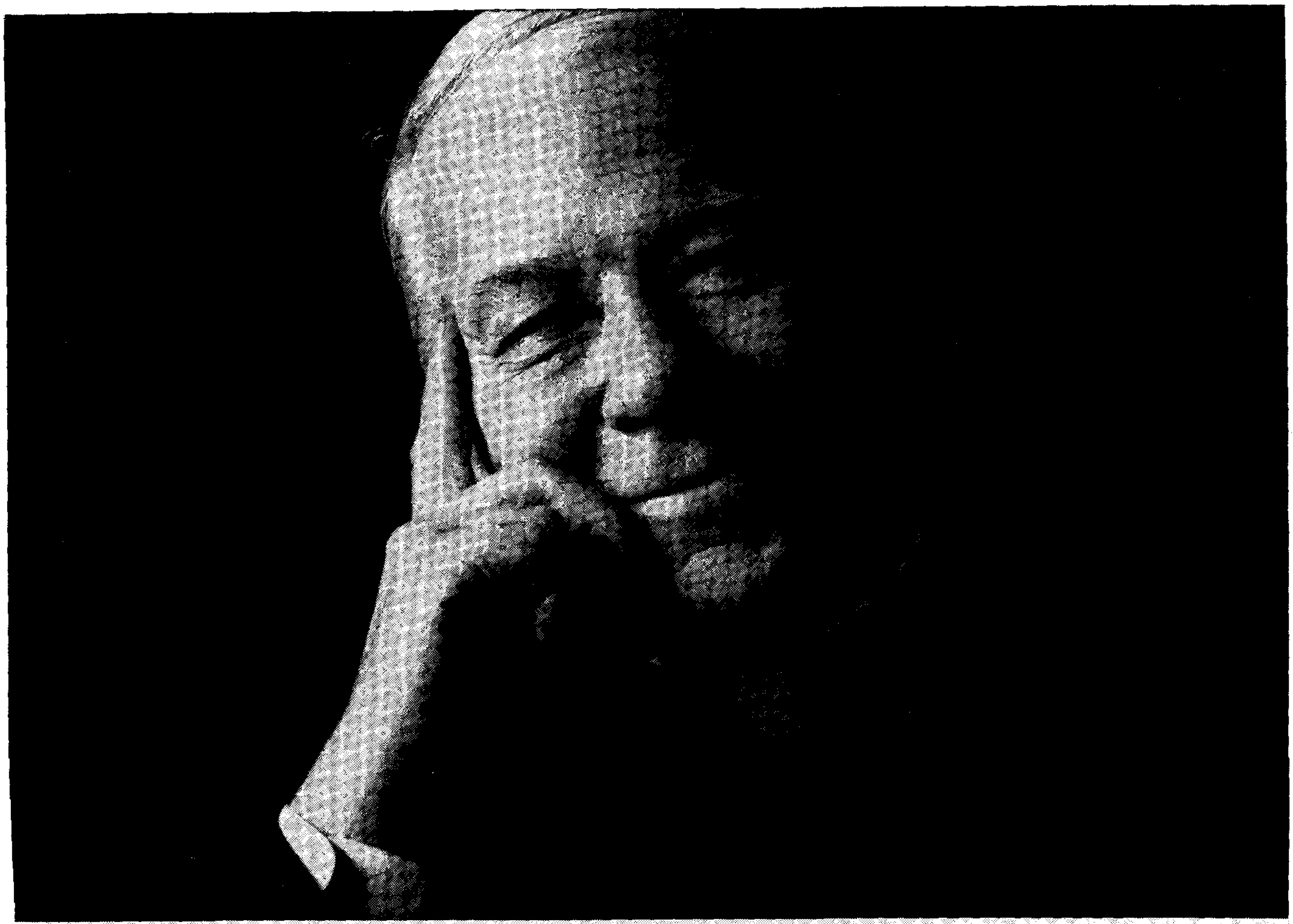
When you're through playing hop-Scotch…

Settle down with Grant's

"Fashions" in Scotch are fickle. Brands are "in" one era. And out the other. But when you've experienced enough to have acquired a taste for Scotch, fashions are for the social butterflies. You want a Scotch that delivers the taste of Scotch the whole highball through. Then, as long as you're up, get Grant's. A blend of 8-year-old masters… like Balvenie, Glenfiddich, and other superb scotches. Grant's is proud to make a point of the Scotchness of its taste.

Grant's drinkers think Scotch tastes wonderful.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & COMPANY, N.Y. BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND



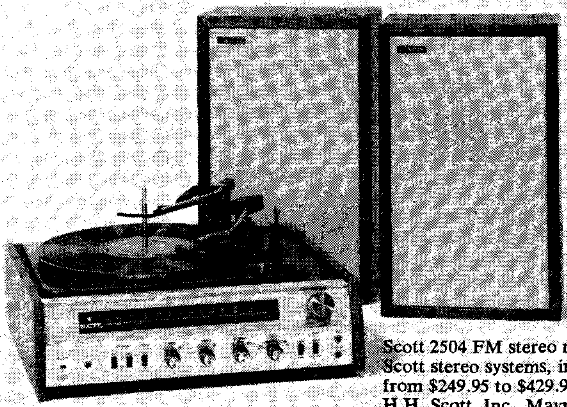
Hear no evil.

Tired of listening to a multitude of sins? Could be that your tastes in sound have outgrown your present radio or phonograph. You can be saved. Get a Scott 2504 stereo music system. Dazzle yourself with brilliant FM stereo. Rejoice in the sound of your favorite records played with new realism.

Experiment. Connect a tape recorder and tape a really great broadcast. Or plug in an electric guitar and microphone and give everyone a concert. Extend yourself; add speakers in other rooms. Or plug in earphones and listen in privacy.

Tonight, sit down with a good book and a Scott stereo music system. Enjoying heavenly sound is no sin.

SCOTT®



Scott 2504 FM stereo music system, $299.95. Other Scott stereo systems, in AM/FM, FM stereo, and phono, from $249.95 to $429.95. For the complete word, write H.H. Scott, Inc., Maynard, Mass. 01754.

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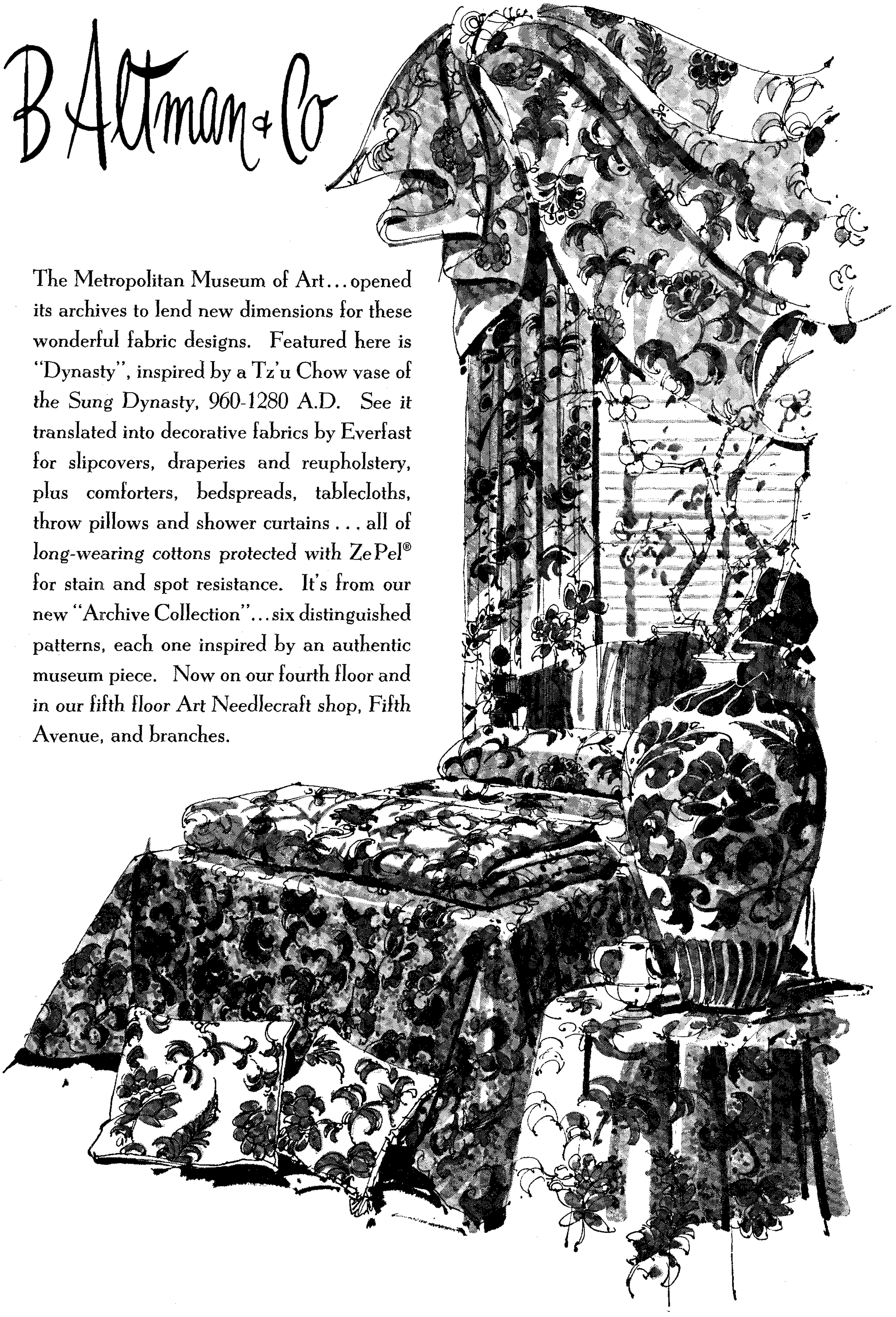
B Altman & Co

The Metropolitan Museum of Art... opened its archives to lend new dimensions for these wonderful fabric designs. Featured here is "Dynasty", inspired by a Tz'u Chow vase of the Sung Dynasty, 960-1280 A.D. See it translated into decorative fabrics by Everfast for slipcovers, draperies and reupholstery, plus comforters, bedspreads, tablecloths, throw pillows and shower curtains . . . all of *long-wearing cottons protected with* ZePel® for stain and spot resistance. It's from our new "Archive Collection"... six distinguished patterns, each one inspired by an authentic museum piece. Now on our fourth floor and *in our fifth floor* Art Needlecraft shop, Fifth Avenue, and branches.



THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE last saw the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King early last August, at the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta—a red brick building on the corner of Jackson Street and Auburn Avenue. His office, in the Sunday-school annex, to the left of the church, smelled of paraffin and linoleum glue. On the bulletin board, children's prayer cards of Jesus pointing at his heart were pinned above Southern Christian Leadership Conference posters proclaiming the summer's theme: "Black Is Beautiful." A broken Crayola popped underfoot. In the course of our conversation, Dr. King told of a recent threat against his life, in Cleveland. "It has been given to me to die when the Lord calls me," he said, digressing from his narrative. "The Lord called me into life and He will call me into death. I've known the fear of dying. Yes, I lived with that fear in Montgomery and in Birmingham, down in the State of Alabama, when brother fell upon brother in 1963." His voice was rich as his sentences rolled inexorably toward their conclusions. It had a kind of patience that was hard to distinguish from fatigue. "Since then, I've stood on the banks of the Jordan and I've looked into the promised land," he went on. "Maybe I won't make the journey, but I know that my *people* are going to make the journey, because I've stood and looked. So it doesn't *particularly* matter anymore. I've conquered the fear of dying, and a man that's conquered the fear of dying has conquered everything. I don't have to fear *any* man." He reached for a leather-bound Bible, worn to a dull shine, like an old watch, and turned to the fourth chapter of II Timothy. " 'I have fought a good fight,' " he read. " 'I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' " He paused, and closed the book. (When we returned to the passage later, we noticed that it continued, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness.") Dr. King seemed embarrassed at ending the conversation there, but he had to catch a plane. As we stood with him on Auburn Avenue while he waited for his car, he mentioned that he was born "down the block." Along the avenue, modern cinder-block offices, their windows smeared with palm prints, stood beside clapboard houses. Cast-iron washtubs and rusting automobile parts lay scattered in yards. We remember that a young black girl in a stiff organdie dress was spinning a hubcap on the hot pavement.

WE find ourself now, as after any disaster, investing small things with an urgent, outsize relevance. The girl in the organdie dress keeps returning to our mind; somehow she must bear for us the meaning of Dr. King's death. We haven't looked to our memory of her for meaning; her picture simply appears to us, as if through some short circuit of our intelligence. One can no longer clearly grasp the relevance of new events. They involve us all, we talk about them all day, soon we find them squeezing everything else out of our lives, but we're not sure how to weight them. This is not because one can't foresee in detail where they're leading; one never could. The frightening thing is that one can no longer *imagine* what forms the solutions to our problems will assume. One isn't even sure what a solution would look like. Ordinarily, the news media might give us clues. But the relevances we seek now aren't buried in news stories. Friday, the *Times* ran an eight-column headline on Dr. King's death. It ran eight-column headlines Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, too. Tucked inside Friday's paper were many stories about Dr. King's career. Their assumption seemed to be that by reëntering his past we might get a running start into our future without him.

The pell-mell events of the previous weeks no doubt undermined our response to Dr. King's death. Over the past several years, we have learned to accept the fact that our destiny is not entirely what we make of ourselves. But in these last weeks, perhaps for the first time since the Second World War, we've had a sense of being submerged in history, and of becoming inured to its stupefactions. About the time of the Tet offensive, one was close to despair. Then, with Eugene McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire and Robert Kennedy's announcement that he would run for the Presidency, with President Johnson's announcement of a bombing halt and then his announcement that he would not run again, followed by a direct peace overture from North Vietnam, one began to feel that suddenly, just when things were darkest, America had found her way back to the path. Now Dr. King's death comes to us as a reproach. We had let ourselves drift away from the reality of our trouble. Finding the path will not be so easy.

Word of the assassination reached us while we were working late at our office, and we immediately switched on a television-network special report. Perhaps because we received each piece of news minutes after it happened, we came to feel that we were at the eye of a historical hurricane. Our national leaders appeared before us to guide our responses. "America is shocked and saddened by the brutal slaying tonight of Dr. Martin Luther King," the President said, in measured tones. "I know that every American of good will joins me in mourning the death of this outstanding leader and in praying for peace and understanding throughout this land." We sat, it seemed dumbly, in the gray haze of our television screen. Other notables—we can't remember which—expressed dismay. Several, staring sternly into the camera, urged viewers to "keep their cool." The argot, unfamiliar to their mouths, made it plain to whom the admonitions were addressed. Curiously, what gave us a stronger sense of tragedy than anything our leaders said was the disorder on the networks: the missed cues and fades, the A.B.C. technician who walked behind Bob Young reading a sheet of teletype paper, Keith McBee stuttering when he suddenly realized he was on camera. When our leaders did appear, their eyes glassy and focussed above the camera, we felt a strange sense of identification with the poverty of their response, and with the way they underscored one another. Too much had happened in the last week. They had been called upon too often. They could, with honor, fail to help us.

After watching the news for more than an hour, we walked out into the office corridor. The cleaning woman, an elderly Negro woman in a green shift and stretch socks, was sitting in the broom closet weeping and muttering to herself, "They're going to get him, and they're going to get everybody." We had nothing we could say to her, and, to judge by her reluctance to notice us, there was nothing she wanted to hear. When we returned to our office, Vice-President Humphrey was in the midst of dismissing predictions of violence, because, he said, no one could respond with anything but grief on this sad occasion. Even as he spoke, we could hear the wail of sirens rising through the long canyon of Sixth Avenue. Shortly afterward, we heard loud shouts and the splintering of glass. We walked onto a balcony outside our office, on the nineteenth floor, and, below, on Forty-fourth Street, saw a crowd of black youths ambling toward Times Square. One, holding a flap of his torn shirt, skipped ahead of the others and, from time to time, spun around to yell at them. We stared (we hadn't yet heard reports of trouble in New York), and said to ourself, "Now it has happened." We shut off the television set and sat in silence. The dreamy ululation of police cars racing toward Harlem continued into the night. After a while, we called a friend. If we could not define our feelings, we could at least share them, undefined. As we talked with our friend, we discovered that although in 1963 the mystery of who assassinated President Kennedy had fascinated us, there was nothing we cared to learn about the man who shot Dr. King. We knew who he was.

John Kennedy's death came like lightning from a clear sky. Dr. King's was something that for a long time we'd been hoping wouldn't happen. We would have been alarmed if Kennedy, or any President, had prophesied his own murder, yet we have grown accustomed to such predictions from civil-rights leaders. Dr. King spoke reluctantly of what he suspected would be his destiny, and most often at the prompting of journalists. Dark premonitions can easily become obsessive, as they did for Malcolm X; they never preoccupied Dr. King. Yet he was the most important example of a new kind of political leader in America—one who cannot exercise leadership without first coming to terms with the probability of his own violent death. A speech that Dr. King delivered on Wednesday evening, scarcely twenty hours before his assassination, and that the networks televised on Thursday night was notable, then, but not surprising. He spoke of having (like Moses) "been to the mountaintop" and there become reconciled.

"And then I got into Memphis, and some began to talk about the threats that were out," Dr. King said. "Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you, but I want you to know tonight that we as a people will get to the promised land." Dr. King's prophetic speech was striking only in retrospect, perhaps because we had not been duly conscious of one of his most urgent tasks: *preparing* his apostles, and his public, for their loss of him. On Tuesday night, his flight from Atlanta to Memphis was delayed by a baggage search that airline officials said resulted from threats on his life. But, as most of us have no room in our lives for much else, so Dr. King had no room for worry about himself.

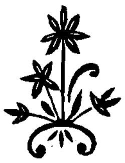
MANY of Dr. King's people had lately grown discontented with him. They saw him standing in the doorway he had opened, an old champion become an obstruction. He wished to solidify old gains, they imagined, while they wanted to push through the doorway. Some ridiculed the basis of his work because it was ethical and religious rather than strategic. They referred to him as "De Lawd" and spoke mockingly of his "meetin' body force with *soul* force." Some others derided what they took for rigid, irrelevant platitudes and florid plagiarisms. The week after we saw Dr. King in his office, he returned to Atlanta to address a convention of the National Association of Radio Announcers at the Regency Hyatt House. Nearly every sentence of his conversation with us recurred somewhere in that speech. Like the politicians who lamented his death, Dr. King often gave the impression of having a kind of fixed inventory of responses. His speeches, with few exceptions, seemed repetitive; they drew their resonance from the occasion that prompted them. But the inventory was a necessity. It relieved him of the distracting obligation of responding freshly, uniquely, to every new situation. It was also a source of his enormous restraint, shielding him from the temptation to vent the hot and—he thought—unconsidered feelings that were aroused in him by the whites' most dramatic outrages, such as the Birmingham bombings of 1963. Dr. King did not have to change his responses, because, from the Montgomery boycott of 1956 to the Detroit riots, the problems remained the same: hatred and fear—what he called, perhaps too abstractly, "sin." The problems were not peculiar to the White Citizens Councils or the Ku Klux Klan, he said in a famous letter from the Birmingham prison; they also afflicted "the white moderate who is more devoted to order than to justice; who prefers a negative peace, which is the absence of tension, to a positive peace, which is the presence of justice." The continuing irony of Dr. King's life was that although his simplicity sprang from the very depth at which he confronted the problems, it alienated him from many of his brothers, black and white.

The broad "coalition of conscience" with which Dr. King hoped to work was too broad, in the end, to satisfy those blacks who rejected the goal of "working into" a white society they considered malignant. A coalition that included the churches, the unions, the N.A.A.C.P., and the Liberal Democrats might effect gradual reforms, they conceded, but they, or many of them, had grown indifferent to any kind of "progress" short of radical social upheaval. Reforms did not come thick and fast enough to hold black leadership in line behind him. During the summer of 1964—which culminated, at the Democratic National Convention, in the Atlantic City compromise over the Mississippi Freedom Democrats—it became clear that the movement that Martin Luther King had fostered and unified was now polycentric. Yet large numbers of even the most militant Negroes continued to revere Dr. King. People knew that he could not be bought. Even if they themselves saw a different reality, they knew that he was true to his own vision. They knew that his caution was also tranquillity, that his arrogance came from deep within him, and that its source was the source of his humility as well. In a struggle in which hatred is often met with hatred, they knew he was genuine in loving the human being, however he deplored the deed. To the last, Dr. King assumed that when the legal and extralegal barriers to communication between races were hewn down, people would begin to see their brotherhood beneath the skin and begin to know "the majestic heights of being obedient to the unenforceable." In recent years, many blacks came to lose faith in this theory altogether. Others simply grew impatient waiting for it to come true in their own lives. But even Stokely Carmichael, who on the night of the assassination urged "retaliation by the black community," in the kind of rhetoric that Dr. King most deplored, called him the only member of the older generation whom young blacks still heard.

When Dr. King was scheduled to take part in a conference or a rally, black people of every persuasion knew it would be honest. They knew he wouldn't try to trick them. White people believed in his honesty, too. He never "told it like it is," the way Malcolm X and, later, Stokely Carmichael did—he was perhaps the most courteous revolutionary who has ever lived—but neither did he misrepresent situations by telling audiences what they wanted to hear. Radicals sometimes tried, without success, to lump Dr. King with the placators among his colleagues. A refined civility ran through him to the core; he didn't need to dissemble, to conceal hatreds, for none smoldered within him—except the hatred of evil. This is why Dr. King never frightened whites; however radical his remarks may have seemed ideologically, they were never venomous. It was a failure that cost him admiration within his own flock, perhaps, but never among those who understood that he confronted problems head on, in their total enormity, without wasting an ounce of energy on blame or vengeance. Whites could listen to him because he managed to attack evil without attacking *them*—because he always made evil seem something they could separate themselves from and join with him against.

Dr. King was a radical in the truest sense: he insisted at the same time upon the terrible reality of our problems and upon their solubility, and he rejected everything that was irrelevant to their solution. Could his death be a radicalizing event, in this same sense, for both races? Perhaps no one was completely happy with him—what he finally did was always a little different from what anyone wanted him to do—but he came closer to being a national hero for both blacks and whites than any other figure in history. Last April, when Dr. King became the first prominent American to oppose the war in Vietnam publicly, he became more than a "black leader." He made himself a leader of all men who care for peace and justice, and reluctantly estranged those of his colleagues who had focussed single-mindedly on the issue of civil rights. He served a complicated cause in a complicated time. In his life, no faction could ever fully claim him as an ally. But with his death every faction—from ghetto blacks tossing brickbats to the Administration of the United States government—loses an ally. His death is difficult for us because it deprives us of the embodiment of the cause he represented for all Americans—the more difficult because of the threat inherent in that deprivation. Incidents of arson and other violence were reported from over forty cities within twenty-four hours of his murder, and on Friday lootings occurred two blocks from the White House. Before the weekend was over, twenty-eight were dead and more than six thousand arrested across the country. But his death also forces upon us the possibility that our common need to avoid the danger of losing touch with his ideals can bring us together in a kind of desperate symbiosis. Perhaps that desperation might even draw us close enough together to see that, as one of Dr. King's annoying plagiarisms insisted, the same things make us laugh and cry and bleed.

ONE tends to forget, under the pressure of events and of the fashions of political vocabulary, that most men, black or white, are essentially non-violent, and that Dr. King was trying to marshal this non-violence—to inspire and direct it, and make it count for something in the affairs of men. He brought about a sense of a black-and-white community of decent men, and until the Mississippi march of 1966 he shakily maintained it. On the day after Dr. King's death, we went to a small, dispiriting rally for him on the Mall in Central Park. As the ideologues dwelled too long and too stridently on the irony of his murder, it began to seem that the course of events would again be determined by that diffuse community of the deranged—black and white, Right and Left and apolitical—which Dr. King, at the time of his death, was again forming a community to overcome. But by Sunday—Palm Sunday—things had changed. As marchers gathered, twenty abreast and eventually seven dense blocks long, at 145th Street and Seventh Avenue, and as they marched—with few signs, and, for the most part, silently—black and white, arms linked, down Seventh Avenue, there was a sense that the non-violent, freed ever so slightly by the President's speech of last week from the dividing pressure of Vietnam, were returning in force to civil rights. It seemed that Dr. King's people, of both races, were assembling again from everywhere, to resume where they left off after Mississippi. They marched past cars whose headlights were on out of respect for Dr. King. They marched over the splinters of broken glass lining the streets of Harlem, past the churches, the abandoned houses, the stores, and the funeral homes. Some carried palm fronds; others wore armbands that read "Our King will never die." A group of the ultra-militant young Five Percenters took their places at the front of the march. No one questioned them. They were as quiet as the rest. The march was informal—no marshals and no leaders. Bystanders on Seventh Avenue joined at the front or the sides or the rear, or did not choose to join. It was completely reflective and completely orderly. At 110th Street, the march paused, and a siren was audible in the distance. A jet passed overhead. Little boys standing at the entrance to the Park put their feet in the line of march, as though testing the water, and then joined in. Photographers were scattered on overhanging rocks. Reporters for various radio news services spoke very quietly, in their several languages, into microphones. Children gathered around them. The march entered the Park, and walked past cyclists, past very good-natured police, past players on a baseball diamond (an integrated game) near Ninety-sixth Street. Mayor Lindsay and Governor Rockefeller joined it there, and people from all over the Park, some with dogs or balloons, began to drift toward the march, inquire what it was, and then join it. The Mall, by the time the marchers got to it, was filled with a crowd several times the size of the march itself. There were hippies, two Great Danes, and several hot-dog stands, but mainly the crowd looked citywide, very mixed. We stood on the hill in back of the Mall and watched the two crowds merge. They did so almost silently, and totally, in great waves, so there was no way of knowing, from that distance, who had marched and who had been standing on the Mall waiting, and it was hard to tell who was black and who was white.

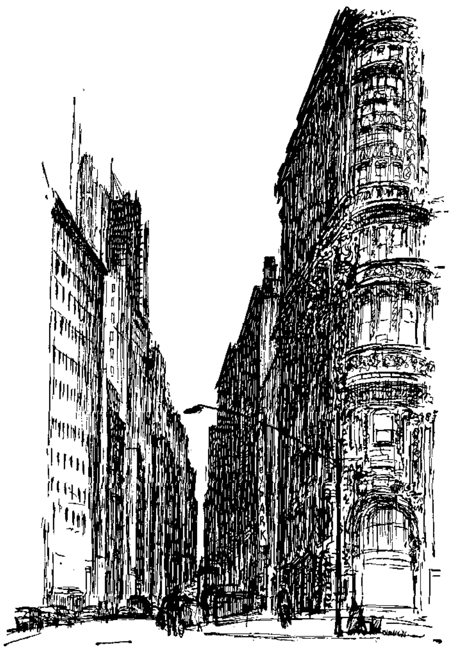


COLLEGE IN THE RAIN

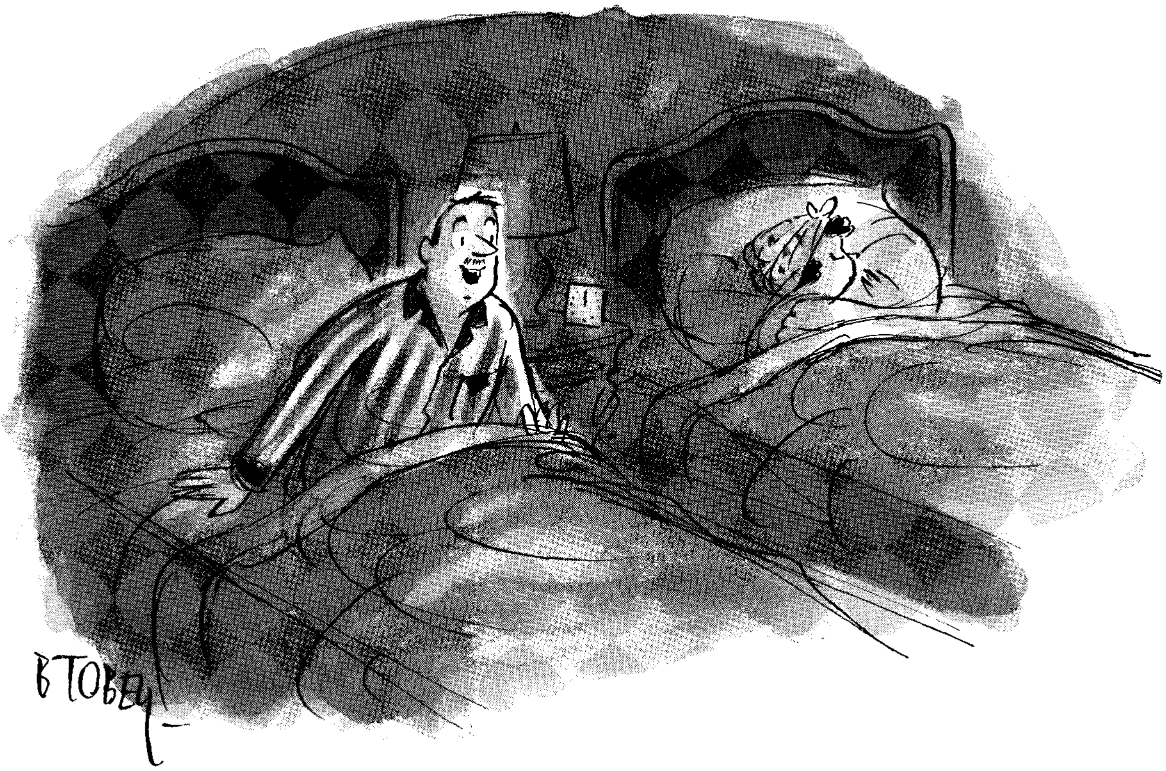
IN the little town, in the dormitories, the girls awaken slowly before the fanfare of the alarm and before they quite know where they are, because no one that young ever quite becomes accustomed to waking up. They stare at the clocks for help. But a clock is not a warm and friendly thing at all; it is cold and calculating, and facts are facts, it says—like some of the science professors, who are rumored to be married but *can't* have wives and children at home. At each moment, the clock has just one statement that must be made: This is the time. The drowsy conclusion among these vague young pilgrims is that it's still early, too soon to get up. Rain rushes across the roofs of the buildings, pours down their sides, slithers on the windows, babbles in the gutters, gurgles in the drains, gives the ivy a good drubbing, drowns the grass—in fact, establishes its territory, insists on being rain and here. Having sprung from the night, it chooses not to part with the night and glazes the town in a flimsy darkness. In the town, lights begin to go on in the windows of early risers, from bedroom to bathroom to kitchen—little yellow lights that do not pretend to penetrate the darkness but are more like framed pictures of light. A dog knocks the lid off a garbage can, and there is chaos in the alley. The girls in the dormitories allow their eyes to close again, not quite phrasing a wish that has something to do with always having a blanket to keep them warm. But they do not really go back to sleep.

For some of the girls—Lolly, for instance, who, by the way, hasn't even stirred—this is the first year away from home, but many have been away longer. There is one thing they are all beginning to learn now—that, by and large, weather is an uncertain thing. Some prefer not to become involved in such knowledge, and some find it exciting; all of them will pause and find it difficult to answer true or false if a statement is laid before them that (a) tomorrow will be fair, or (b) tomorrow will be cloudy, with some shower activity. Please place a check (√) beside your answer. Weathermen are always apologizing, or, if not actually apologizing—saying, "Pardon me for telling you that today would be fair"—at least trying to make their mistakes seem reasonable. It turns out that a weather system had gone awry; a low-pressure area reversed itself or something, and it wasn't anyone's fault. A weatherman will never come right out and admit it—after all, they're getting paid for being weathermen, not philosophers. He will not say, "Of course, in this game you never know, but my educated guess is that tomorrow will be a great day for a picnic if it doesn't rain." So much depends on the weather you'd think they could try harder to be accurate, with all those things they have to help them—machinery, and equations, and think-boxes. Yet you never know what the weather will be until it is here. Although the girls tend to be guided by facts and are, indeed, factual people, particularly in irregular verbs, they have this feeling that even if weather may be predicted it is not at all predictable, and that's enough to keep them from going back to sleep.

The rooms are quiet; all the windows are closed—well, all, that is, except Lolly's, and in her room little trickles of water run along the windowsill and spatter the floor. At this hour, on this day, the only commotion is outside, where the weather is, and the girls are thinking about that; if they're not actually *thinking* about it, at least they are aware of it. Looking around, you see books turned down flat on desks, opened at the place where the girls had stopped reading the night before, too pooped to read another word, with just enough energy left to drink a mug of instant coffee made with hot water from the bathroom tap, put up their hair, and flop into bed. They know that books shouldn't be left open like that—it breaks their spines, a book is to treasure. Of course, there are some closed books in a few of the rooms, closed by girls who are serious and treat books with respect and mark the place where they have stopped reading, almost always smack at the end of a chapter, with Kleenex, an emery board, a past-due bill from one of the off-campus inns summing up the month's total of grilled-cheese sandwiches, hamburgers, diet cola, tea with stickies. Typewriters are uncovered. Curtains from home range from plain to nearly fancy; the matching bedspreads have slid to the floor and crumpled there. On the chairs there is a representative tangle of wearing apparel from the past several days: socks, a stocking, underthings, outerthings, something old, something new, something borrowed—*you* know. It is quite all right for anybody to look—boys, too; if you don't see them here, you can always look at them in magazines and newspapers, if that's the sort of thing you have in mind, and it's perfectly decent even in the beds, with here and there a stray hand or arm or foot or leg uncovered, young and tender and honey-colored or dark olive or alabaster. The girls are very still; they might all be dead, and statistics show that some of them—not, of course, Lolly—will be in a few years. All kinds of terrible things will happen to them that nobody can predict, but fortunately they aren't thinking about—well, that. Perhaps if they were they would perk up, do something that will make it easier for the class scribe when she has to write that thing for the class notes in the alumnae magazine: "Word has just reached us of the death of Judy MacLean Archer. We all remember Mackie as one of the most vitally interested and interesting girls in our class, possessing a sense of humor which enabled her to love fun and always to put things in their proper perspective. Our sympathy is extended to her husband and two small children." (Listen, did you read in the class notes about Mackie? . . . Oh, of course you remember her. What do you suppose *happened*? At her age? *My age.*)



In the first consciousness of morning, of the day about to begin, the girls will put it off, this new day, for as long as they can and lie quietly remembering themselves. New girls, old girls, they study themselves in the isolation of the weather, as if this separating rain reminds them that they are away from home, and it is quite possible that they will never go back. Visits don't count—holidays, all that. They have left home—home, love, things as they were—and, like the day, something else is beginning that no weatherman can prophesy. So much for the forecast. Only one thing is sure. In



"Wow! The statute of limitations on my 1964 return ran out exactly one minute ago."

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their solitary condition, they have one certain promise—that today they will all be able to talk about the weather, to talk to each other, will all have something to say that will be understood. Shaking rain hats and raincoats, stamping dripping boots or soggy shoes, they will greet each other in the halls, the dining rooms, the libraries, shivering or puffing or sighing or laughing. Somebody will step in a deep puddle and shriek; their hair will be plastered to their faces, their eyelashes matted with rain. But they will understand each other, and even that hopeless deadpan girl in Poetry and Prose of the Eighteenth Century will be soaked and will spatter the other girls and be just like them. Then they will discover that she's really not all that dumb, just *shy*. Maybe she's never had a date here. One of the girls will then get her a date with somebody's ghastly brother, who still has a few open wounds left over from adolescence but who is a college man and haunted by his male condition and dying for a woman and on their first date will turn out to be a sudden lunger. In other words, hemmed in by the rain, sealed fast here in their own community, they will all get to know each other, maybe for the first and last time, and it may turn out to be one of the best days of the year. And now the alarms ring, and everyone is up and dressing; some will eat breakfast and some won't (home of the awful waffle!), and then all that scurrying through the rain commences.

OH, for heaven's sake. Not everyone. Here is Lolly (Laura Louise) Harrison, and she's done it again. Slept right through the alarm. Her roommate thought she was awake, but Lolly curled up under the covers again, turned over and buried her face in the pillow, and went right back to sleep. Frankly, Lolly has no intellectual curiosity, and the only reason she is here is that she supposed it came next. Confidentially, some of the faculty are beginning to consider that perhaps college isn't Lolly's—bag. There was the time, for instance, on that geography field trip, when all the other girls were able to follow their contour maps unerringly to their destinations, joining the right group in the right place at the right time. And where was Lolly? Mr. Thurmond had finally found her in a gravel quarry by frantic searching and shouting. She was simply starving, but she had done exactly the right thing—gone to her destination and stayed there until he had come for her. Of course, it was the wrong place. She had been glad to see him, but not surprised. She had told him, as he sighed and sank down on the stones, that she didn't think she'd ever learn to read a contour map, and she honestly couldn't think why she should. If she wanted to know how to get somewhere, she would call up somebody or inquire at a gas station. Besides, she didn't care for geography, the way it was shaping up; she had supposed it would be about foreign countries—places with camels and all. Mr. Thurmond, a dedicated young man in his early teaching years, had studied Lolly's length in jersey and jeans and her long black hair as she wriggled in her gravelly seat and almost been convinced that the age of the contour map was over. He had listlessly handed her a soft Hershey bar from his pocket and escorted her to the buses, and all the way back to the campus sat staring through the window, his elbow resting on that narrow little sill, the lower half of his face hidden in his palm. And now Lolly, asleep, isn't dreaming about him or Frank or Johnny or anybody; she is uncompromisingly asleep on her stomach, her black hair tangled at the back of her head, her rounded solid bottom making its own contours under the covers, signifying that she will indeed always be able to ask directions and get the right answers, that she will marry a handsome man and have five lucky children, that she will never be chairman of the committee but would be happy to volunteer to stuff envelopes, and that right now she is missing her eight-o'clock, and probably will miss her nine-o'clock and her next class, too, and never know what she is missing.

—KATINKA LOESER

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SEAFOOD SALAD DRESSING

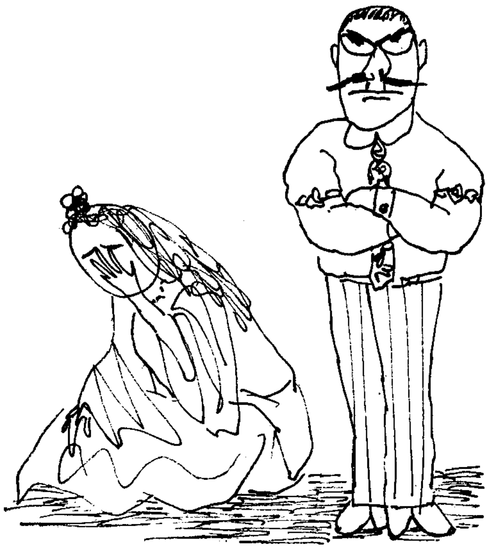
⅓ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons French dressing
½ cup chili sauce
1 teaspoon horseradish
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon minced onion
¼ to ½ teaspoon salt

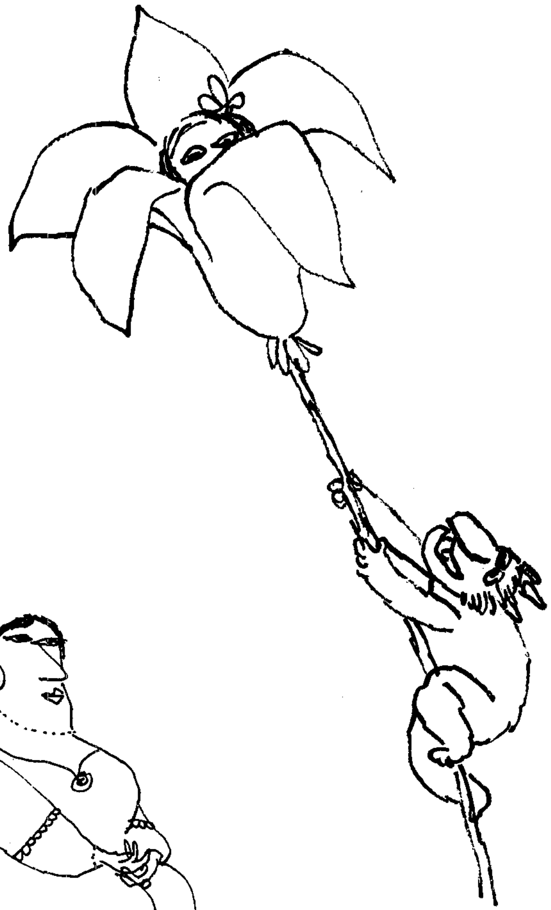
Thoroughly combine all of the ingredients; chill. Serve on seafood salad.

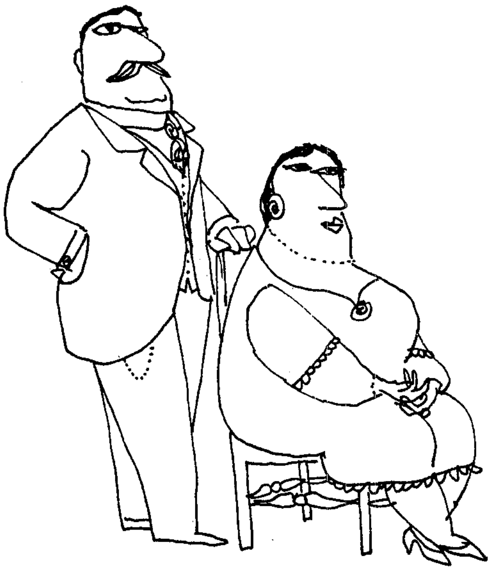
Because this recipe makes a large number of cookies, you may wish to freeze some of the cookies.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

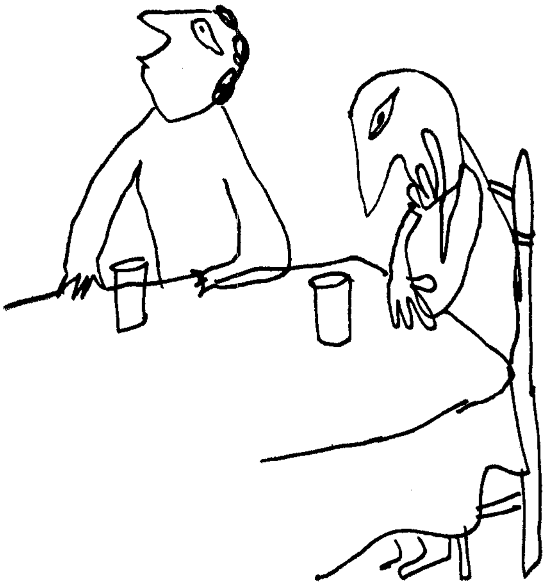
No, thanks, we'll eat them while they're hot.

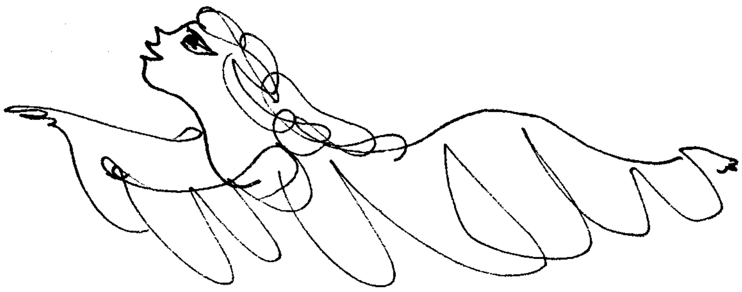
MAN AND WOMAN

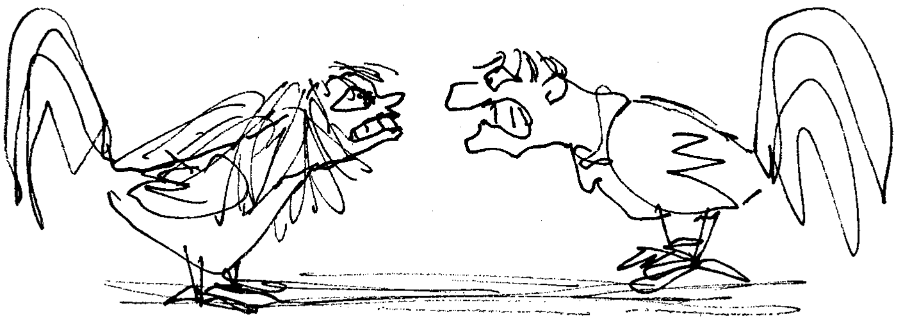


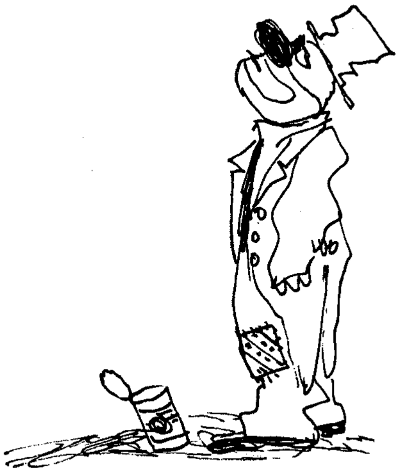


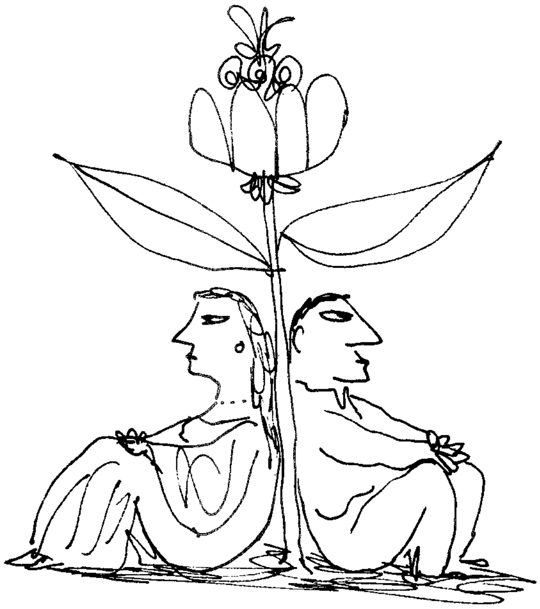


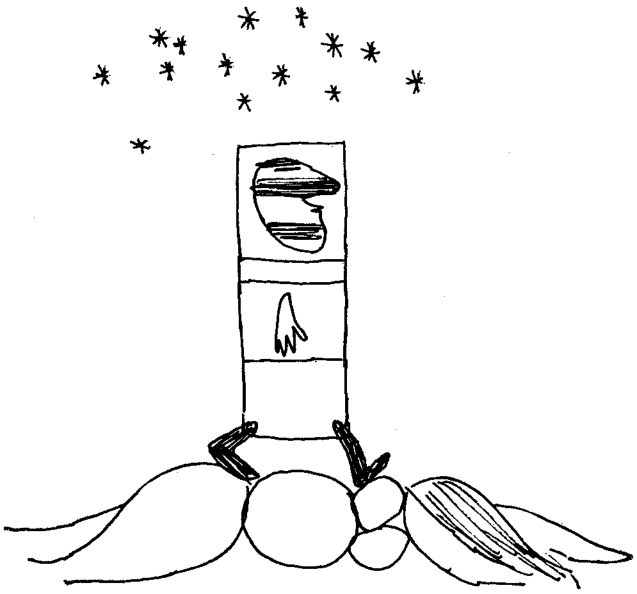


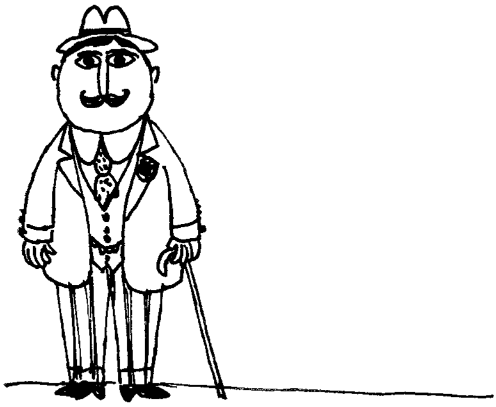


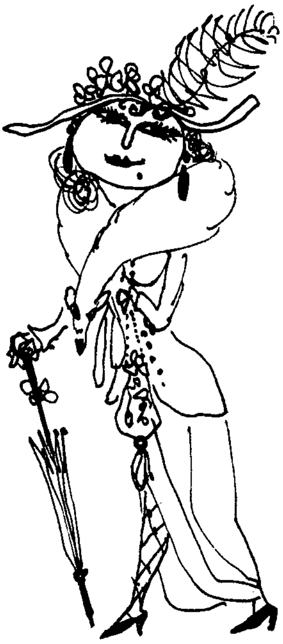


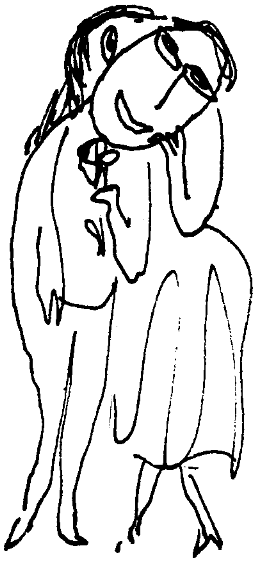


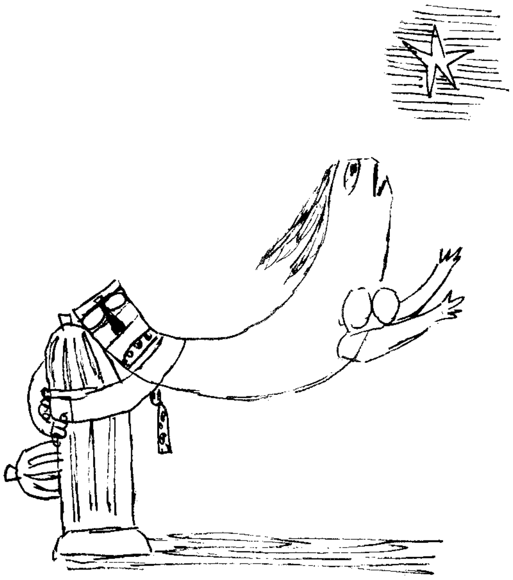


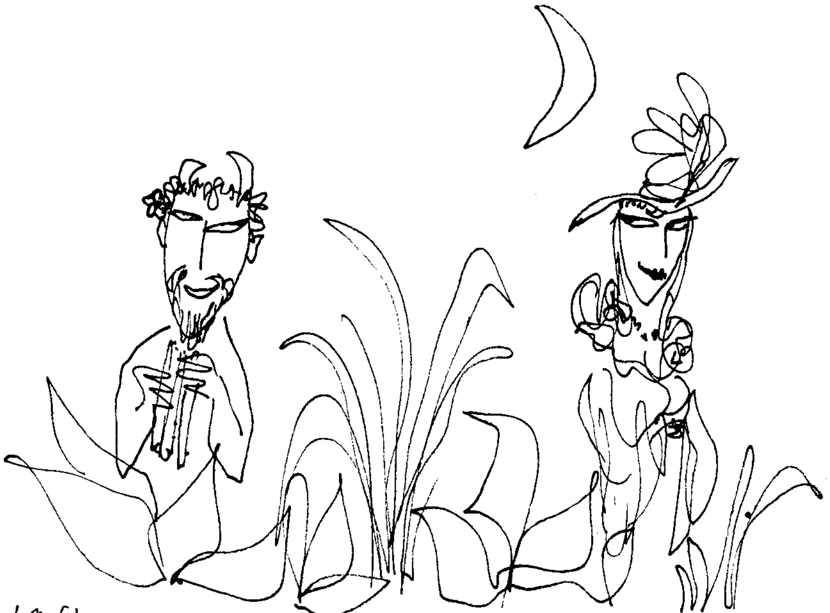












Wm. Steig

CHATTY

THE important thing was to stop Magnolia from going to Venice.

"That I won't have," Karvo said. "Where is Chatty? Never here when he is wanted. Drunk, I suppose. Or in bed. I bet he's at his aunt's. Get him."

At that very moment, Chatterton came into the office, opening the door only about a foot and sliding in.

"Chatty!" Karvo made a sound like a wounded bull—indeed, almost wept. "You've heard the news?" Karvo waved the others out of the office, and Chatty sat down on the sofa opposite Karvo's enormous desk—or, rather, he folded up there like a small piece of human trellis that smoked, squeaked, and coughed. He was an illness in himself.

"Yes," Chatty said. "She has heard the doctor has stopped you flying. She's heard you and Maureen are picking up the train in Paris. She rang me half an hour ago."

"Chatty, you've got to stop her! I won't have that woman in Venice," Karvo said. "You've got to keep her in London. I tried to get you last night. Where were you?"

"I was with her," said Chatty. "At the Spangle."

"I'm very grateful to you," said Karvo, calming down.

Chatty swallowed a couple of pills off the palm of his hand. "The fog got into my chest," he said. "She's still going to court. But she doesn't know whether she will shoot you or commit suicide. What she wants to do is to commit suicide first, then shoot you, and then sue the company for breach of contract. Somewhere along the line she has got to fit in a scene at some place like the Caprice in which she tears Maureen's dress off her back. She would like to see blood. Not pools of it but visible nail stripes on Maureen's face, anywhere it will show—say, on the upper part of the back. She doesn't know whether it would be better to do this in the restaurant—I told her it had been done too often in restaurants—or in court, but I pointed out that Maureen was not a material witness and would not be there."

Karvo paid no attention. He was looking at the script on his desk, but, glancing up, he said considerately, "Chatty, are you all right? I can hear your chest from here. You're not going to crack up again?"

"I've been up half the night three nights running. She never wants to go to bed."

"I didn't have *that* trouble with her," Karvo said boastfully, looking at the script again. "I made a mistake about Magnolia," he went on. "I thought she would lift the whole story. She has the finest pair of arms I've ever seen in pictures, but she can't move them except up and down slowly, like a cop holding up traffic. She can't move anything. You saw her. I thought she was Life. She's as dead as the Venus de Milo."

"It has no arms," said Chatty. "Magnolia is Life. I told her so last night. I said, 'Magnolia, you're Life—' "

"*You* said that to her?" said Karvo suspiciously.

"Yes. She said *you* said she was Life. I said, 'He was right. You're Life itself.' Actually, larger."

"It's no good in pictures," Karvo said.

"It's terrible out of pictures," Chatty said. "Awful in the evenings."

"You've got to stop her! I don't care how!" Karvo said, shouting again.

"I know," said Chatty. "I'm having lunch with her." And he got up and used one of the telephones on Karvo's desk. "No. I know the time of the train, sweetie," he said in the murdered voice of the sick. "Bring me the Continental timetable in your own little loving hands."

"Why do you want that?" said Karvo, suspicious again.

"I was brought up on it. It's the only book I can read now without having a heart attack," said Chatty.

The girl brought the book into the office, and Chatty's face broke into dozens of small smiling lines, like a cracked plate, and he did two or three more coughs. The girl looked protectively at him.

"What I dream of is a beautiful sanatorium, with you looking after me," he said to the girl, who said, "Oh, Mr. Chatterton, no." She was blushing when she left the room.

Karvo shook his head. "You ought to stop smoking, Chatty."

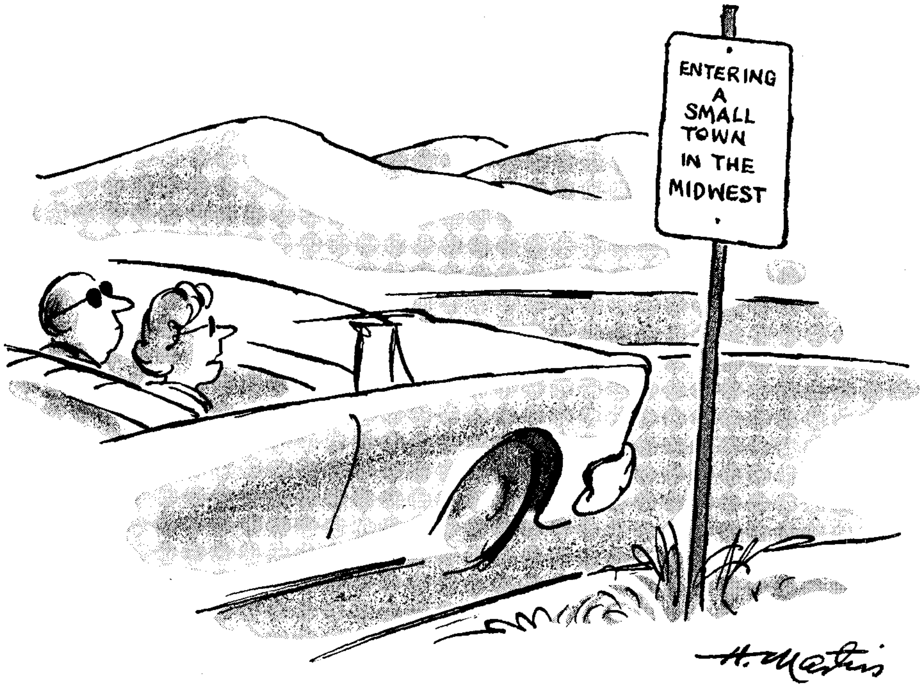
"I appeal to the mother in them," said Chatterton. "If I stopped coughing, I'd be useless to the firm. I'll try and get Magnolia down to the farm, Tony."

"That's a good idea," said Karvo, generously conferring a favor. "It will do you good. You need pure air."

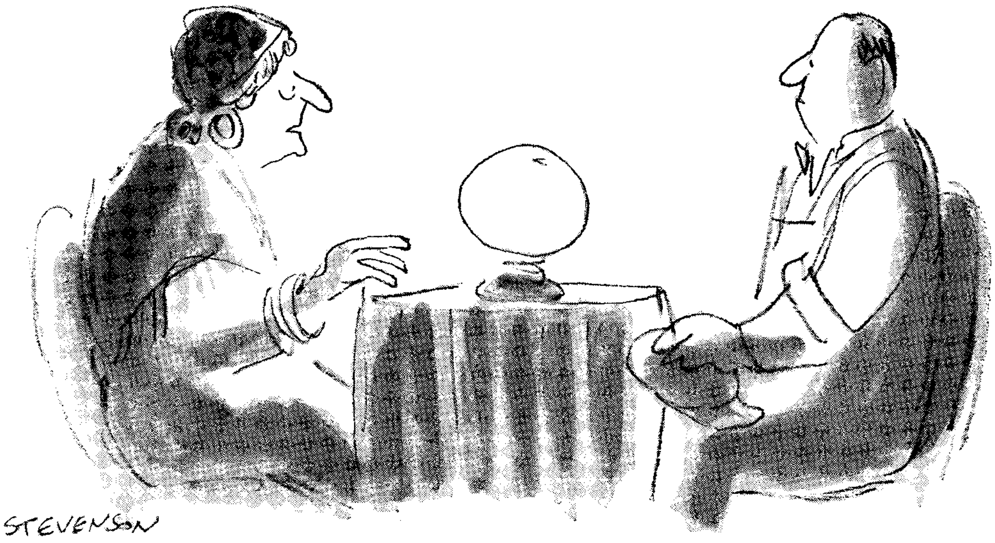
"I'm working on the idea that her ancestors travelled in cattle trucks. I doubt if it will work."

Karvo went very red. The innuendo reflected on his taste. He was going to make a speech, but Chatty looked at his watch, said, "I'll be late," and went.

MAGNOLIA was not Karvo's first mistake. Art is the residue of innumerable rejections; so, in fact, is love. So is everything. Some rejections are more difficult than others. Karvo was the godhead of the organization. Chatty had had to give up years ago, after his first breakdown, but Karvo clung to him. Chatty had drifted into becoming the oilcan of the machine, the worn-out doctor. Sooner or later, everyone from



"Say, isn't this where Rudy Dillworth came from?"



"I see a long walkout, round-the-clock talks, mediation, binding arbitration, and return to work."

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the doorman upward was bound to turn to him; the shrunk face, the one-lung chest, the shaky hand, the sad, busy eyes, the weak, grating voice that seemed to contain the dregs of all the rumors in the world concealed a dedication to all the things the machine had forgotten to do. The very weakness of the voice contained a final assuring sense that the situation, whatever it was, had touched bottom, and that he had fallen back on forces only he knew. What his official job was neither he nor anyone could say, except that he had to put everything right. "I just hang around," he said. In black moments, he added, "I'm the company's hangman."

A shrewd actress would know she was losing her part if she found herself dining at Claridge's alone with Chatty, with champagne on the table. One or two of Karvo's wives had had the disturbing experience of seeing Chatty arrive at the house with flowers, and were alarmed by his tête-à-têtes. In the middle of an evening's drinking, actors would suddenly wonder why Chatty was telling them, again and again, that they were very great artists. Diners at the Spangle or the Hundred and Five would notice how a neat, sick man, darkened by sun lamp, so often seemed to be at a certain table with a girl who was leaning close to him and pouring out what was, momentarily, her heart, while he nodded and filled up her glass. They had seen some girls with elbows on the table, with tears running down their cheeks, and next to them, elbows on table, too, not in tears but wearing his wrecked expression, Chatty, stroking a hand, listening, nodding, squeezing and—when a waiter passed—giving an efficient nod at the bottle. It would be replaced. Some held his arm. Others, once every half hour, he lightly kissed on the bare shoulder. He might ask to look at a ring, or, gazing at their palms, tell their fortunes. To others he whispered a scandal; they leaned back, openmouthed, and when he had finished they leaned toward him and went back, satisfied, to their own tale. In certain cases, the difficult ones, he might be driven almost to the edge (but never further) of his own secret. Very rarely, they laughed; occasionally, simple ones would put an arm round his neck and rest their head on his shoulder, not thinking about him at all, with their soft hunting eyes gazing round the restaurant, and he would sit back happily, giving only an occasional glance at them. His job was done.

So now he was with Magnolia. She was a woman who easily changed size. She could inflate or contract. At the moment, not touching her smoked salmon, she was contracting. The large mouth had become no more than a slit, her large eyes a collection of flints. Her flowing brows had stiffened and had the boding look of mustaches, her breasts were like a pair of grenades with the pins out, and those arms, usually so still and statuesque, now swiped about like Indian clubs as she talked. And Karvo said she could not move! Chatty, sitting beside her, came only up to her shoulder, and when she looked down at him she looked as though she was planning eventually to get up and tread on him, affecting not to see he was there.

"These things never last with Karvo," he persisted, worn out, tasting the wine and pouring her a glass, which she looked at with hatred. "A girl like that can't hold him."

"A television starlet from Walsall," she sneered. "She can't act. And she smells. Ask the cameramen. Something's happened to Karvo—what is it? You know him. His wife is at the back of this. Well, he's not going to get away with it. I'll kill her. Chatty, I'm going on that train. Why doesn't he fly?"

"The doctor stopped him."

"We always flew. He needs more than a doctor. I shall be on that train." Her mouth widened and she started to eat. It looked as though she were eating what she had just killed.

"You know, Nolly," said Chatty, "you're a superb girl. Shall I tell you something? I found you, didn't I? Oh, yes, I did. I saw you in 'Potter's Song' years before Karvo. It's all my fault. I made Karvo take you. I showed him what you were. I said, 'She will lift the whole show, get it right off the ground.' You sit there like a goddess. When you move, just as you are doing now—"

She was putting a piece of smoked salmon toward her mouth but stopped and put her fork back to look at him.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That movement! What you did that very minute! A small thing like that—you're a lady. There's breeding in it. I'll tell you something I never told you. When you and he went off that first evening, I knew something was on. I came in here and I got plastered."

She was bored. "Why?"

Chatty turned his head away. "Stop bitching. You know why." And he turned his head back again and gazed at her and blinked. He had sunk lower on the banquette, so that she now swelled enormously over him, and as she swelled he sank lower, reached for his glass, and drained it recklessly and stared up at her through the glass as he drank. She studied him with the slow astonishment of a cat that is not quite sure whether she has a mouse beside her. He put out his small brown hand and rested it on her leg, and controlled his surprise at the monumental size of it.

Chatty rarely had to go as far as this. Most girls—and Magnolia was one—could recognize the difference between the pass direct and a pinch that was a retraction of a careless remark. With Magnolia, his normal methods had failed: incredulity, then sympathy, then fierce indignation at the man—he was cracking up, had lost his reason, it was "his age," etc.,

etc. Chatty would then attack the other woman, mentioning false or disorganized teeth and affected voice, and adding minutiae of his own—rubbing calves, perhaps, or inturned toes. He would throw in the name of some interesting man (“not in the theatre, darling”) and drop in a word or two of French (“*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*”)—wasted, by the way, on Magnolia, who did not speak French. He would then, if they were still difficult, move on toward his own secret. He was a waif; they were both lonely waifs. Chatty's secret—that was what everyone wanted to know, and they became alert at this stage. Why wasn't he married? Was he queer? Was he nothing? A mother's boy? Auntie's boy? He evaded these insinuations by talking about his farm. Ah, but what went on at *that* farm? Who was the woman he called Aunt Laura, down at the farm? There were times when it seemed that only the desperate pass—what he called the final solution—would do.

“Darling, I want to bite that lovely shoulder. Come down to the farm with me.”

They were almost agog. What orgies went on there? They would discover the secret. Discreetly he moved to enthusiastic anticlimax. “We shall be on our own. There's only Aunt Laura there. She's deaf. Looking after her bedridden sister. Very religious. I'll show you my Hereford herd. We can cut down nettles. Aunt Laura's woman who used to come up from the village to cook is in hospital, but we'll manage. It's the simple life. Just ourselves. What d'you say?”

He had never known them not to say no. Very apologetically, too. Apologizing calmed them. Then he would pay the bill and drop them in the firm's car, saying, “In the old days, I used to slip away to Paris.” Just the idea! But not with him—oh, dear God, no! They could do better than that, and sometimes did, and when he dropped them at their flat he had dissolved an illusion and given them a new one.

But Chatty did not offer Aunt Laura to Magnolia. He had seen that this case was too desperate. Also, what would any sane woman sooner do—go to Venice or to Wiltshire? No press in Wiltshire. So when he said, “Stop bitching,” and there was no answering twitch of her leg to his hand, he took a long and conquering breath.

“I know how you feel,” he said. “I feel as you do. I said to Karvo, ‘You don't understand Magnolia. She's virginal. There's an inner chastity, something single-hearted; when she loves, she loves once and for all. I feel it, you feel it, the audience feels it. She's a one-man woman.’ Bucky and the Polsinski boy—oh, yes, I know about *them*, but that doesn't alter the inner truth.”

THE STORM

Because you have increased my hurt,
I will not mention what occurs to me now
In this rainstorm, the green curtains
Soaked at the bottom, heavily flapping
Out time, the shadows of clouds moving
Across the sides of buildings, shapes
Everywhere changing, the words to use
Changing, thoughts to refer to, changing
Too, and now, in the rain, whatever you do
Hurts me, hurts me, and makes me wait for
The next thing you think of, the next thing
You do.

What makes memory, I wonder, what makes
It whole and what makes it part?
What eliminates feeling in time
And what makes it real,
And why, when the rain is falling,
And the wind is raging,
And the curtains allow in no light,
And the cat is asleep in dreams,
And the walls shift and the dust is wet,
Why is there no feeling
For what happens,
As it rains, as one sleeps?

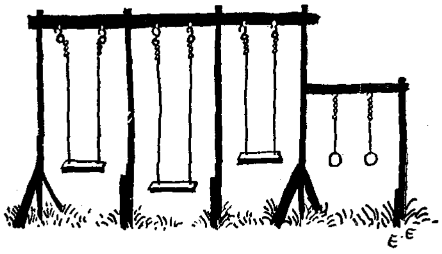
I shudder and make myself small
By drawing up my legs to my chest
And take the covers off me and watch myself
In a long mirror, a body a ball on a white sheet,
Rocking slightly, and he is pink and brown,
And she is waiting to say something
That hurts him, embarrassing the stewards
In his house, caressing his coachman,
Stealing lovely looks at the air . . .
To whom, darling, can it be directed,
This heart, and
How to maintain it?

Will you stop hurting me, will you stop saying
Things which make me sick,
Which make me mad in the stark, raving moonlight?

—Robert David Cohen

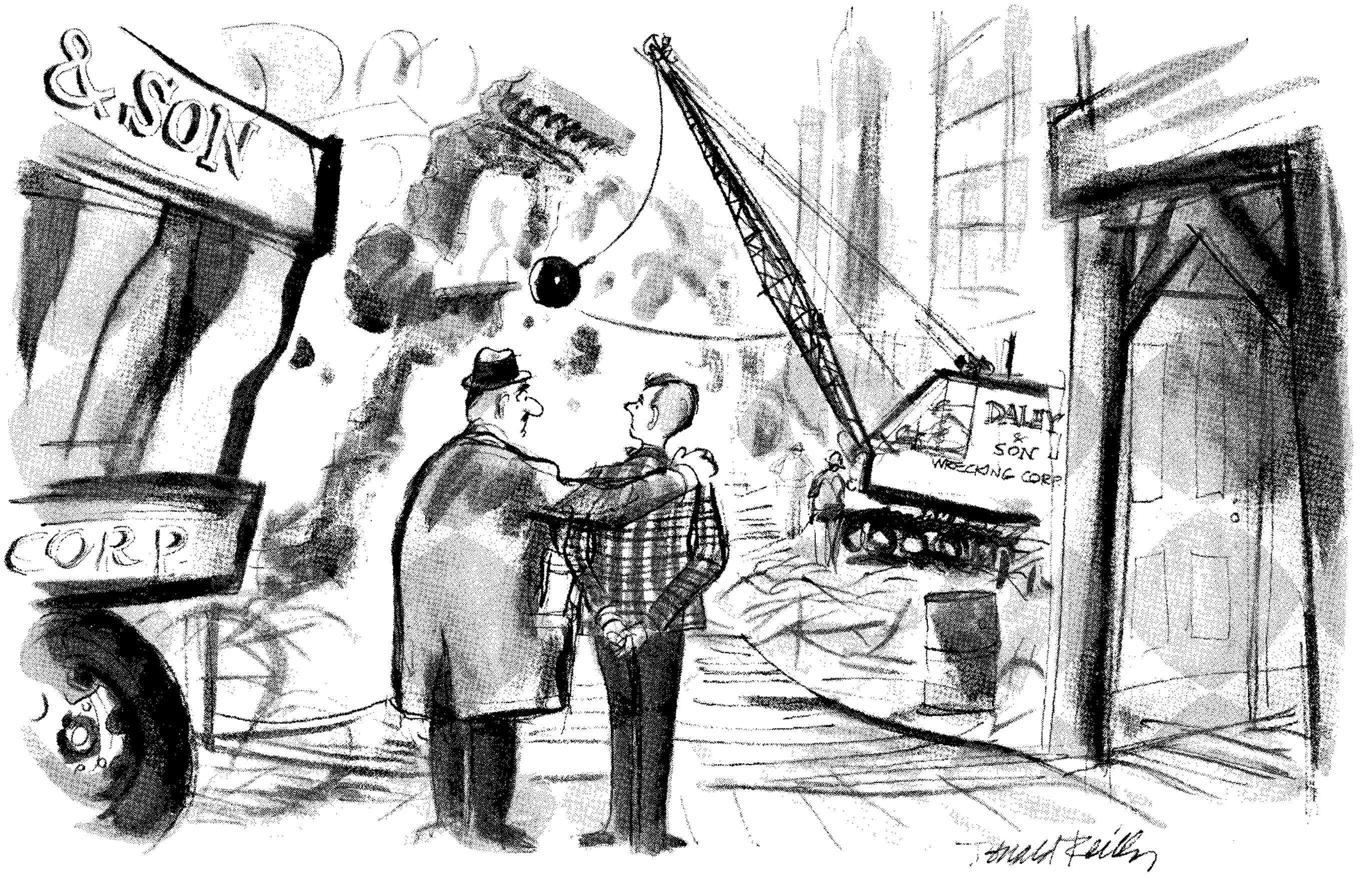
• •

Magnolia looked strangely at him. The idea that she had an inner nature was new to her. That it was virginal amazed her. Her mouth started to become its normal size, her brows began to curve—at the recollection, of course, of Bucky and the Polsinski boy—and she looked with the beginning of curiosity at Chatty. She had the sensation that he was revealing an unsuspected vacancy in her life. Chatty, always sensitive to hopeful change, took his hand off her leg—a good move. Magnolia tried out a feeling of austerity. It made her feel important. Still, her refrain did not change, except in tone. There was a just detectable new note of self-sacrifice in the tone. “I'm going on that train. I hate trains. Why doesn't he fly? Well, I'm going on it. I've got my reservation.”



Was a moral nature being born? Chatty put his hand back quickly. “We'll go together,” he said. “I've got a reservation, too.”

“You? You have? Here,” she said coarsely, “what's the bloody idea? Is



"It's not going to be all roses, Son. You'll get a lot of bellyaches about irreplaceable landmarks and the desecration of our architectural heritage."

• •

this one of Karvo's bloody tricks?"

A dangerous moment! Moral natures are not born suddenly. Chatty gave a violent grip of righteousness to her leg. He spoke in a righteous voice, not forgetting to put some of the ginger of the underhand in it. "My job's at stake, too," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "I don't know about you, but I know what I'm doing. We're going together to rescue him. We've got to save that man, between us. It's worth ten thousand a year to me. But money's nothing. I don't know why I should save him— Well, I do know. It's for you."

She stuck to it. "I'm going to raise hell at the Gare de Lyon," she said. "I've got their seat numbers. I'll turn the dining car upside down. I'll—"

"No, darling. Listen to me. Wait till we get to Venice. The Paris press is no good to you. The reporters will be in Venice."

Chatty made one of his body-wrecking efforts and sent up a hard stare into Magnolia's eyes. He noted with satisfaction that when she removed his hand from her leg she did so with a primness that must have been a new thing for her.

Months afterward, Chatty told Karvo that until that moment with Magnolia, and in spite of all his experience, he had never realized what genius owes to lucky insights. The plan was clumsy and full of risks. You had to choose between evils. Better a scene at the Gare de Lyon—without the press—than a scene at Venice; the thing to avoid was something that had not, thank God, got into Magnolia's stupid head. She could easily have flown to Venice on her own and waited to trap Karvo at the Gritti as he arrived. Why didn't she think of that?

"I tumbled on the obvious," Chatty said. "My task was to encourage this new growth of virtue in Magnolia. There is a detective in every virtuous woman. You know—'I'm having my husband followed.' It was the idea of *following* you that had narrowed her mind."

He had clinched it with Magnolia quickly, there in the restaurant. "Show me that ticket," he shouted at her. Half bewildered, she got it out of her bag. He took it and said, "Let me have it. We'll fly to Paris while Maureen is being sick in the Channel, and pick up the train there."

Magnolia got up from the table with a look of dawning righteousness on her face. ("She looked ready to sing 'Fight the Good Fight,' " Chatty said later.) "I admit I was wrong about you, Chatty," she said.

CHATTY went back to Karvo.

"Well?" said Karvo vehemently.

"We're going *with* you. I can't stop her."

"Chatty!" shouted Karvo.

"Listen. You have to break problems into their parts. That's the first principle. First of all, I am restoring her virginity. I am doing that for self-protection."

"Stop being so clever. I have to think of the press. She can't come with me. That's the whole point."

Chatty began a long fit of coughing. He coughed up and down the sofa. "There's nothing to be done about that," he got out at last. "I've gone the whole hog with her."

Karvo looked cynically and despisingly at Chatty.

Chatty understood the look. "No, I agree—not that," said Chatty, wiping his eyes. "Loyalty to the company does not go as far as that."

Karvo growled at him.

"We shall travel in the back part of the train," said Chatty.

"That won't do, I tell you!" shouted Karvo. "This is serious."

"Tony, pictures have destroyed your

intelligence. You're going to Venice, aren't you? You leave Paris on the Adriatique, at 15:30—right? So Magnolia and I have to be on it. I have got our reservations, but by some mistake in the office—I don't know who the girl is who looks after your reservations, but you ought to sack her—Magnolia and I are leaving Paris at 7:36 in the morning, on the Geneva non-stop."

"You're not going to Venice?"

"We *think* we are going to Venice. Spiritually, Magnolia is travelling in the last coach on your train. Physically, we *shall be in Geneva.*"

"Why Geneva, for God's sake?" said Karvo.

"The lake, the mountains, William Tell."

"She can fly from Geneva!" said Karvo.

"I am going to be very ill," said Chatty.

"Ill?" said Karvo. "Your mind's ill. Your brain has gone soft. You've made a mess of this. I shall fly. I shall have to fly, and you know what the doctor said. Come to my funeral."

"I'll be laid out in Geneva," said Chatty, "a good half day before you and Maureen get to Venice. Come to mine."

Chatty (Karvo used to say) would never have been a great director; he always preferred the trees to the woods. An obscurantist. His plots were always entangled. He never thought things out. But he had two great gifts—a talent for confusing issues and, above all, a talent for illness. This gave him the invalid's mastery of detail. When Chatty sickened, he was inspired.

Before the flight to Paris (Chatty had decided that a sudden flight to Paris and a dash for the morning train were vital to his plan), he did not go to bed at all; he was on the telephone to Magnolia and drinking hard. It made him sound sincere. Take the call to Magnolia first:

"Magnolia. Something terrible has happened. That Miss What's-Her-Name in the office must have spilled the beans. Karvo's heard something. The swine's catching the *morning* train to Venice."

He waited and prayed. No, thank God. Magnolia did not say, "There's no morning train to Venice."

"The 7:36," he went on. "We've got to be there. We're flying tonight. I'm changing the tickets now."

"Call it off," said Magnolia suspiciously.

"No!" shouted Chatty. "I'm getting on that train, and so are you. I've got the tickets in my pocket. You're not going to let them get away with it. They're committing *adultery*, Magnolia!"

"You're drinking, Chatty."

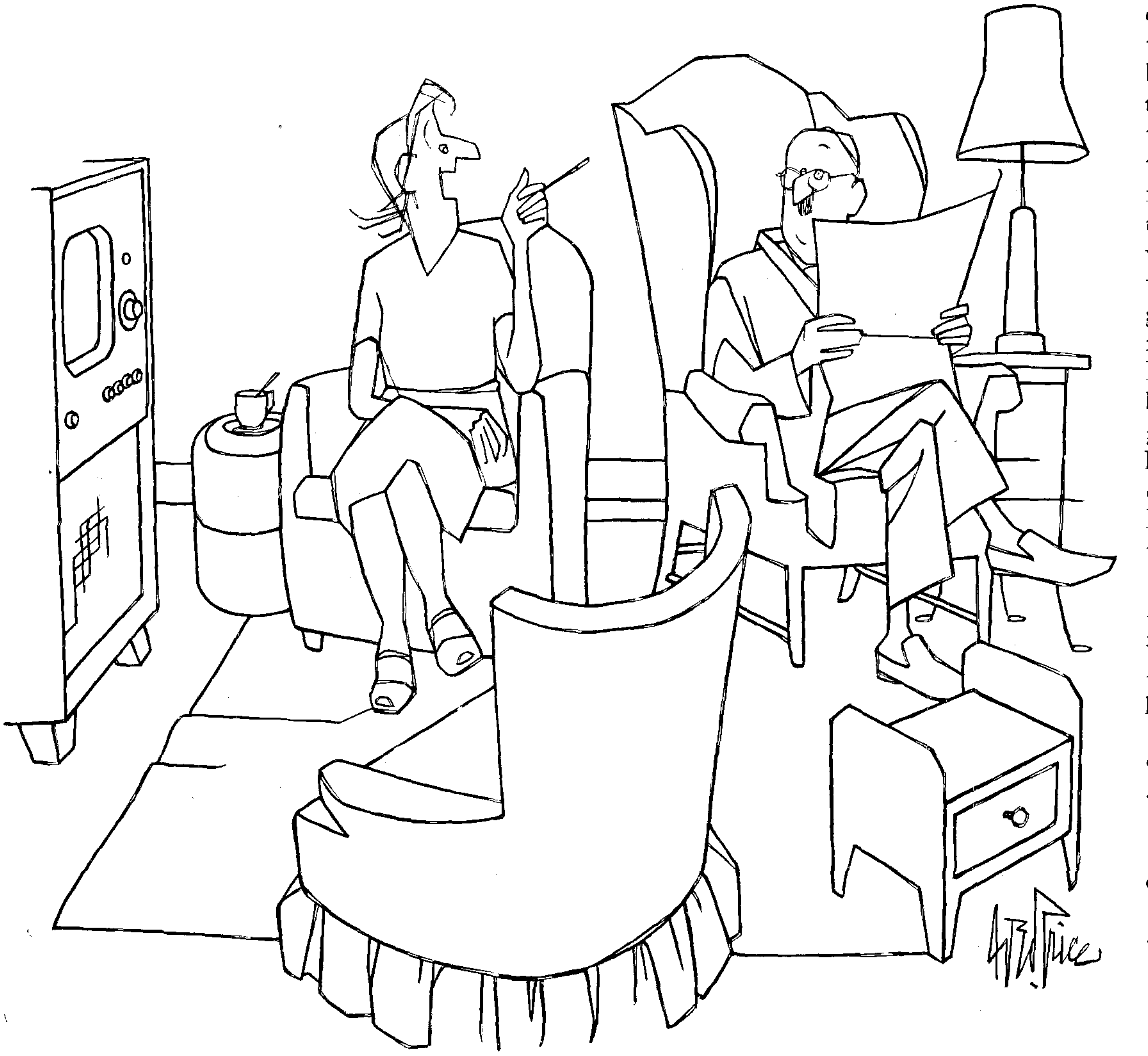
"Of course I'm drinking," said Chatty. "I'll have the car for the airport at 1:15 this morning. They must be in Paris already. No. I don't know where in Paris."

This decided Magnolia. That woman in Paris!

As for illness, indispensable to the refinements of strategy, Chatty was a wreck when he got Magnolia into the plane. Only his fevered eyes seemed to be alive; they seemed to drag his body after them. He muttered on and off during the flight. Halfway across the Channel he began fidgeting in his seat, going through his pockets and wearing Magnolia down with the words "I've forgotten my pills. I can't move without them." Magnolia was frightened by his state; the dawn gave him an awful yellow look. He collapsed into a chair in the café at the Invalides and sent a waiter to see if there was a pharmacy open. He told Magnolia the man could easily make a fatal mistake. She must go with him. No pharmacies were open.

Magnolia's ignorance of French brought out her aggression. "My friend is very ill," she said in English to the waiter. He did not understand. "My husband is dying!" she shouted.

This episode made the arrival of Chatty and Magnolia at the Gare de Lyon seem like an ambulance party rushing to hospital with only three min-



"Those people who said our marriage would never last should know we've gone through three picture tubes already."

utes in which to save the patient's life. Chatty was not going to have Magnolia running loose on the platform for half an hour scrutinizing every coach and finding out they were on the Geneva train.

They sat breathless in the compartment. Chatty had a wide range of coughs, from the short, dry hack to the display that came up from the ankles and seemed to split his eyes. "A little more air." He got up to open the window.

"Sit down," said Magnolia. She was frightened. Her strong arms drew down the heavy window of the French train.

When he stopped coughing at last, he told a terrible story about an injection for tetanus he had been given when he was a schoolboy. Then the train moved off, and he laughed.

"Stop laughing," she said. "You'll bring it on again."

Her face, he was pleased to see, had grown severe. A firm, almost chaste look of moral reprimand was growing on it. He got out a cigarette.

"Don't smoke," she said. She repeated, with appeal, "Chatty, *please* don't smoke."

He put his cigarettes away. "You're right," he said.

"Try and sleep."

"I wish I could. People keep passing in the corridor. Do you mind if we pull down the blind?"

"*I'll* do it," she said, commanding.

"Magnolia," he said. "You're being extraordinarily good to me. You're a saint. I'm sorry, I seem to be making a mess of this."

"It's not your fault," she said.

"It is."

"No, it's mine," she said on a promising note of confession. But she gave a grind to her teeth. "I ought to have flown."

Oh, God, thought Chatty, she's off again. "If you had, I would have gone with you," he said. "I'm going to see you through this thing. When I think of that bastard twelve coaches up the train—"

"Twelve?" she said, uncrossing her legs and frowning.

"You can imagine how I feel," he said. "I look at you and I see a woman he has never seen."

"Sleep," she said sternly.

"I can't," he said.

"You must."

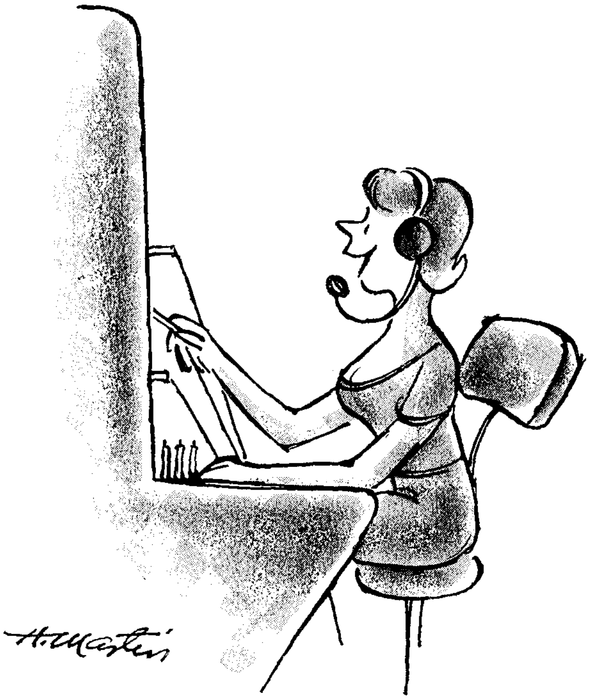
"I've made a mess of my life. I'm sorry for a lot of things I've done. Why did I let him take you?"

Chatty closed his eyes but not completely. He had to keep an eye on her. He was not going to have her slipping out into the corridor, searching the coaches or talking to informative strangers. He was surprised to discern, mistily through his lashes, that she was looking neither restless nor relaxed but sat there rigidly, gazing at him with apprehension. A novel combination of feelings was growing in her. As virtue was increased by her mission and by looking after him, so a new fear was born, too—virtuous fear. She was travelling alone in a railway compartment with a man in a chaotically disturbed state—a man who, he had said, had repressed certain feelings for years. She was in his hands. And in a foreign country, too. As she watched the French meadows and the licentious woodlands go by, she wondered if he would go mad and attack her. These were pleasant sensations; they made her feel prim. What did she, what did anyone, know about Chatty? In sleep he looked very ugly.

At Dijon, he opened his eyes and sneezed. "When the sun rises, the moon sneezes," he said. "Old Chinese proverb." He laughed.

She did not like that. He *was* mad! She sat back and folded her arms tightly.

The ticket inspector came in.



"Xerox Corporation. How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again?"

• •

"What did he say? He was looking at me," asked Magnolia afterward.

"He said he had seen you in a picture. In 'Disarmed.' "

Magnolia looked happy for the first time. "I wish I spoke French the way you do," she said. "Teach me some words." And, taking out her mirror, she made up her face.

"He was looking at the drawn blinds," said Chatty, leering, as the train clattered through the long sidings and went out of Dijon. "The frogs never miss anything. They have imagination."

Magnolia closed her bag and was on guard.

"I can't eat," said Chatty when he heard the luncheon bell tinkle. "But I'll take you along. You must eat something."

"No," she said. "I don't want anything."

Either she was not being distracted from her revenge or she was becoming increasingly the nurse. Chatty wished he knew which it was.

Hours passed sleepily, and then, seeing her restive, he told her about his Aunt Laura. She used to go to Aix, where the waters are good for the kidneys. The doctors could not decide whether she had two or two and half kidneys. Many people, he said, have extra rudimentary organs.

Magnolia saw herself approaching his secret. "Two and a half! Is she really your aunt?" she said.

"I will tell you the honest truth," said Chatty.

"Yes?"

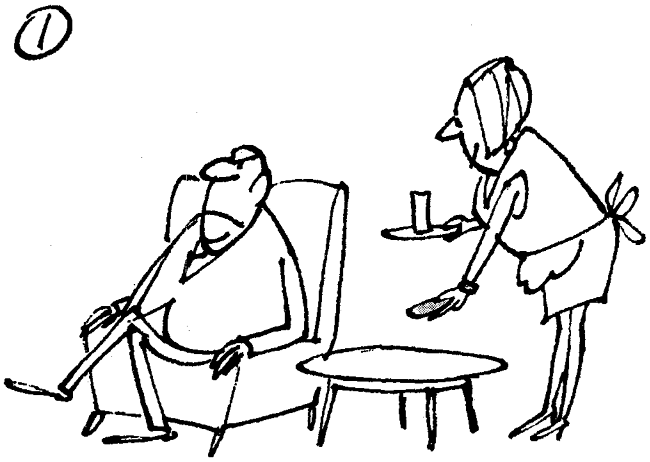
"I don't really know. We were brought up to call her Auntie. She has been like a mother to us. And yet, more like a nun than a mother. Something must have happened to her—some disappointment. She gave up everything for us."

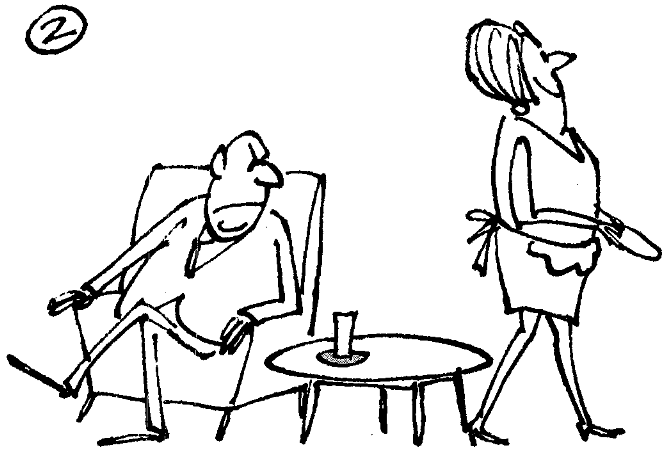
Magnolia found herself wondering how she would look as a nun.

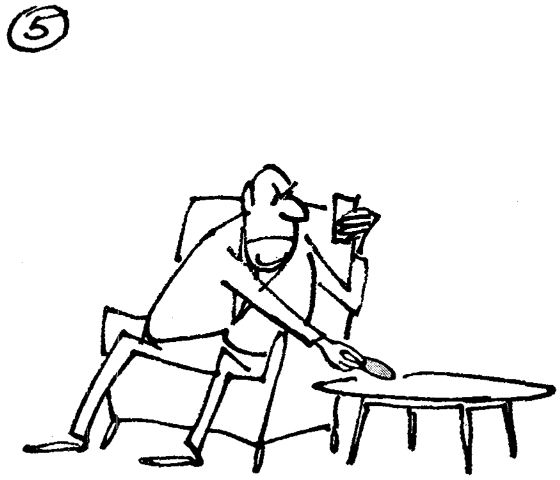
Chatty said, say what you like, there was something *about* nuns. All women have a nun inside them. "I can see it in you," he was saying.

It was pleasant to hear, and made her double her watch on Chatty. "Those poor nuns in Africa," she said, ready to put up a fight if he sprang at her.

Chatty was, of course, thinking of the approaching crisis. It would come when they got to Geneva. The ques-







tion was whether she would understand what had happened while they were still at the station or whether he might hold out until they saw Lake Leman. He was occupied with the fantasy that he might palm off the lake as the Mediterranean. He rejected it. He plumped for a terrible scene at the station. He would stagger off the train and simply collapse on the platform. "Get a doctor! Get an ambulance!" he would shout.

He suddenly heard Magnolia say irritably, "When do we get to Venice?"

"An hour and a half, I should say."

"Don't you *know?*" said Magnolia, getting crosser.

And, ruining everything, two inspectors slid back the door of the compartment—a young one and an old one. The old one had spread the news that Magnolia was on the train.

"When do we get to Venice?" she said in English to the older one.

"Venice?" said the older inspector, in English, too. "We are going to Geneva."

"*Chatty!*" shouted Magnolia.

"This is the Geneva train," said the younger inspector, in French.

"Good lord," said Chatty. "They've put us on the wrong train."

"Give me those tickets!" Magnolia shouted again.

The speed at which Magnolia left her religious order was something Chatty always remembered. Her face became crimson, then violet, marked by changing dabs of green. She swelled up, she rose up. She shoved Chatty aside and started on the inspectors. The older one stepped back and pushed the young one forward. The young one made a speech.

She flew at Chatty. "What is he saying?" And, not waiting for an answer, she declaimed that she was due at Venice that very moment, to receive the Festival prize; that the train must be put into reverse; that a plane must be brought instantly into the compartment; that the train itself must, if necessary, fly. The young inspector gazed at the fling of Magnolia's white arms from armpit to wrist, the terrifying spread of her fingers, the rise and fall of her volcanic bosom, the blue eyes that ripped him, the throat that boiled, the nostrils that went in and out like bellows. Tears of admiration formed in his young eyes. Chatty raised his eyebrows at the older inspector, who raised his eyes in profound understanding at Chatty. The lips of the young one did not speak, but they moved with unconscious, unavailing kisses.

Can't act? thought Chatty. There ought to have been a train sequence in the film. Lift? She's lifting the train off the rails.

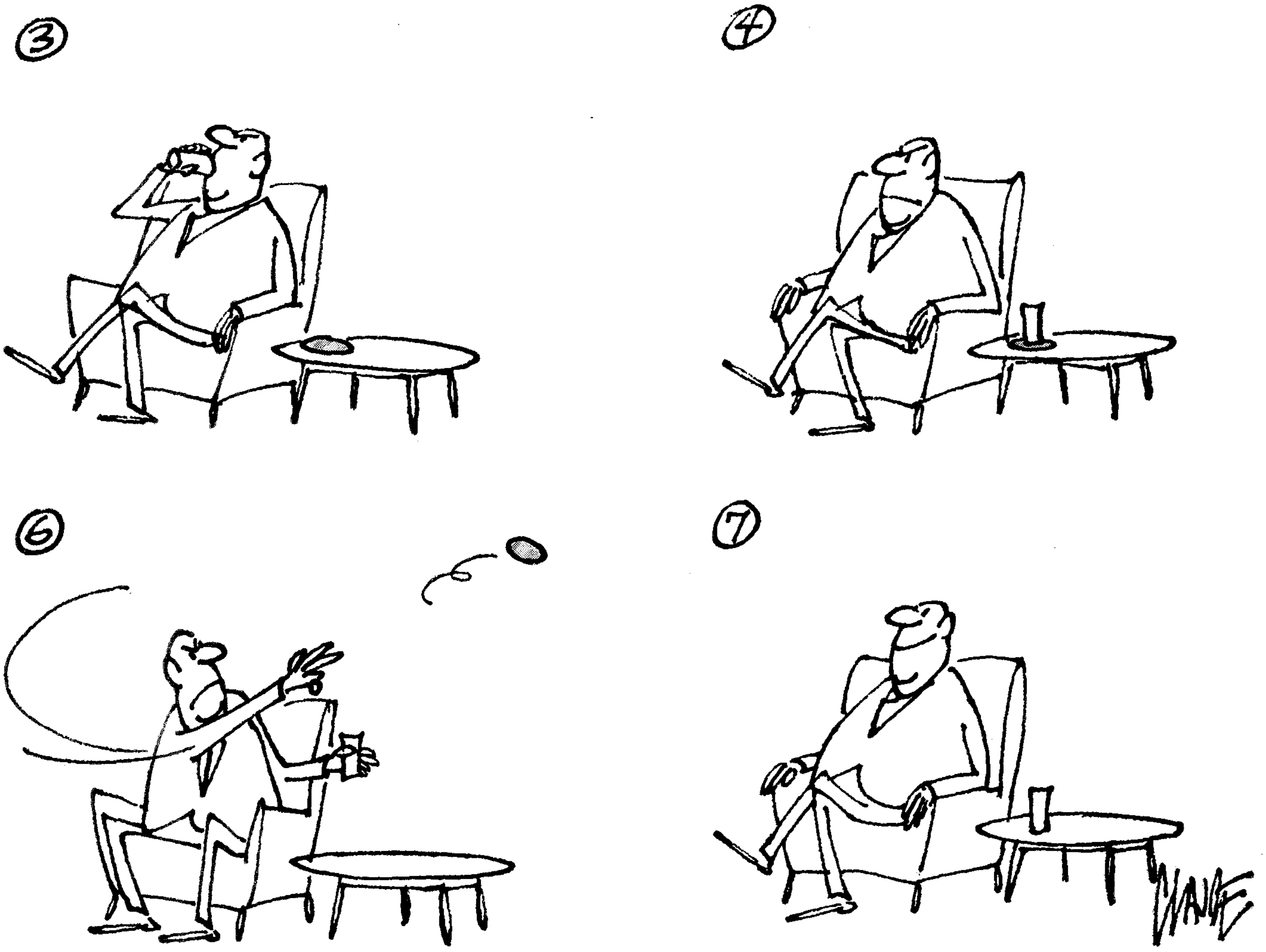
Of course, he reflected, Magnolia was life, not art. That was what had got Karvo and what horrified Chatty. Then, in his quick croak, he made several speeches in French, conveying that the French railways were not to blame in the misunderstanding. Exchanging glances, the men conveyed that the next hour and a half would be hell. They showed eagerness to enjoy this opportunity with Chatty, even to exchange places. The desire to experience hell with Magnolia shone in the eyes of the younger man. The older one's face indicated that in the well-known relations between men and women it is the nuance that is always interesting. They congratulated Chatty silently on his fortune. Think, they signalled to each other, of the reconciliation! Sadly, exchanging restless glances, they left the compartment and went away to the end of the coach, glancing back down the corridor to see if anything was happening yet and if their moment might come. Once, the older one returned to the compartment door and then rushed back to report: the blinds, which had shot up in the dispute, were down again. The young man sighed sadly. The reconciliation already?

No, not the reconciliation. Magnolia was crying, letting tears bowl down her cheeks. If only she could have done that on the set! She had tried to hit Chatty twice, but in the swaying of the train she had missed. He said nothing but, lighting a cigarette, fell into a run of quiet coughing. He had pulled down the blinds so that she could have a good cry undisturbed. After about fifty coughs, the irritating sound made her forget to sob, and she reached for her handbag.

"You are a dirty swine. Karvo put you up to this," she said.

"There was no other way of getting you away from that man," he said. "I wanted you to myself."

"Don't you dare touch me," she said as he moved to the seat beside her. The fear she had amused herself with in the early part of the journey now became



real. He was abducting her. This was a rape. Chatty innocent? Chatty ill? Chatty, the orphan bachelor, shedding a tear about his Aunt Laura? Aunt Laura, my eye. He was nothing more than a dirty rapist. A new layer of virginity formed over her, icing her completely.

"Have you ever been to Geneva?" Chatty said.

"Don't insult me," said Magnolia.

"Beautiful lake," said Chatty.

No answer.

"Mont Blanc not far," said Chatty.

No answer.

"I haven't been there for fifteen years," Chatty said. "Not since I was up at Appols in the sanatorium."

No comment.

"I left my lung up there."

"I'm getting a plane," said Magnolia.

Chatty lit another cigarette.

"That's five you've smoked in the last half hour. Look at the floor," said Magnolia.

There was, Chatty noted, just a tiny bit of the nurse left in her. He tactfully picked up the cigarette stubs and put them in the ashtray and sat down again. There was nothing like a little tidying for getting a woman through a crisis.

"I've never told anyone this," he said. "I've got to tell you. Well, no—you won't be interested."

"What?" she snapped.

Chatty sighed. "It's too painful," he said. "Some things one never gets over. Just a German girl I knew there—I mean, there in Geneva."

"What German girl?" Magnolia sneered.

"Up at Appols, in the sanatorium where I was. We both were. She was very ill. It went on for months. We used to go for walks—not very far. We had one pair of lungs between us. It wasn't too bad. It was in May—flowers, you know, lambs, spring. We couldn't stand it. One morning, we got into the funicular and said, 'Let's go off,' just like that—no luggage, just as we were. We were laughing all the way down. I got a car to drive us to Geneva. We went to a hotel, an old-fashioned one. Our room had two marble-encased washbasins side by side—very handsome ones. Two people could stand there and wash together. You could wash each other—Swiss idea of marriage, I suppose."

"Don't be disgusting," said Magnolia.

"We laughed so much at those basins," Chatty said, "that the first thing we did was to stand there splashing water at each other. We soaked the place. We couldn't stop laughing. I was drying myself with a big towel; I'd got my head in it. Suddenly I noticed she'd stopped laughing and I pulled the towel away from my face. She was leaning over the basin. It was splashed all over with blood. It was coming out of her mouth. A hemorrhage."

Magnolia leaned back to get farther away from him.

"I'd killed her," he said. "She died up at Appols two months later. I've never told anyone."

How often she had heard it: "No one knows anything about Chatty."

"It wasn't your fault," she said after a minute or two.

"We were sex-mad," he said. "I never slept with her."

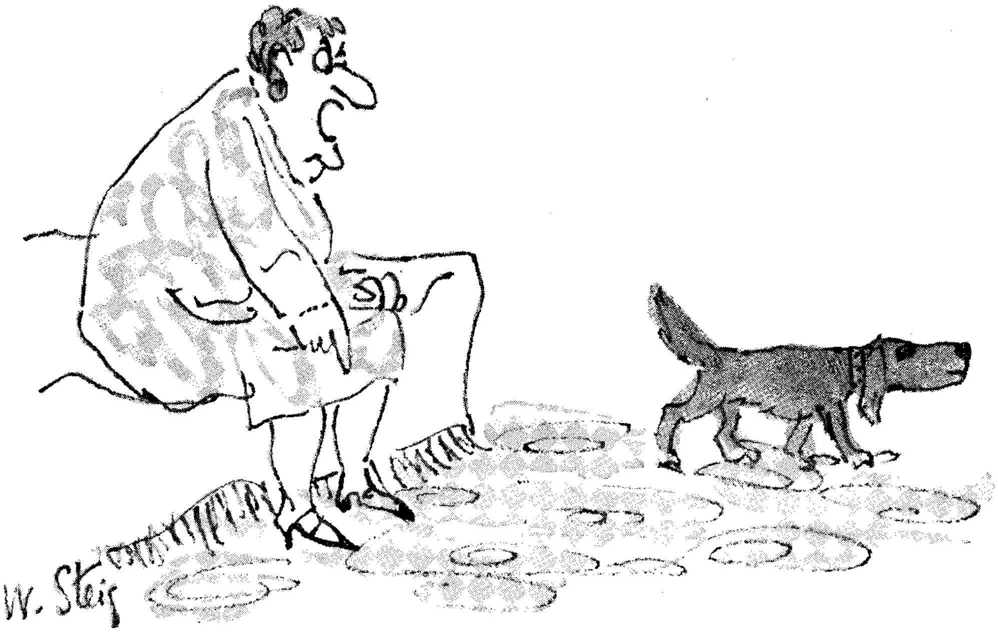
"Oh," said Magnolia.

"You can live without it," said Chatty.

"What was her name?"

"Greta."

A shot of jealousy hit Magnolia. The



"Come back here! I was talking to you!"

• •

hills were turning into mountains, the fields were steeper; she strained to see if there was yet a sight of the Alps. She wanted to be high up in them. "Where's Appols?" she said.

"High up," he said. "There's an enormous lake at Geneva. We used to walk there. I shot a picture there once, before I cracked up. I've always had the idea of doing William Tell."

Magnolia's business sense woke up.

"I've never told anyone this," Chatty went on. "I never told Karvo—he's not the kind of a man who would understand. You're the only person who knows. You have sympathy. You know what it is to lose someone. Now you know why I cheated about the tickets. I wanted you to see the place and walk by the lake."

Magnolia's mind was still in Appols. How wonderful to be like Greta and die slowly, untouched, by the lake—Chatty attending her and telling Karvo the news.

Brusquely Chatty said, "Forget it. I got us rooms at the Splendide. We'll be there in twenty minutes. We'll have a drink. The press will be there. I lined that up in London."

Magnolia came down from the high snows. It *was* an abduction. She saw herself defending a virtue made absolute. It was a sensation she had not had since she was a girl of fifteen, when she had knocked a man off his bicycle who had chased her across a common—a superb feeling.

In the taxi that took them from the railway station in Geneva to the hotel, she said to Chatty, "The first thing you do is to find out about the plane to Venice."

"Wait till you see the view," said Chatty. "I want to show you Greta's grave."

An hour later, she was standing at the window of her hotel room looking out at the view. There was no plane until the morning. She would have to hold out all night. She could hear Chatty moving about in the room next door. Presently, there was a knock at her door—Chatty advancing upon her already?

She called out, "You can't come in!" But the door was open, and the chambermaid was there. The gentleman in No. 67, next door, the maid said, had been taken very ill; would she come at once? Chatty was lying on his bed with his shoes off and a hole in the toe of one of his socks. He had a handkerchief to his mouth. He reached for her hand.

"Greta," he said. "A doctor . . ."

CHATTY is up at Appols. He reports to Karvo on the telephone: "Just the rest I needed. I was coming here anyway. Magnolia was an angel. She still is. What she needs is a part as a nurse. When she visits me, she comes into the room on tiptoe. She's bought a dress that looks like a uniform. She's got exactly the face that goes with high necks and starch. And she is full of suffering. No, Karvo—suffering for *me*."

A week later: "I'm getting out soon. She wants to move me down to Geneva to an old hotel—that place with double washbasins, do you know? Remind me to tell you. It's a very morbid idea, actually, but she is in that mood at the moment. It does her good to be morbid for a bit."

And still later: "Yes. I've moved. We're in Geneva. No, *she's* got the washbasin room. Karvo, she's a terribly sentimental girl. No, it's not me. All week, when she comes along to see me it's been with a nice man called Ronzoni or Bronzini or something. An Italian. She met him—yes, of course—in the bar. The nurse's uniform is gone—I miss it. But it's all right now, Karvo. What did I tell you? Just this morning, she's been in to say do I mind if Bronzoni drives her to Garda for a couple of days. Well, I don't mind, but I wonder what she's been telling that bloody Italian. He came in later, and do you know what he said? 'She needs rest, Mr. Chatterton. You have caused her a lot of anxiety.' I have an idea she may have told him she never feels safe with me. No need for you to make funny remarks. I had a very trying job restoring her virginity. The sort of job that's beyond you, Karvo. You wouldn't recognize the girl who's going off to Garda. Exalted. I'll be back in London at the end of the month. For God's sake, send me some money. Prices are very high here."

—V. S. PRITCHETT

•

CATBIRD IN REDBUD

Catbird in the redbud this morning.
No cat could
mimic that rackety cadenza he's making.
And it's not red,
the trapeze he's swaying on.
After last night's freeze,
redbud's violet-pink, twinkled on
by the sun. That bird's
red, though, under the tail
he wags, up sharply, like a wren.

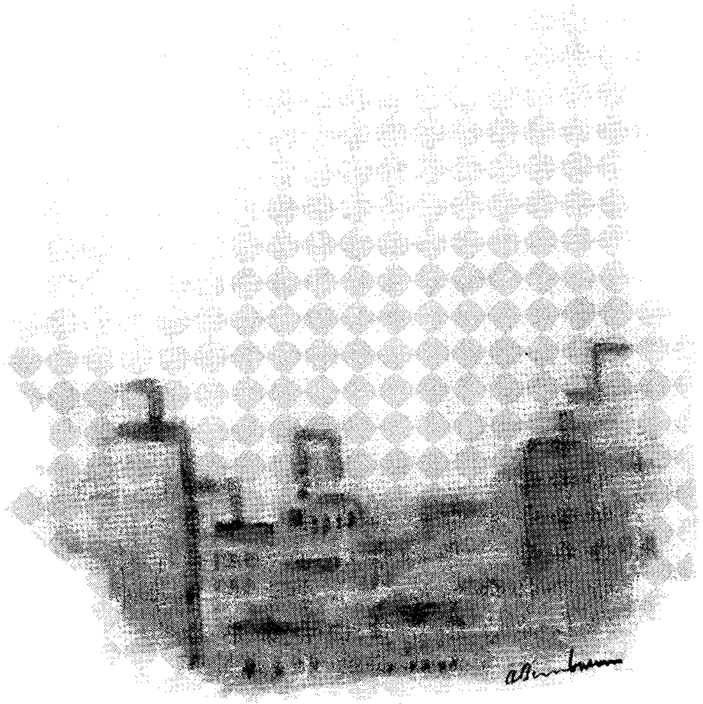
The uncut lawn hides blue
violets with star-gold eyes on the longest
stems I've ever seen. Going to
empty the garbage, I simply have
to pick some,
reaching to the root of green,
getting my fist dewy, happening
to tear up a dandelion, too.

Lilac, hazy blue-
violet, nods buds over the alley
fence, and (like a horse with a yen
for something fresh for breakfast)
I put my nose into a fragrant
pompom, bite off some, and chew.

—MAY SWENSON

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE AMBIENT AIR

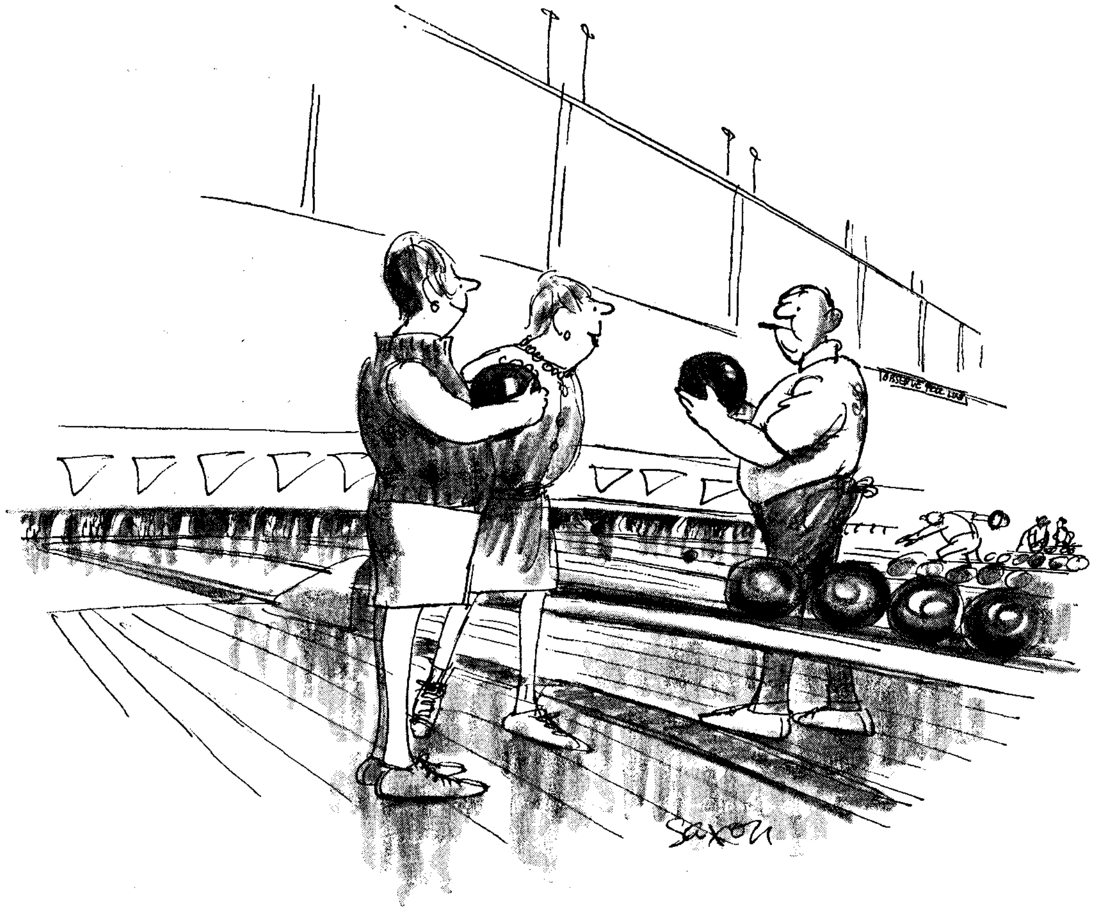


IN the universe, our earth is a mere dot, but it is still the only celestial body we know about that supports life, and a primary requirement of life on this planet is the mixture of gases that surrounds us, called air. We cannot be deprived of one of its ingredients, oxygen, for more than six minutes without suffering fatal brain damage. This gives us no chance to be fussy as we move through our daily lives, so we take the air pretty much as it comes. The air we normally breathe is made up of about one-fifth oxygen, a little less than four-fifths nitrogen, argon, and traces of other gases, of water vapor in varying amounts, and, finally, of all the poisons, waste products, and general trash we hurl into it as if it were not the thing most necessary to our existence. There is plenty of air—between five and six quadrillion tons—but because we don't know whether there is any more like it anyplace else, we have to be sure we can manage with what we have. And what we have is essentially an ocean, with vertical limits, and with enough oxygen for normal breathing only in the lowest fifteen thousand feet of the troposphere. Most of the air we use is in the first two thousand feet of this shallow layer, and what we ordinarily breathe is in the first seven feet.

The mechanisms that enable us to use air are the lungs, and their most striking feature is their ability to clear themselves of impurities. The nose, the mouth, and the throat are loaded with a rich assortment of bacteria; a few inches below them are the lungs—in a normal person sterile, beautifully designed structures that permit rapid and easy intake of air, from which oxygen is absorbed into the bloodstream in exchange for outgoing wastes. A few scientists have deliberately inhaled radioactive particles in order to map the path of impurities through the human body, and they have reported that impurities are normally cleared from the lungs in something between two and four hours. The marvellous cleansing devices without which the lungs would soon fill with lethal dust are cilia—small hairlike projections that are actually tiny pieces of tissue growing on the surface of the windpipe and the bronchial tubes. The cilia beat upward like small canoe paddles, pushing along a continuous stream of cohesive fluid—mucus—which carries impurities breathed in through the nose back up the throat to be swallowed into the digestive system.

The respiratory tract has been likened to a tree growing upside down in the human chest. The trunk is the windpipe, and the bronchi are the branches. Below the conducting airways are the primary functional units of the lungs—an abundant array of little air sacs called alveoli, which can be compared to the leaves of the tree. Here is where the real work of the lungs occurs; the entire blood supply of the body flows through this area, which is intricately interlaced with capillaries, and it is here that the oxygen breathed in joins the bloodstream and carbon dioxide is removed. Impurities that somehow evade the sweep of the cilia and enter these more distant reaches of the lungs are not readily cleansed from the air sacs. Bacteria invading the alveoli are ordinarily ingested by special cells called macrophages and dissolved there by enzymes, but solid particles find their way between or into the air sacs and then into the lymph channels in the walls of the bronchial tree, where they may remain for weeks or indefinitely. In each human lung, there are three hundred million alveoli, and the classic saw in medical schools is that the combined surface area of the alveoli would cover a tennis court. The walls of the air sacs are diaphanous membranes, thinner than paper. When these walls progressively break down, making breathing more and more of an effort, the unhappy owner of the lungs is suffering from a disease called emphysema. Or, in other cases, the walls of the bronchial tubes may become chronically inflamed, causing an increased flow of mucus and coughing; this is bronchitis. Either way, the lungs have ceased to be an efficient breathing machine. For many years, the medical profession was rather bored by emphysema and bronchitis, but in recent decades sharp increases in deaths from these ailments, together with an even greater rise in deaths from lung cancer, particularly in the United States and Great Britain, have caused an enormous upsurge in research into respiratory ailments. Emphysema is now the fastest-growing cause of death in the United States; in Great Britain there is so much bronchitis that it is regarded as the national disease, and the incidence of lung cancer there has increased about a hundredfold in the last sixty years. Physicians and other scientists, intensifying their efforts to explain these assaults on the lungs, are looking more and more closely into the effects of dirty air on the human body.

WHEN scientists study a disease, they like to go after first a cause and then a cure, and to identify the disease and reproduce it in the laboratory. But there is no "air-pollution disease" to reproduce, and no set of symptoms that can be precisely attributed to air pollution alone. Thus, although discoveries are continuously made in the field of air pollution, scientists find difficulty in agreeing on their



"What does it count when you get them all down in one fell swoop?"

• •

significance. It appears at this point that the increasing contamination of our air with the wastes from more fuel burned for more power, with the exhaust products from more internal-combustion engines, and with emissions from old and new industries in rapidly developing countries aggravates rather than causes respiratory disease. If there is a single obvious villain, it is in the form of personal air pollution that a victim creates for himself and breathes in high concentrations directly through his mouth into his lungs while smoking. However, it is known that the person who smokes amid the dirty air of a city has a greater chance of developing a pair of sick lungs than his compatriot who smokes in the country. This elusive difference is called "the urban factor"—which means that something in city living puts an extra burden on the lungs, increasing the risk of disease.

Although air pollution's role has not been precisely defined, any inquiry into its effects on the human body must start with one indisputable fact: When the supposedly benign ocean of air in which we live is overloaded with contaminants under certain adverse weather conditions, people in cities die—not just one or two people more than usual, but lots of them. This is the reality that has sent scientists by the hundred to work on air pollution; that has released millions of government dollars for research on thousands of guinea pigs, mice, rats, dogs, cats, chickens, rabbits, and even donkeys, which spend their lives breathing varied mixtures of noxious air or being painted with ugly extracts of automobile exhausts or tobacco fumes; that has impelled the British government to appropriate money from its scarce supply to finance a country-wide air-sampling network and to subsidize a change in the individual heating arrangements of an entire nation; and that is causing other governments, most notably that of Japan, to take long second looks at their own air before such disasters strike their heavily industrialized and heavily populated cities.

In urban areas of the Northern Hemisphere during the months from October to February, what are called temperature inversions—in which a layer of cool air is trapped under a layer of warm air—have caused lethal events that are referred to by experts on air pollution as "incidents," "acute episodes," or "disasters," depending on their severity. Each time, a blanket of warm air has for several days imprisoned heavily polluted cooler air over a densely populated surface area, and when the winds have cleared the stagnant air away it has been discovered that there were many more deaths than would normally have been expected. In December, 1930, a heavily industrialized section of the Meuse Valley, in Belgium, had a bad three-day fog during which hundreds of people became ill and sixty died—more than ten times the normal number of deaths. Shortly afterward, during a thick nine-day fog in January, 1931, five hundred and ninety-two people in the Manchester and Salford area of England died—again a large jump in the death rate. But to us in the United States these events seemed remote—until 1948, when, in Donora, Pennsylvania, a small mill town dominated by steel and chemical plants, a four-day fog filled with zinc sulphate and sulphur dioxide, among other pollutants, made almost half the fourteen thousand inhabitants sick. Twenty persons died. Ten years later, Donora residents who had been acutely ill during that episode were found to have a higher rate of sickness and to die at an earlier age than the average for all the townspeople.

The British, who have been complaining about the unpleasant effects of coal smoke since the year 1273, when it was termed "prejudicial to health," were recording air-pollution episodes as far back as 1873, when, during a London fog, two hundred and sixty-eight unexpected deaths from bronchitis were noted. But it was not until a great fog blanketed London in 1952 that the sinister potential of air pollution became fully apparent to everyone. This fog lasted from December 5th to December 8th, and ten days later, when the complete mortality reports had been evaluated, a shocked world learned that there had been an astonishing four thousand more deaths in Greater London during that period than would normally have been expected. During previous temperature inversions over London, the excess mortality had been among the elderly and infants under a year old, but in this disaster the percentage increase in mortality was similar for all age groups. In Donora, vic-

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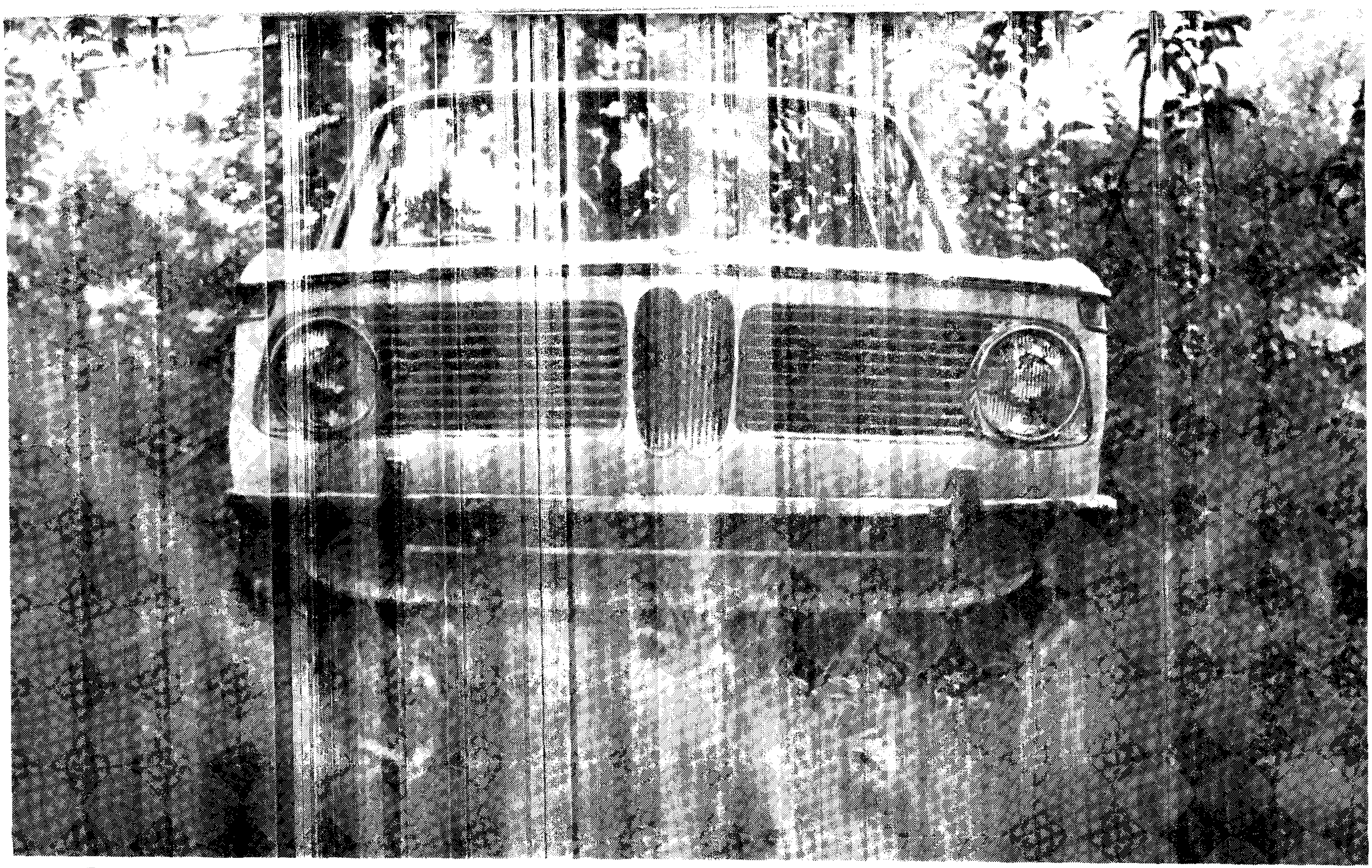
tims had not begun dying until the third smoggy day, but in London a number of the unexpected deaths occurred within the first twenty-four hours; then when the air cleared the rate fell abruptly. The statistics indicated that almost all those who died unexpectedly had records of bronchitis, emphysema, or heart trouble, and that people in the last category were most vulnerable. It was small comfort to conjecture that most of the people who died would probably not have lived much longer anyway. Again, in January, 1956, a thousand extra deaths in London were blamed on an extended fog. In that same year, Parliament passed a Clean Air Act, and Britain embarked on an extraordinary program to reduce the burning of soft coal. The effects of the program became apparent in 1962, for, in December of that year, London experienced a severe fog and inversion, and this time seven hundred excess deaths were recorded—still too many, of course, but an improvement over the previous figures. The lower mortality was attributed not only to less smoke but to generally better medical care (including wide use of antibiotics) and to greater public awareness—through newspaper, radio, and television coverage—of what was happening and of how to take precautions during a period of severe air pollution. Those with serious heart or respiratory ailments knew by then that they should stay indoors, that they must not smoke, that they should get plenty of rest, and that they should move slowly in order to decrease the demands on their respiratory systems. Frightening alarms were carefully avoided, yet far more than the normal number of people dropped dead in the streets from heart failure.

New York has the most severe air-pollution problem in the United States, but its air is still not as dirty as that of London, which has the reputation of being the cradle of air pollution. In November, 1953, early in 1963, and over the Thanksgiving weekend in 1966, New York had smog episodes that were bad, but not as deadly as London's. They have been carefully studied by Dr. Leonard Greenburg, who was New York City's first Commissioner of Air Pollution Control and is now Professor of Preventive Medicine at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, where he is working with a group of air-pollution specialists. He has calculated that there were approximately two hundred and twenty excess deaths owing to air pollution in 1953, three hundred to three hundred and



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fifty in 1963, and one hundred and sixty-eight in 1966. These episodes are a warning that the city's air supply has limits and must be protected before it becomes so contaminated that the normal prevailing winds cannot disperse the filth. New Yorkers wake up almost every morning to a temperature inversion that usually extends about a thousand feet above the ground and lasts from six to eight o'clock, though even in good weather it is not fully burned away by the sun until about ten. The brilliant red sunsets so much admired in New York and Los Angeles are caused by large particles in the air, most of them produced by incomplete combustion in the generation of heat and power. Meteorologists and air-pollution experts do not enjoy these sunsets, and they get really depressed when they consider how the tendency of our growing population to cluster in relatively small areas will affect the air and the climate of the future. They say that in twenty years, when population increases will have caused Philadelphia to merge into New York and New York into Boston, so that there will be one long city with no open spaces in between, the wind patterns will change and only people living on the edges of this huge sprawl will get any rural breezes. The fellow at the center will be living on what is called a "heat island"—a phenomenon that is already occurring in a small way in several cities. At street level, New York is now, on the average, from ten to fifteen degrees warmer at night than the Westchester suburbs, owing to the heating of the buildings in winter and the storage of solar heat in the asphalt and concrete in summer. In fifty years, the Westchester suburbanite may be able to grow tropical plants in his yard, but the great mass of air around him may be so polluted that he will scarcely dare step out into that yard.

In worldwide terms, the air is still clear. Pollutants, fortunately, are still subject to a huge natural removal cycle, which will operate as long as there is enough time or room for their dispersal. No one knows just when the limits of dispersal will be reached, but when they are, a slow worldwide buildup of background pollution levels in the air will begin. There is evidence of a tiny increase—something like two-tenths of one per cent—in the quantity of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere annually, because of the ever-mounting combustion of fuel. This has led to speculation about a possible "greenhouse effect," whereby the radiative property of carbon dioxide will cause

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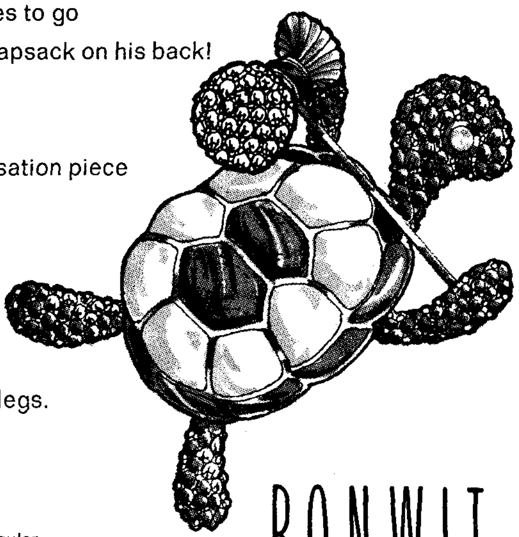

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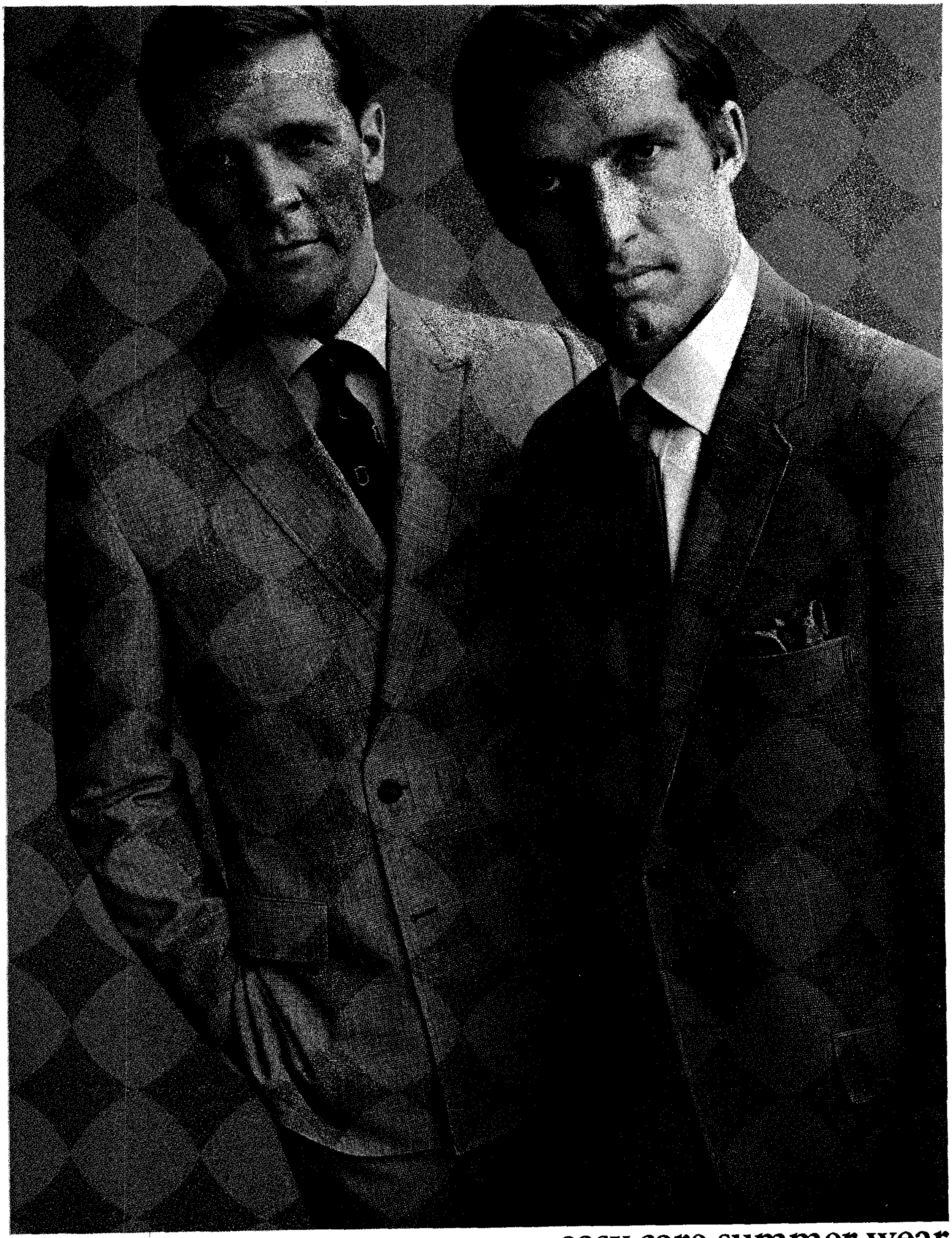

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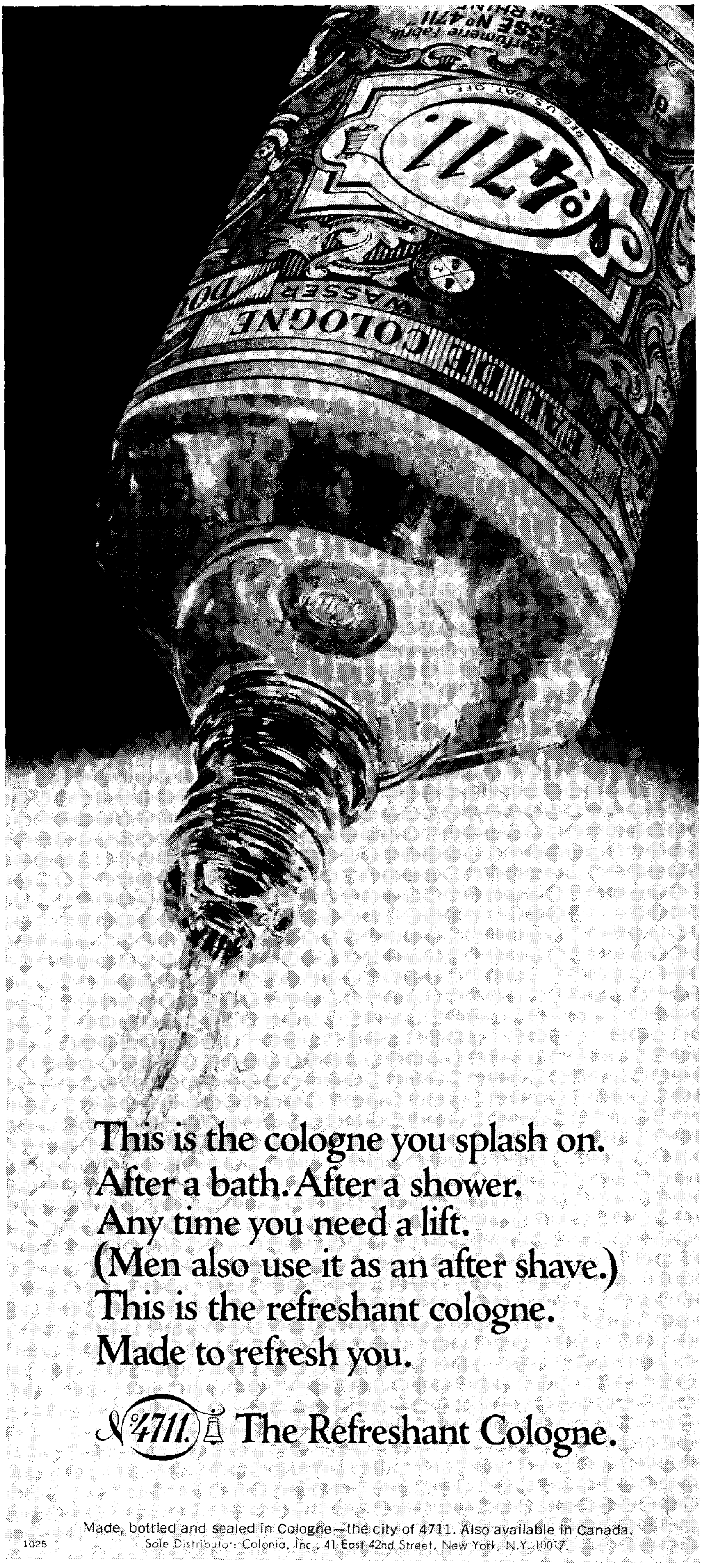
the planet to warm up enough so that the ice caps will slowly begin to melt.

The average person, however, is not worrying about melting ice caps when he looks up at the murky sky but is simply wondering what the air is doing to *him*. He may notice that his eyes itch and are red and teary. The tears, a natural eyewash, protect his eyes from whatever is in the air; if he consults his ophthalmologist, he will be told that the danger is slight as long as he doesn't irritate his eyes further by rubbing them. People who find smoggy days distasteful—you can actually taste and smell the sulphur in the air with even as little as one part per million—are apt to say they find it hard to breathe, or feel a bit stuffy, or have a headache. For asthmatics, the feeling of pressure is real, because most of them seem to be particularly sensitive to sulphur compounds. The presence of enough sulphur in the air to be noticeable usually indicates that there are other pollutants as well: hydrocarbons, nitrogen oxides (which are responsible for the brown smog clouds so often seen over our cities), ozone, and so on. The most cursory knowledge of the damage to vegetables in Staten Island and New Jersey truck gardens near chemical industries, or to fruits and flowers exposed to California's highway smog, or to trees near smelters in Western states, coupled with the experience of discomfort in the eyes, throat, and chest when the air becomes overburdened and stagnant, makes us all wonder uneasily whether all living matter isn't being affected in ways we cannot see. Is there a relationship between emphysema and air pollution? Why do people who live in dirtier air get more colds and more bronchitis? Why is there more lung cancer in cities? No one knows what is happening to normal people continuously exposed, as all of us are, to varying levels of pollutants in what scientists poetically call the ambient air—another name for the everyday atmosphere—and the answers may be as elusive as the air itself.

THE search for the pieces to this gigantic puzzle is being pursued through basic research on animals and human beings in the United States and Great Britain. In the United States, the Public Health Service directs a good part of the research in its own National Center for Air Pollution Control, and through contracts with university laboratories and special units as far away as Japan. The British, with a wistful look at the large sums



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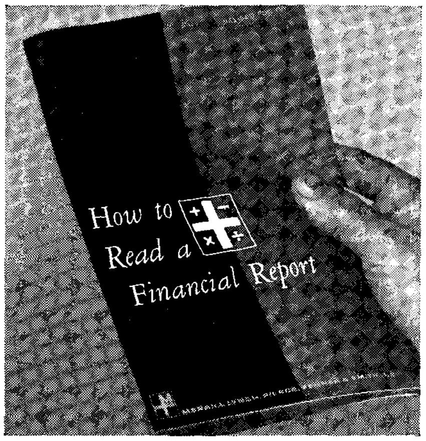

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Note: Remember that Merrill Lynch's interpretation of financial reports, supplemented by up-to-date data our Research Department gleans on more than 2,200 companies, is always yours for the asking.

Dividends

Paid out, or paid in?

Many investors consider a generous dividend sufficient reason for buying a company's stock. Maybe. Maybe *not.*

Check the balance sheet in your company's annual report for the amount of earnings *retained,* as well as the amount paid to shareholders.

It is frequently more beneficial—to a company *and its shareholders*—for the company to pay little or nothing in dividends, and to plow the maximum amount of earnings back into the business.

Reason: by retaining earnings, a company may avoid issuing new stock, or borrowing at today's high interest rates. Reinvestment of retained earnings could enable a company to grow, and, hopefully, to increase *profits.*

Moral: Think twice before rejecting a stock simply because it pays a less-than-generous cash dividend. Look what has happened to Xerox and IBM over the long run.

Non-recurring items

Don't mistake a flash in the pan for genuine gold

If a company's earnings have risen spectacularly—with no significant increase in sales—it's worth your while to scrutinize the report for a *reason.*

Competition may have fallen by the wayside. Management may have changed. Any one of a dozen factors may have made a contribution that will, hopefully, be repeated in years to come. Or, you may find from a scrutiny of the income statement that there has been a bonanza in the form of *non-recurring* income.

Example: a mining company, with 10,000 shares of common, has earnings one year of $100,000. Next year, the company sells off an unworked claim for $200,000. Earnings-per-share zoom from $10 to $30. *Triple.* But next year?

Non-recurring income may come from property sales, tax refunds, disposal of subsidiaries or a thousand generally unrepeatable special items. Non-recurring *losses* can take place, too. Either can present the unwary investor with a distorted idea of a company's future earnings potential.

R and D

Will new processes revolutionize profits?

When a company has exciting new product developments afoot or ahead, you'll frequently find significant details in its annual reports.

Two samples from the thousands of reports our analysts screen: Last year's Reynolds Metals report told of a record 122 patents awarded to the company; the most recent Ampex report stated that 67% of the year's sales were derived from products 4 years old or less.

Naturally, no company will reveal *confidential* details of its projects and patents in a public document. But canny investors, reading between the lines, often reap a valuable idea of a company's willingness to *look ahead*—and hence to its potential for "glamour" in the market.

print" of this month's flood of jogger from Merrill Lynch

Conversion of convertibles

A poke in the eye—or a shot in the arm—for the common?

Study the footnotes to your company's financial statements for details of outstanding convertible preferreds or bonds. Conversion of these senior securities into common can impair *or* improve earnings-per-share.

Suppose a company has earnings of $10,000,000, with one million shares of common, and half-a-million shares of 4% preferred, convertible at one for one, outstanding. Payment on the preferred dividend is $2,000,000, leaving $8,000,000. Earnings-per-share of common: $8.

> If the convertibles are converted, there is no preferred dividend to pay, but the $10,000,000 earnings must be divided by one-and-a-half-million common shares. (One million of the old common, plus half a million of the new common.) Earnings-per-share drop to $6.67. *A fall of a dollar thirty-three.*

Another company has the same earnings of $10,000,000, the same million shares of common, the same half-million shares of preferred, also convertible at one for one. *But dividend on the preferred is 7½%.* Payment on preferred dividend: $3,750,000. Earnings remaining: $6,250,000. Earnings-per-share of common: $6.25.

> If the convertibles of *this* company are converted, a heavier preferred dividend is eliminated. Result: earnings-per-share ($10,000,000 divided by one-and-a-half-million shares) *rise* to $6.67. *An increase of forty-two cents.*

Invitation: If your company's annual report does not give you *all* the details on convertibles you need, call, write, or stop by a Merrill Lynch office. If you hold convertible securities *yourself,* check with us to make sure that no special provision—such as a call or time limit—may be putting your interests in jeopardy.

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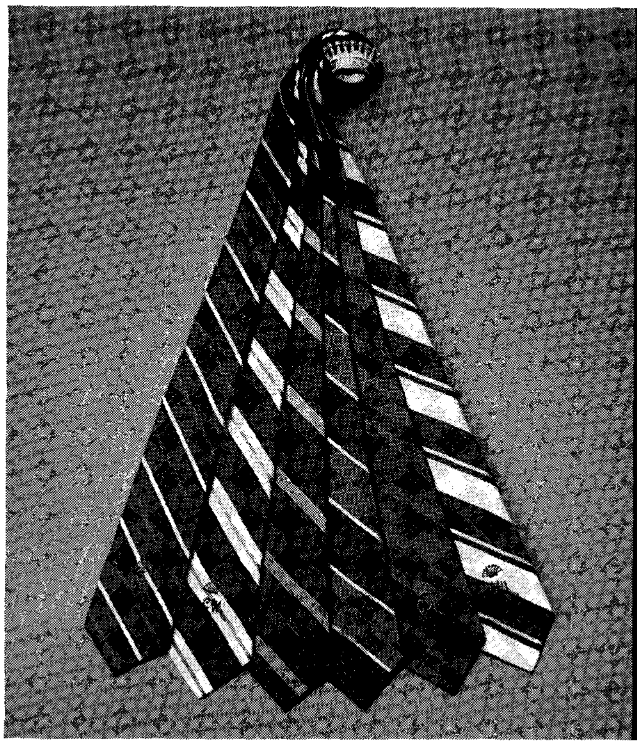

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of money available to their American colleagues, have assigned some of their investigations to a dozen or so hand-picked scientists who form a group called the Air Pollution Research Unit, in London, and they have assigned other investigations to forty or so people who make their headquarters at the government's Warren Spring Laboratory, near the capital. In both the United States and Great Britain, the lab work is being reinforced by broad studies of the behavior of diseases in communities—studies that the British, with their talent for collecting and evaluating statistics, have developed into a fine art. If exact clinical proof of damage to human health from air pollution continues to be as shadowy and inconclusive as it is now, these studies may be the most important work of all.

A large part of the American biological work is done on animals, but the British place their research emphasis on man, partly because in England there are stringent regulations on animal experimentation—which in any case is expensive—and also because they are skeptical about assumptions concerning the complex physiology of man that are made on the basis of work done on the simpler and often not altogether similar mechanisms of lower animals. "Extrapolation," which in this context means inferring that results achieved from experiments on animals can be applied to man, is a fighting word in air-pollution circles. American scientists say that though most biological experimentation by necessity has to be conducted only on creatures other than man, the results *can* guide and suggest—that if a substance is found to be injurious to animals it seems advisable to expose man to the substance as little as possible. Final proof, if any, of the effects that our air has on our health will probably come about by relating laboratory findings to results of epidemiological investigations—studies of the distribution of disease among populations. This type of study is a sort of statistical embroidery, a matching and meshing of interrelated numbers—census figures, figures for deaths and illnesses, daily pollution and weather readings, employment statistics, hospital-admissions statistics, and the answers to special questionnaires that center on lung functions and smoking habits. Air pollution has at last become a fashionable worry, and local air problems are being examined everywhere—in such widely scattered spots as New Orleans, Genoa, Sheffield, and Osaka. Air does not halt at national borders, and neither do epidemiologists, who are engaging in

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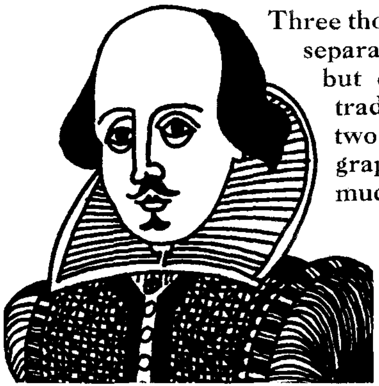

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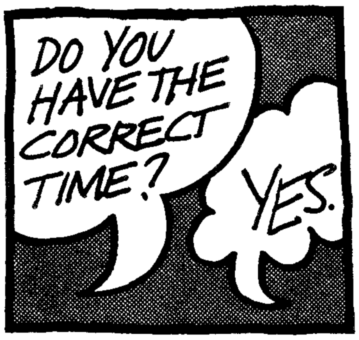
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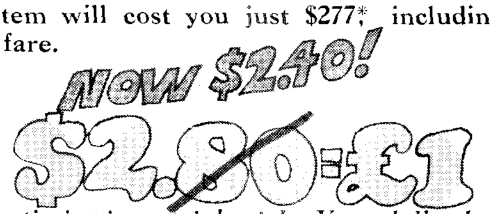

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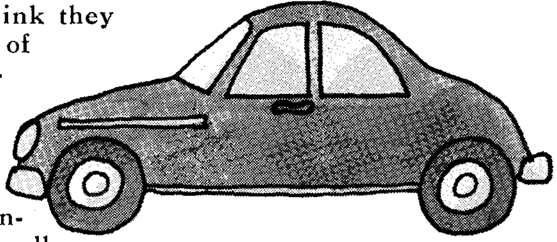

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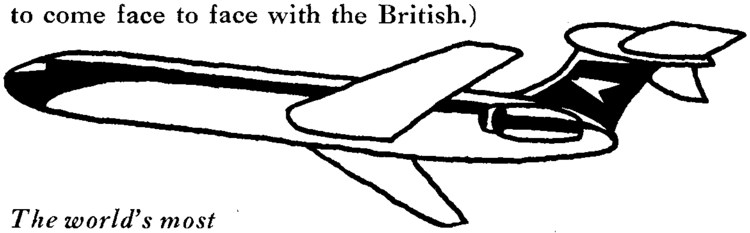

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more and more joint enterprises wherever two or more countries share a patch of murky heaven, or wherever something can be learned from comparisons. A study of the pollution in the air in the Detroit River area between Detroit, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario, was undertaken in 1960 by a joint American and Canadian commission, and it revealed both causes and effects of the deteriorating air, which was blackened by hand-fired coal-burning ships and by more than six thousand industrial plants in the vicinity. Often, such studies produce unexpected findings. For instance, an epidemiological comparison of chronic respiratory disease was made in two towns chosen because they were very similar in every respect except that of air pollution—Berlin, New Hampshire, whose pulp and paper mills cast a blue haze over the community, and Chilliwack, British Columbia, a town with very clean air. The comparison led the epidemiologists to the conclusion that cigarette smoking was more harmful than the level of air pollution, and also to the discovery that men working in the paper mills of Berlin had less disease than anybody else covered in the study—primarily because if they weren't healthy they wouldn't be hired or be kept on.

An important epidemiological method is to study twins, especially identical twins, who have been separated and live in different environments. A few years ago, Dr. Rune Cederlöf, of Stockholm, first investigated the respiratory and heart ailments of twins in relation to the "urban factor" in his own country, and he is now making a similar investigation here of more than seven thousand pairs of male twins. His Swedish studies showed that when one twin lived in the country and the other in the city and both smoked, the city twin was more susceptible to bronchitis and angina pectoris than the country twin, and that, in his words, "the effect of being a smoker appears to be more pronounced when combined with exposure to air pollution. . . . There were no such noteworthy differences between non-smokers."

The urban factor is interrelated with so many other elements—smoking, occupation, economic class, and so on—that epidemiologists attempting to isolate it resort to all kinds of devices. In 1959, the Japanese tried the idea of systematically measuring the breathing capacities of schoolchildren ten and eleven years old who had not yet started either to smoke or to work. Epidemiologists went to Kawasaki, an industrial city between Tokyo and Yokohama, and chose children from two schools—one surrounded by industrial plants, the other on a hill twenty miles away in a rural environment. The breathing capacity of the schoolchildren in the industrial area was found to vary with levels of air pollution. They breathed to the full capacity of their lungs on days when the winds were doing their job of dispersing the pollutants, but when the air was still and the dustfall from metal-working factories, foundries, and electric-power plants in the area was so heavy that it soiled the books and papers in the classrooms, the children's breathing was much more shallow. In the rural neighborhood, there were no such variations; the children's breathing capacity simply increased with their size.

Startling differences in the ability to breathe the Japanese air, depending on its degree of pollution, began to be discovered by the United States Army in the late nineteen-forties during the occupation, when some of its personnel contracted a previously unknown ailment, originally called Yokohama Asthma and later renamed Tokyo-Yokohama Respiratory Disease. The industrialized Kanto Plain, where Tokyo and Yokohama are situated, is usually covered with smog, which is especially dense in winter, and a number of Americans stationed in this area who had no medical or family history of asthma suddenly began to display all the symptoms of severe asthmatic attacks when the air pollution was particularly bad. Among flying personnel with these symptoms, the disease seemed to vanish when they flew to a height of five thousand feet or more above the contaminated area, but it returned again within minutes of their landing. Ninety-seven per cent of the six hundred and twenty individuals who were diagnosed as suffering from Tokyo-Yokohama Respiratory Disease were smokers, and all continued to have attacks as long as they remained in Japan. The attacks diminished or ceased when they left, but if they returned, even after as long as six years, the severe symptoms recommenced almost immediately. Biopsies showed the disease to be similar to the British form of bronchitis, and patients who had the ailment for some months, or during more than one tour of duty in Japan, developed permanent damage, progressing rapidly to emphysema. Lieutenant Colonel Harvey W. Phelps, a United States medical officer who

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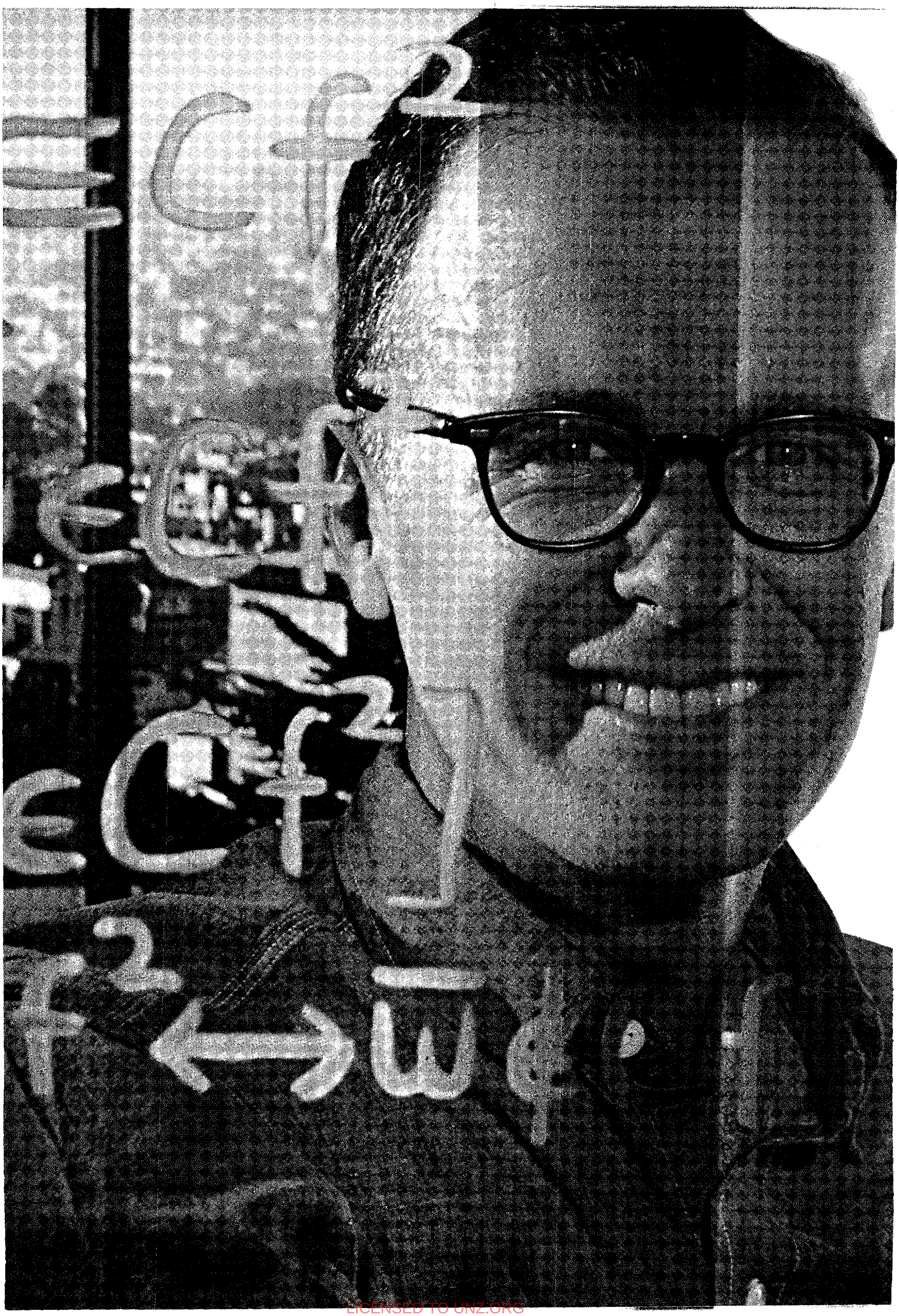

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IBM's John Backus is 43, pretty young for an elder statesman in most industries. But then, the computer business is less than 20 years old. And mathematician Backus has been in it since the beginning.

He started working with computers in the early 1950's. It was about the time a leading business magazine estimated that no more than 50 companies would ever have use for a computer.

Today, it is estimated that there are well over 50,000 computer installations in the United States alone. Part of the reason for this astonishing growth: the progress made in programming. In this field, John Backus was a pioneer.

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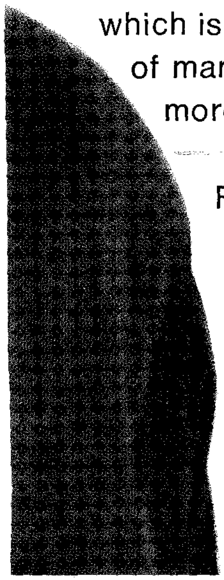

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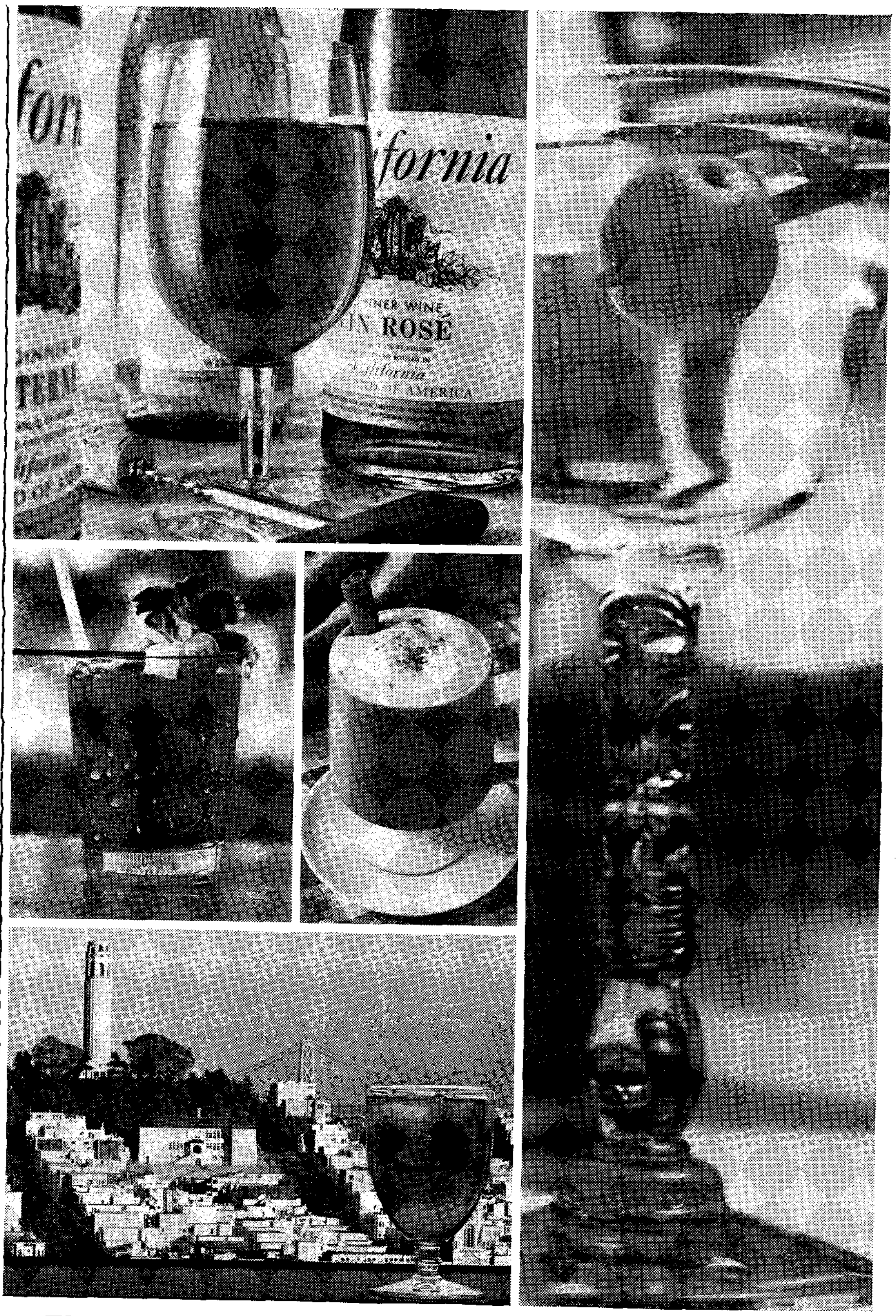
has followed the history of the disease through the years, has decided that it is "induced . . . by the combined effects of cigarette smoking and the severe air pollution in the . . . area," and that the best treatment is early removal from Japan. When the United States Army sponsored a special investigation among the local population, no cases were found.

In San Marino, California, a suburb of Los Angeles, a high-school cross-country team was recently studied by the United States Public Health Service in an effort to discover whether variations in the purity of the air affected the performance of the runners in their gruelling two-mile races. The boys' records in competitive meets between 1959 and 1964 were compared with air-pollution measurements for the days the meets were held. Runners ordinarily improve their performance as the season goes on, and this team, throughout each season, did better at each succeeding meet except in four instances. The four days on which the team did worse than it had done at the preceding meet were the four worst days of smog. The study also indicated that it was specifically the oxidant compounds of Los Angeles' renowned photochemical smog that caused the trouble, since on those four days the levels of oxidants were high but the levels of carbon monoxide and of solid particles were not; in fact, the very worst day of all for the team was the one on which the carbon-monoxide reading was lowest. The performances of the athletes indicated, moreover, that they were affected by the lowest measurable quantity of air pollution—one part per hundred million units of air, which in Los Angeles is considered a clear day. The practical significance of such a study is that if a smoggy day makes a young athlete just a little more tired, an older man with cardiac trouble had better not run for his bus on such a day, or attempt any other exertion that might tax his injured heart.

ON quiet Keppel Street, in London, in the somewhat austere quarters of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, the school's professor of epidemiology, Dr. Donald Reid, an urbane Scot with a diplomat's manner, is developing a new line of research. Assisted by a group of younger men he has trained, he is conducting studies of respiratory disease among people in different parts of the world who are doing basically the same type of work. In 1960, Dr. Reid began an intensive study of respiratory ail-



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ments among British postal employees, and this is now being duplicated among postal workers in the United States and Japan. The British study revealed that post-office employees working outdoors as truck drivers and maintenance men in central London, where the foggy pollution was greatest, had much more serious chest illnesses than men doing the same jobs in relatively unpolluted areas. Men over fifty were most seriously affected, and among them especially, but not entirely, those who smoked. In outlying districts, men employed in the telephone branch of the post office were also included. In the United States, postal workers in New York City and telephone-company employees doing outdoor work in Washington, Baltimore, and Westchester have been investigated. The studies have established that in the past the British worker has run a much higher risk of serious lung trouble than his American counterpart.

Just how much worse the pollution of Britain's air has been nobody knows, but Americans have no cause for complacency. Recently, for instance, three University of Manitoba pathologists who had studied three hundred lungs from emphysema victims in St. Louis, where there is a relatively high degree of pollution, and three hundred more from victims in Winnipeg, where pollution is relatively light, reported that severe emphysema struck its sufferers (all of them cigarette smokers) earlier and killed them faster in St. Louis than it did in Winnipeg. A study made in Buffalo by a research group headed by Dr. Warren Winkelstein, of the University of Buffalo's School of Medicine, showed that between 1959 and 1961 deaths from all causes among men between fifty and sixty-nine on the same general economic level were a third higher in the section of the city with the highest level of pollution than they were in the least polluted part. Deaths from chronic respiratory diseases were twice as frequent, and similar findings by the late Dr. Louis Zeidberg in relation to acute respiratory diseases have been reported from Nashville, Tennessee. Buffalo and Nashville, though they are not exactly clean cities, are not America's dirtiest, either.

If Britain continues its vigorous national program to clean up the air and we continue our careless, localized policy in regard to air pollution, the British may ultimately win the game of who breathes cleaner air. The British government is partly subsidizing a shift to natural gas for home heating, and this fuel, thanks to recent discoveries of

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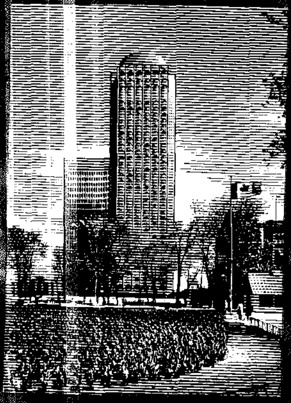

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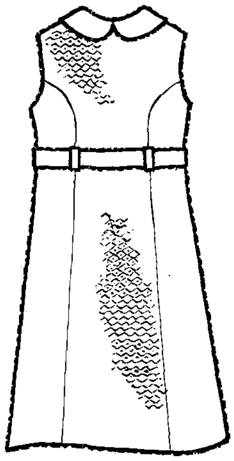

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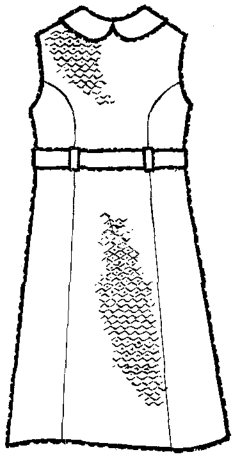

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it under the North Sea, will eventually be cheaper than coal. At the same time, the nationalized Central Electricity Generating Board is building new nuclear-power stations in isolated places; the generation of nuclear power does not pollute the air, although even the slightest possibility of an accident makes officials wary of building atomic stations near populous areas. In any event, the development of techniques for transporting high-voltage electricity economically over long distances has made it unnecessary for power plants to be built in such areas.

According to Dr. Reid, British men between forty-five and fifty-four suffer twice as much lung cancer and five times as much general respiratory disease as their North American counterparts (although the latter have a greater chance of dying from heart disease). Women in the two countries follow similar, though less drastic, patterns. With the collaboration of the United States National Heart and Cancer Institutes and the Norwegian Cancer Registry, Dr. Reid is conducting another study, in which he keeps track of emigrants from England to the United States to see whether, in the generally cleaner American environment, the health of British respiratory systems improves, and in which he also collects data on Norwegian migrants here to see whether a group coming from a very pure atmosphere suffers more or less than the British group in the more polluted American environment. This study suggests that the migrant retains a residual advantage or disadvantage from childhood. So far, the Norwegian immigrants have turned out to have lower susceptibility to both lung cancer and chest diseases than native Americans, and the British migrants seem to have about a one-third greater chance of contracting lung cancer than native Americans. However, their chance of contracting a respiratory disease is only a fifth of what it would have been if they had remained in Great Britain. Other studies have indicated that Britons who migrate to the cleaner air of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa follow much the same pattern.

How long must the human body be exposed to British air before the pollution leaves an indelible imprint on the lungs? Will the current British smoke-control program make any difference? Dr. Reid, speculating on these questions with an American visitor recently in his pleasant office (which has a gas burner in the fireplace), said, "What happens to the British emigrant in America means that we are not innately condemned to have chest disease. If the British environment can be brought up to American levels, the frequency and severity of chest illness among the British should fall."

British epidemiologists, like their Japanese colleagues, consider children admirable experimental subjects. Two studies of children—one conducted in the steel town of Sheffield and the other in rural Wales—showed that children living in heavily polluted areas have more frequent and more serious ailments of the middle ear and disorders of the lower respiratory tract. This lead is being followed up by Dr. Reid and Dr. John Colley in a survey of twelve thousand children in parts of the country with widely different pollution levels. The most extraordinary of the recent studies involving children, however, was made by one of Dr. Reid's younger associates, Dr. Walter Holland, of St. Thomas' Hospital Medical School in London, among fifteen thousand schoolchildren in a county in southeastern England. The purpose of Dr. Holland's study was to account for variations in the lung functions and breathing levels of children. He discovered, unsurprisingly, that the children who breathed best lived in an unpolluted country atmosphere, that children from well-to-do homes breathed better and more deeply than poor children, and that children who had had severe diseases like pneumonia and bronchitis early in life were worse off than those who hadn't had them. What did surprise Dr. Holland was the answers the children gave to standard questions about smoking. Children between eleven and sixteen who smoked cigarettes had two to three times as many symptoms of respiratory trouble—coughing, phlegm, wheezing—as children who did not smoke, with youthful ex-smokers somewhere in between. Children who smoked five or more cigarettes a day had four times as many respiratory symptoms as non-smokers; in fact, they had already given themselves respiratory conditions comparable to those suffered by smokers in their forties. Dr. Holland defines a "smoker" as an adult who smokes a cigarette a day for a year or a child who smokes a cigarette a week for a year. Among the children he studied who were be-

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tween the ages of nine and thirteen, nineteen per cent of the boys and five per cent of the girls said that they smoked regularly, and a third of the boys and not quite a quarter of the girls had started smoking but had given it up. In the fourteen-to-sixteen age group, twenty-seven per cent of the boys and thirty per cent of the girls smoked regularly, and almost half the boys and eight per cent of the girls smoked five or more cigarettes a day. Children of poorer parents smoked more than children from wealthier families, and children who had lost a parent or who came from broken homes smoked most. "I never expected that we would show the difference in children between smokers and nonsmokers and light and heavy smokers as clearly as we have," Dr. Holland commented as he read from his reports to a visitor. He still looked a trifle surprised by his findings. "Obviously, these children can't have been smoking very long, so the effect on their respiratory systems was produced over a very short period of time." Dr. Holland will next check the results, if any, that the extensive British propaganda campaign against smoking and the ban on television cigarette advertising are having on the statistics of the child smokers. "We are really trying to see if we can identify individuals who are particularly susceptible to disease and prevent its development," Dr. Holland explained. "Once it starts, there's nothing you can do about it. In any case, our findings about smoking certainly show that we can't single out air pollution as the one villain."

AMONG the many things that nobody knows about air pollution is exactly how many pollutants are dangerous. After the 1952 catastrophe, one pollutant that the British realized must be removed as fast as possible was the black smoke that poured from the millions of chimney pots on the roofs of their island's towns, where millions of small open fireplaces were burning soft coal. The almost unbelievable effort to change, in a few years, the habits of centuries in a democratic country is some sort of monument to human intelligence. It began in 1956, with the Clean Air Act, which established national jurisdiction over all domestic and industrial smoke and gave local authorities the power to create smoke-control areas. Since then, each local authority has been encouraged to draw up a program allowing everyone plenty of time to convert from soft coal to natural gas, to electric

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heating, or to fuels manufactured from coal that have had the volatile, or "tarry-smoke," matter removed. (Oil is classified as "unauthorized fuel" but may be used for home heating if the local authorities approve.) The conversion from coal usually costs about twenty-five pounds, or sixty dollars, and when it has been completed and has been approved by the local public-health inspector, who is a very important man in an English town, seventy per cent of the expense is paid back to the homeowner by the local authority, which is, in turn, reimbursed for more than half of the amount by the central government. Because the old-fashioned coal-burning open fire is one of the most inefficient forms of heating known to man—about eighty per cent of the fuel is wasted—the conversions represent a sizable financial saving to homeowners in the long run. (Coal miners, however, who get some of their coal free and the rest at very low cost, don't like switching to another fuel, and are a very sticky problem.)

While the provisions for enforcement of the Clean Air Act include a threat of court action, gentle persuasion, locally and nationally, has worked wonders. The government periodically publishes lists of areas that have taken little or no action in conversion from coal, and invariably there is a sharp increase in activity shortly afterward. Initially, the regions with the heaviest smoke pollution were labelled Black Areas, and target dates for achieving smoke-free zones were generally set in the nineteen-eighties. But when word began to get around that with smoke control the sun seemed to be shining more often, the program gained momentum, and now many target dates have been advanced into the nineteen-seventies. Although coal still accounts for almost all of Britain's electric-power production, and a soot-free Britain is still far in the future, the phasing out of coal for the heating of individual homes has been further hastened by the building of many new apartment buildings with efficient central-heating plants. Perhaps the greatest miracle is what has happened in London. Greater London leads the country in smoke control, with almost sixty per cent of its area smoke-free, and with emissions and ground-level concentrations of smoke about a third of what they were ten years ago. The famous square mile that is the old City of London is nearly free of smoke, and lately London, aware that they won't quickly get dirty again, has begun to wash the faces of its public buildings, revealing

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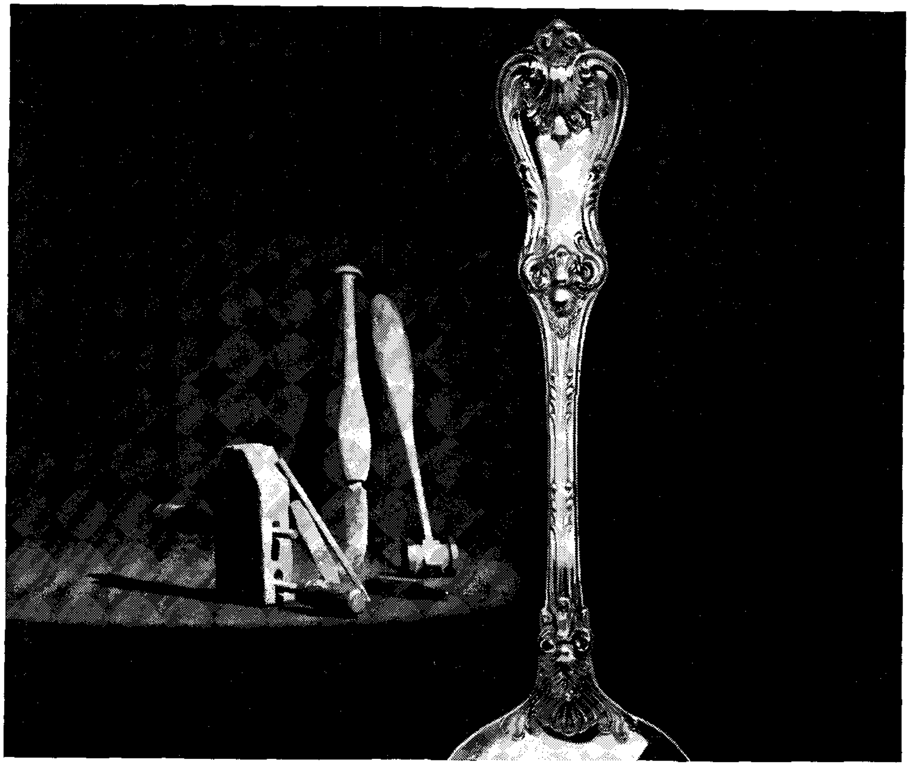

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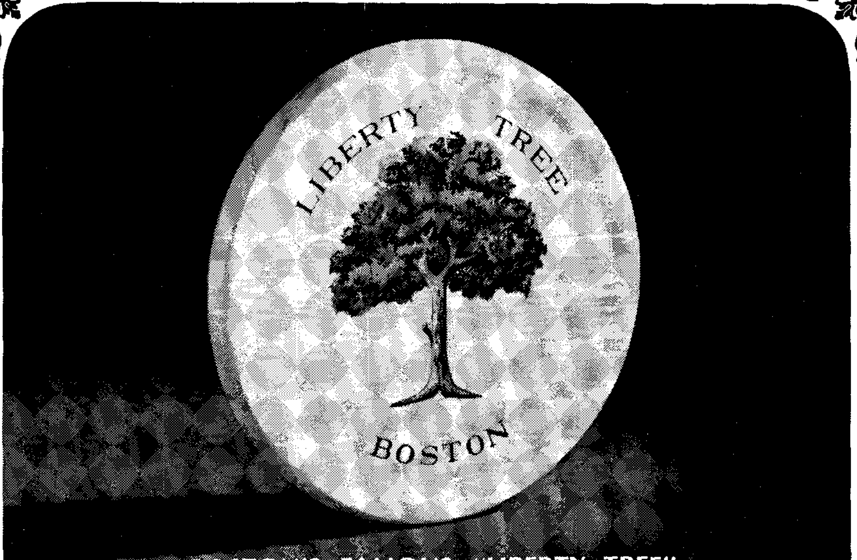

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To epidemiologists, the most significant fact about London's cleanup is that during smog episodes there is now much less of an increase in sickness and death. In 1959 and 1960, in an effort to determine the effects of the Clean Air Act on human health, the government's Air Pollution Research scientists, who work under the direction of Dr. Patrick Lawther, handed out little pocket diaries to a thousand bronchitis patients in London and asked them to make a one-word notation every day for one winter, stating merely whether they felt better or worse than they felt the day before, or just the same. There turned out to be an extremely close correlation between the reports of feeling worse on certain days and high levels of pollution in the air. When the study was repeated five years later, this correlation was much less marked. Mr. Robert Waller, Dr. Lawther's chief colleague, who helped conduct the two studies and expects to conduct another in 1969 and 1970, is a cautious man, who hesitates to say whether this improvement can be attributed to better air or to the patients' increased knowledge of how to care for themselves, but he does permit himself to describe the findings as "not bad," and even "encouraging." He is also pleased by the fact that there has been a decline in hospital admissions for diseases commonly associated with air pollution.

A visitor to London can actually observe the contrast between air that has been cleaned up and air that is still polluted. From the roof of the Town Hall of the Borough of Southwark, south of the Thames in the center of Greater London, he can look out on a smoke-free zone to the south, where the air is clear, and then, turning slightly to the east, he can see a yet-to-be-converted Black Area, distinctly marked by low puffs of smoke rising from rows of chimney pots. To the north, beside the Thames, he can also see a great white plume from the smokestack of Bankside Power Station. London's Bankside and Battersea stations, the former oil-burning, the latter coal-burning, are the only large power plants in the world where sulphur dioxide is literally washed out. Water from the Thames, to which an alkali—common chalk—has been added, is used to wash the gases before they are discharged, and in the resulting chemical reaction the sulphur dioxide in the smoke is turned into calcium sulphate, in solid particles, which are discharged,

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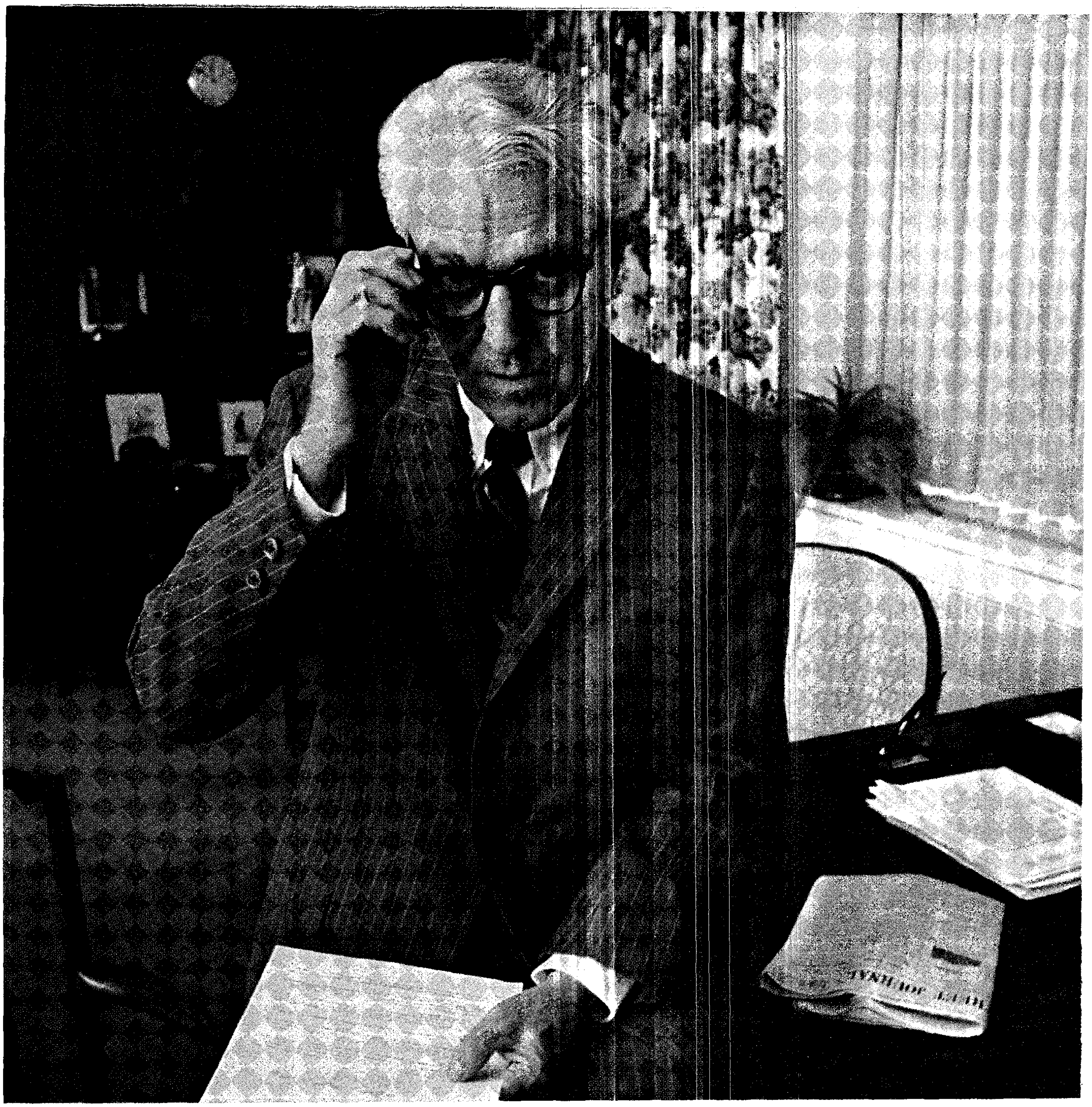

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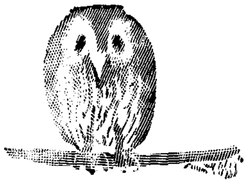
with the water, into the river. The process requires huge quantities of water, and there is a distinct limit to the amount of calcium sulphate that even as large a river as the Thames can carry away safely, so no more such installations will be built on this stretch of the river. Meanwhile, the Central Electricity Generating Board is experimenting with towering smokestacks, one of them more than eight hundred feet high, to dissipate the emissions over as wide an area as possible. The big stacks have helped to prevent any increase in ground-level concentrations of sulphur dioxide despite a substantial increase in fuel consumption, and at some sites outside London there has even been a decrease.



A National Survey of Smoke and Sulphur Dioxide has been conducted throughout England and Wales by the government's laboratory at Warren Spring, an hour's drive north of London. For the past five and a half years, under the supervision of an immensely energetic physician named Dr. Marjorie Clifton, the staff has been evaluating reams of statistics that have poured in daily from six hundred locations throughout the country. Although the survey's intensive-sampling period has ended, regular measurements will continue to come in from key sites, and Dr. Clifton hopes, with the aid of a giant computer, to predict levels of pollution in British communities in time for them to take steps to avert disasters.

Back in London, the Air Pollution Research Unit is based at the Medical College of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, one of the world's great medical-instruction centers and the city's oldest hospital, dating back to the twelfth century. Among ancient buildings surrounding a grassy courtyard, where medical students play croquet on sunny days, the Unit works in a set of extremely modern laboratories behind a set of double doors over which an enormous "No Smoking" sign is mounted. Here, Dr. Lawther devises endless experiments—to be conducted on himself, on his staff, and on the people of London in general. The rooms include physics, chemistry, and physiology laboratories, and a workshop where a trained mechanic constructs and repairs delicate equipment for monitoring air and for measuring human respiratory reactions. Two prominent features of the physiology laboratory are a low green leather couch, where human subjects can lie down while they breathe carbon monoxide into their systems, and a glass-walled smoke chamber—a room inside a room—which contains a desk and chairs, where one or two people can sit and work while they inhale smoke released through a blackened overhead vent from a small iron coal stove nearby. The predominating spirit around the place, one of quiet efficiency, is often jolted by the wild figure of the director, who, his laboratory smock flapping and his prematurely white hair in disarray, rushes through on the run between meetings, clinic hours, and speeches on the dangers of air pollution.

Dr. Lawther is disturbed by the thought that a great deal of money is being spent around the world for what he regards as very bad air-pollution research when free coöperation is readily available from any sensible person who wants to breathe clean air. All London is Dr. Lawther's outdoor laboratory, and he and his staff have analyzed the street-level air pollution in places like busy Fleet Street, where they have shown that during maximum-traffic hours on weekdays the air in the middle of the street contains three times as much smoke and four times as much lead as the air in London's quieter neighborhoods, and also that carbon monoxide periodically reaches the maximum acceptable limit for industrial plants—one hundred parts per million units of air.

Dr. Lawther's favorite experimental animal is himself, and next is his colleague Waller, who is particularly sensitive to sulphur dioxide. When the sulphur dioxide in the air reaches ten parts per million, Waller wheezes audibly, like an asthmatic, in a consistently severe reaction. Dr. Lawther also uses other members of his staff for "double-blind" experiments, in which neither the subject nor the technician knows exactly what is going on. If the subject knew what substances he was breathing, Dr. Lawther believes, there could be a psychological reaction that would affect his respiration, and if the technician knew what substances he was administering, he might unwittingly weight his findings. The experiments are fitted in with the daily routine, and it is not uncommon for a staff member to interrupt a conversation in the middle of a sentence, look at his watch, disappear without a word, and reappear a few minutes later to resume speaking as if nothing had happened. Every morning, Dr. Lawther and

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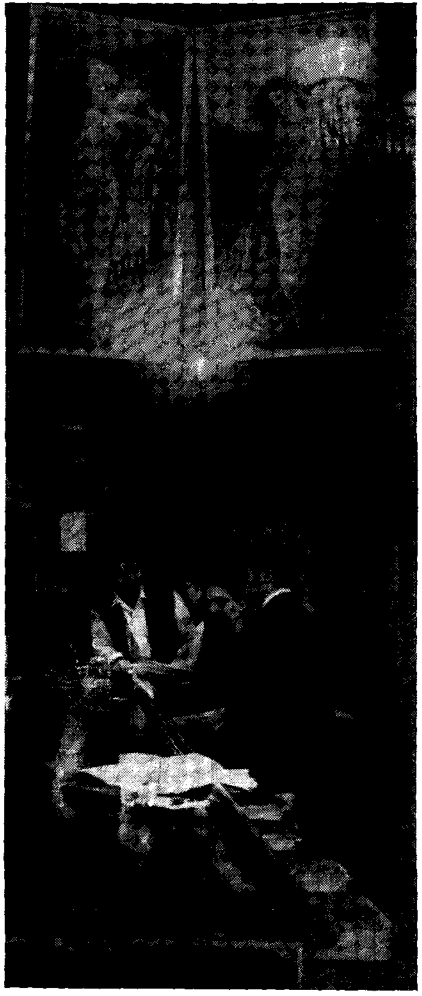

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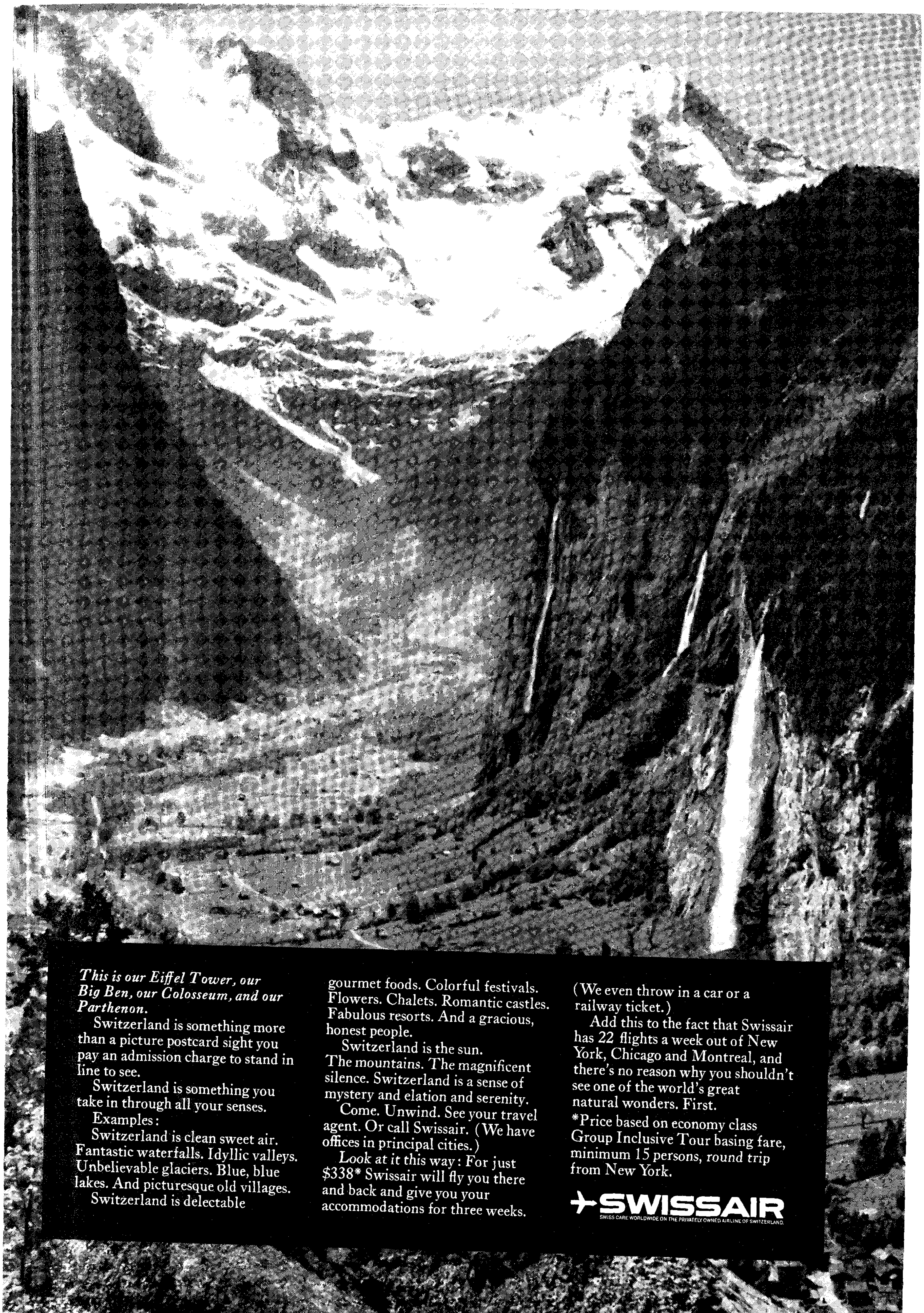
Waller, who live in the same borough, take trains fifteen minutes apart to London Bridge, cross it, and walk for twenty minutes through the same city streets to the laboratory, Dr. Lawther arriving at nine-fifteen and Waller at nine-thirty. The object is to measure the effect of air pollution on the breathing of individuals who have just walked through an ordinary city street. Immediately after his arrival, each man enters a boothlike transparent-plastic chamber called a body plethysmograph, which is equipped to measure the respiration of its occupant. One morning some weeks ago, a visitor watched the two men follow each other into the plethysmograph, and they presented an interesting contrast. Dr. Lawther, who had already put on his white working coat, rushed into the chamber, sat down on a stool, and, even before a girl technician could close the door, began to read mail from a manila folder he was carrying. The Doctor continued to read from the folder as he waited briefly to acclimatize himself, put on a noseclip so that he would be breathing entirely through his mouth, and took hold of a mouthpiece, through which he breathed ten times. He was still reading as the technician opened the door and he departed. Waller arrived on the dot of nine-thirty, took off his jacket, and entered the plethysmograph in his shirtsleeves, sat down on the stool with his heels caught in the lower rungs so that his long legs were out of the way, and folded his hands in his lap. He waited patiently until it was time to start breathing into the machine, then adjusted the noseclip and carefully breathed into the mouthpiece. When he came out of the box, he told the watching visitor that in Dr. Lawther's case the results of the daily tests had shown a relationship between his "airway resistance," or difficulty in breathing, and the concentration of pollutants in the outdoor atmosphere, his airway resistance increasing when the pollution was higher than average. "In my case, the association with air pollution is not striking at all—unless the sulphur-dioxide level is particularly high," Waller continued. "I am a more variable creature, and my airway resistance changes very readily, in response to all kinds of things. A long series of measurements made with a portable device called a Peak Flow Meter have shown that colds, emotional disturbances, pretty girls, and situations of undue stress such as driving in central-London traffic or having to give a lecture affect the results. Some people



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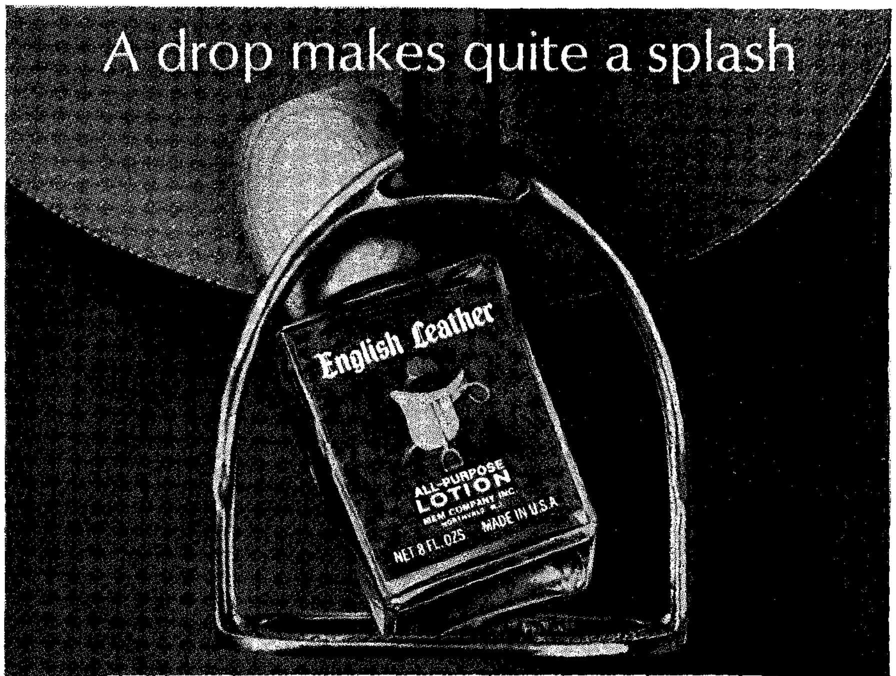

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breathe more easily when a little excitement releases adrenalin or some other substance that reduces any bronchial spasm that exists. We have found that exercise doesn't seem to affect us particularly. We've tried long runs through the city streets and long swims in a pool. Provided the air pollution was not exceptionally high, these activities didn't have any effect. Running during periods of high pollution did."

One of the Unit's main findings has been that the effects of pollution on breathing wear off just minutes or seconds after the subject removes himself from the polluted atmosphere. "You may wonder whether the pollution really matters," Waller said. "But if the subject stays in the pollution, it doesn't wear off." One reaction that the Air Pollution Research Unit watches for is a bronchospasm—a contraction of the airways to the lungs when certain substances are breathed. The problem, Waller said, is to identify the substances precisely. "It's rather easy to see what *doesn't* affect us but hard to identify what does, and although we have this glorious mixture of air pollutants in London, we're not sure which components we're after," he explained. "We do have abundant evidence in our epidemiological studies that the sharp peaks of mortality and hospital morbidity that we see on our charts are caused by air pollution of some kind, rather than just by unusual weather conditions. But when you try to tackle *which* pollutant it is, you are really in deep water. Our studies have indicated that although there are members of the population who, like me, are very sensitive to sulphur dioxide, the majority do not react to low concentrations of it."

Recently, the Unit has been studying the possible effects on human behavior of exposure to carbon monoxide in quantities so small that it induces no perceptible symptoms. When carbon monoxide is inhaled, it attaches itself more readily to the red blood cells than oxygen does, and detaches itself less readily, and while it rides around through the bloodstream it reduces the blood's ability to absorb oxygen. Temporarily, anyone with carbon monoxide in his blood becomes slightly anemic. It has been established that when we breathe air containing as much as a thousand parts of carbon monoxide per million our mental processes and nervous system are seriously affected and we suffer impairment of vision and severe headache, but many people believe that at lower levels our efficiency may be reduced somewhat. In busy streets, driv-

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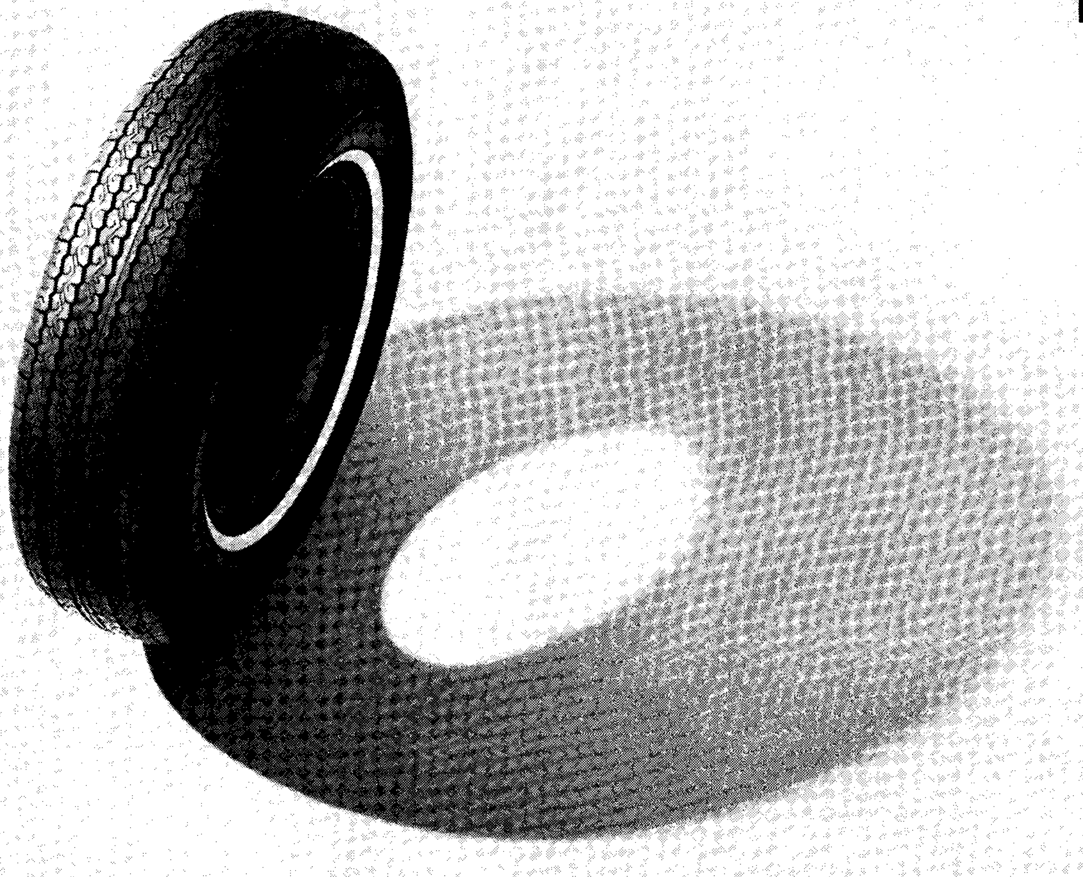

ers and others may be exposed to concentrations in the range of ten to one hundred parts of carbon monoxide per million, and while nobody knows whether these relatively low concentrations have any effect, everybody is beginning to wonder. Dr. Brian Commins, who heads Dr. Lawther's chemistry laboratory, has recently perfected a new technique for making carbon-monoxide measurements from a blood sample as small as that from a pricked finger. (A syringeful of blood used to be needed.) The Unit scientists are now taking samples of their own blood after they walk through busy streets or as they drive their cars. One fact that has emerged is that the amount of carbon monoxide breathed during exposure to traffic fumes is less than the amount breathed while smoking a cigarette. Dr. Commins and other experimenters are wondering whether a person who smokes while he is driving may not expose himself to sufficient carbon monoxide to suffer minor behavioral distortions.

SOME of the answers to the questions being asked at London's Air Pollution Research Unit may be coming before long from a toxicology laboratory at the Harvard University School of Public Health, in Boston. There, eighteen years ago, a young biochemist named Dr. Mary Amdur began inquiring into the toxicity of sulphuric-acid mist by exposing guinea pigs to it in different doses and combinations. Sulphur dioxide is the air pollutant we hear most about, because it is easy to measure and the amount of it in the air tells the experts that a lot of other pollutants are there, too, but laboratory experiments in which both animals and human beings have been exposed to doses of sulphur dioxide by itself, administered in the amounts found in the ambient air, have seemed to show that it's harmless except to the small percentage of sensitive people like Waller. Yet, especially during smoggy periods, something injurious to human lungs is in the air, and people die. The key to the puzzle probably lies in the fact that sulphur dioxide is an unstable compound. It combines with other substances, and, at a rate depending on atmospheric conditions, it oxidizes into sulphuric-acid mist. There is always some sulphuric-acid mist around wherever sulphur dioxide is produced, even in a clear, dry climate, but the conversion to sulphuric-acid mist is much greater in regions or periods of high humidity. When scientists talk about sulphur dioxide as a hazard, they really mean

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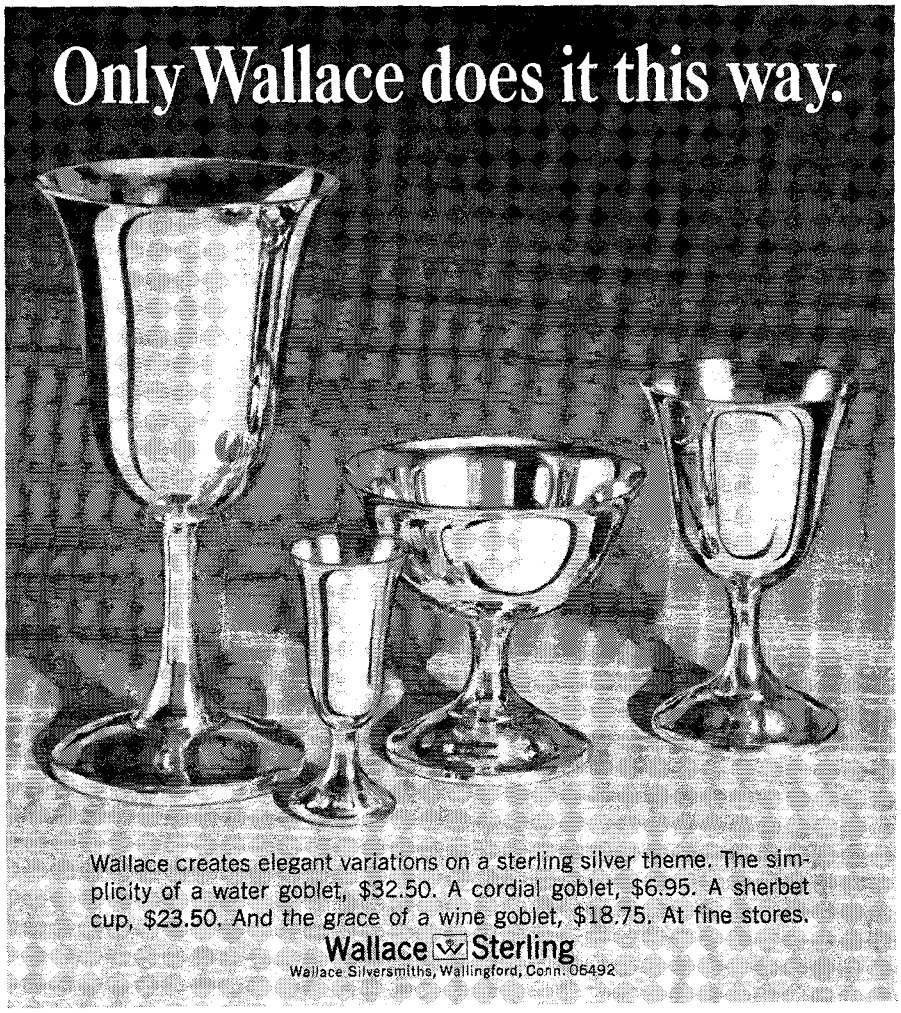

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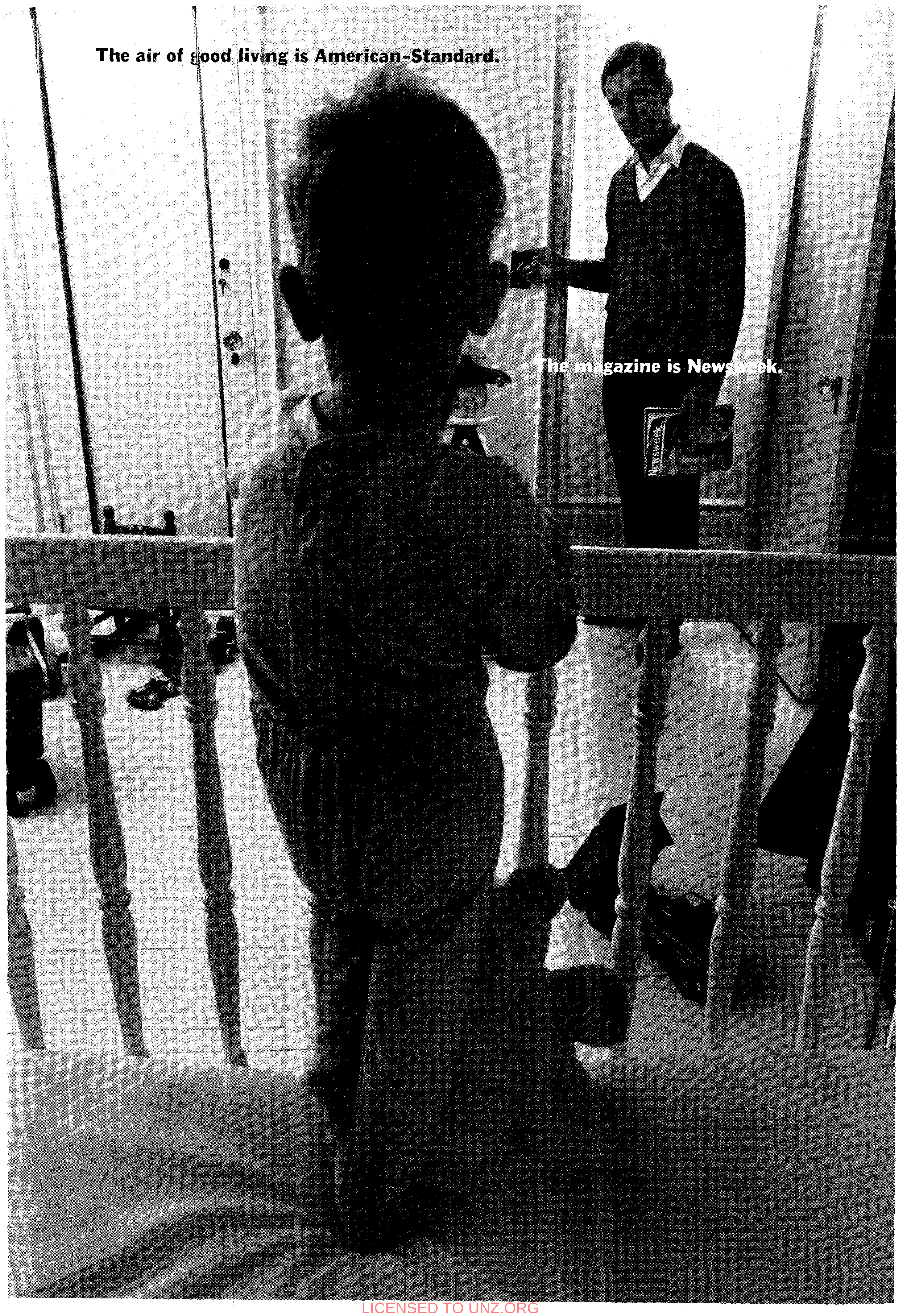
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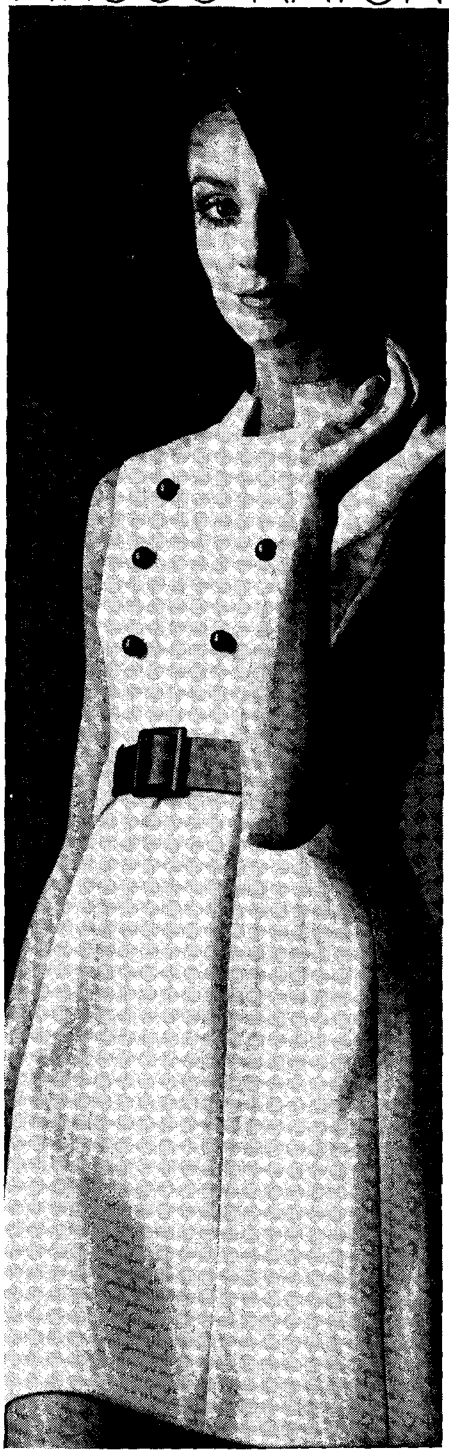

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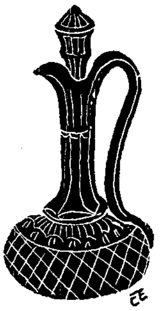
that the hazard is probably sulphuric-acid mist.

Dr. Amdur, a small, willowy woman who is now associate professor of toxicology in the school's Department of Physiology, became interested in sulphuric-acid mist when she and some of her co-workers at Harvard began studying its toxicity after the 1948 Donora smog episode. She told a visitor recently, "We began by exposing guinea pigs for eight hours to various concentrations of sulphuric-acid mist to find what toxicologists call the L.D. 50, meaning the lethal dose fifty per cent—the point at which you kill fifty per cent of the animals. You start there as a standard procedure with any new chemical, and then you examine the pathology—the nature and extent of the fatal organic damage. The next step is to find out what level produces such damage but doesn't kill. Finally, you look at the subtle biological changes produced when you neither kill the animal nor seriously damage its lungs—changes that would occur in industrial or air-pollution situations."

Dr. Amdur explained that she works with guinea pigs because their sensitivity to sulphuric-acid mist, especially in the low concentrations that exist in our air, is higher than that of rats or rabbits, and their reactions to it are not dissimilar to those shown by human beings in far more limited experiments. "Rats can breathe huge quantities of the mist without batting an eyelash, and rabbits are quite happy with amounts that would do a guinea pig in," she said. When irritants are introduced into the atmosphere that the guinea pig breathes, its bronchial tubes constrict. This means that more effort is required for it to breathe, which could help to explain the extra deaths—especially among infants, the sick, and the aged—during air-pollution episodes. Any categorical statement of a possible association between such animal experiments and human experience is, however, considered by Dr. Amdur and her colleagues unwarranted extrapolation.



One finding that has particularly interested Dr. Amdur is that her animals' airway resistance increased only slightly when they inhaled sulphur dioxide by itself but increased by four hundred per cent when the sulphur dioxide was combined with sulphuric-acid mist or with droplets of water containing small particles of sulphates of vanadium, iron, and manganese. This appears to be a classic example of a synergistic effect—one in which a combination of substances produces a greater effect than could have been expected on the basis of their individual effects. Dr. Amdur also noticed such a synergistic effect when she combined sulphur dioxide with zinc-ammonium sulphate—a compound that had been found on the filter of an air-conditioner during the Donora fog. Dr. Amdur believes that water droplets are essential to this synergism, and fogs, of course, provide plenty of droplets.

Evidence from several other laboratories has suggested that microscopic particles may elude our protective mechanisms and, acting not only as irritants themselves but as carriers of other irritants, invade and lodge in the lower lungs, where the protection is haphazard compared to the wonderful action of the cilia and mucus in the conducting airways. Dr. Amdur has found that when she gives her guinea pigs a dose of irritant particles, the animals' breathing returns to normal more slowly than it does when they have been exposed to irritant gases, and their recovery is slower still when they have received a combination of both particles and gases. Dr. Amdur does not know what happens to the particles in her guinea pigs' lungs, but she has lately discovered that the irritant responses, or airway resistances, increase as the particles' size decreases. She has used particles as small as three-tenths of a micron—a micron is a thousandth of a millimetre—and plans to use even smaller ones as soon as she figures out the mechanics of producing and measuring them.

Although Dr. Amdur's experiments have focussed on acute air-pollution episodes, in which her guinea pigs are exposed to irritants for definite periods rather than continuously, she is one of the few experts willing to stick their necks out and try to help set some standards for sulphur-dioxide levels in the ambient air. In 1959, California health officials who wanted to set such standards asked her for a report. After carefully describing the relative toxicities of sulphuric acid and sulphur dioxide alone, as well as the factors of particle size and synergism, she suggested some tentative numerical standards—although California finally adopted more conservative ones. "Someone had to be first to give some numbers," she said. "At least, we've got data to use as a basis for thinking about air-pollution criteria. Certainly it seems evident that we cannot judge

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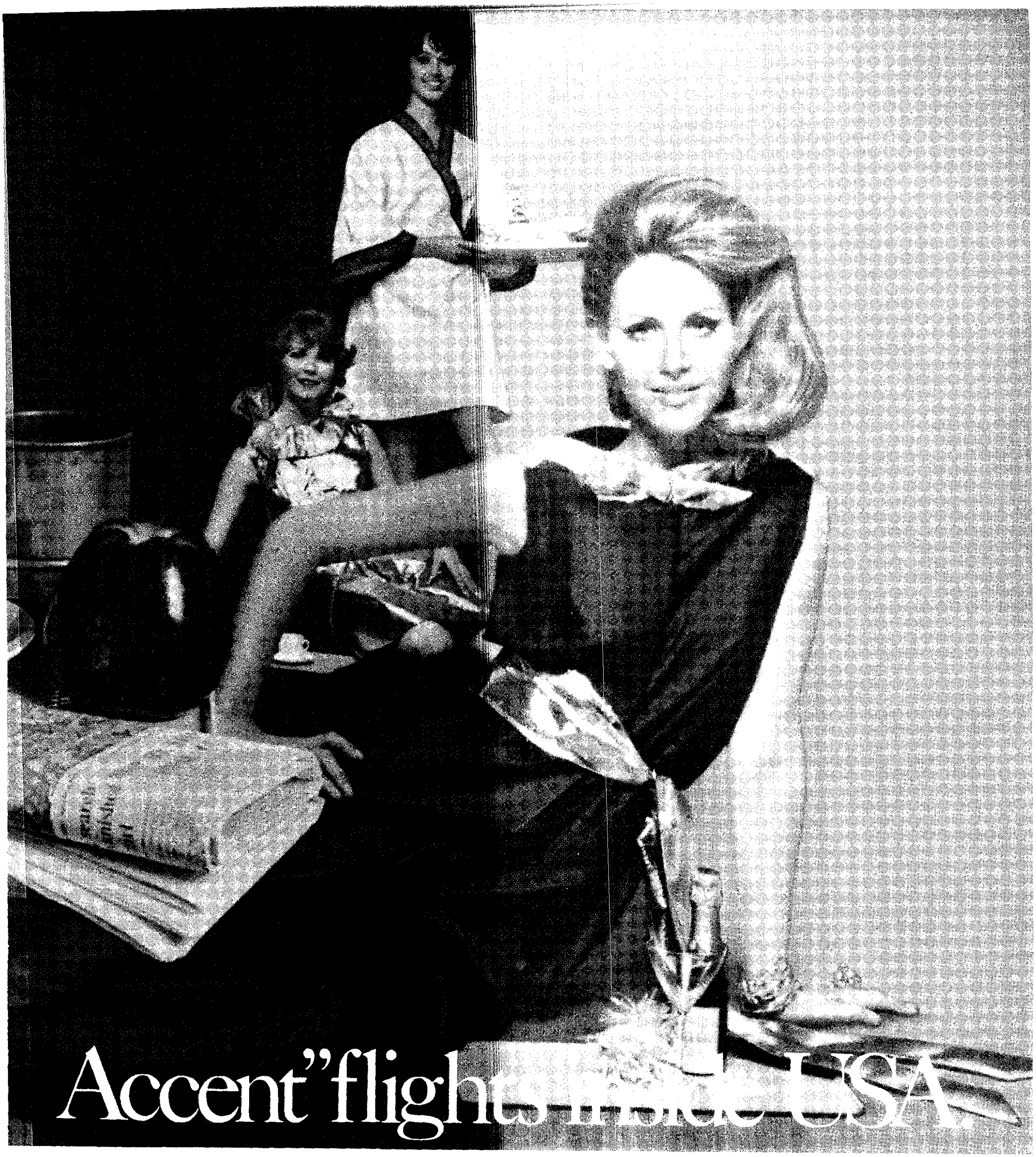

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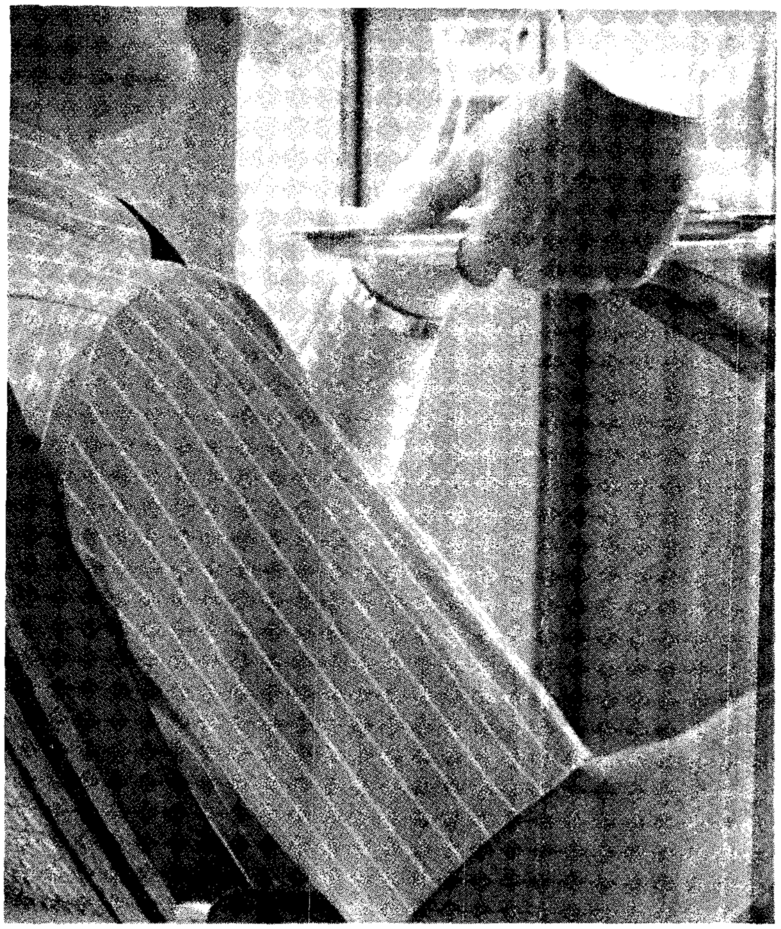

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entirely on the basis of sulphur dioxide. The coal and power people have tried frantically to say that sulphur dioxide does no harm, but I've pointed out that this is deliberately avoiding the issue, because I don't think synergism can be dismissed. I know it's cheaper to pollute the air, but do we have to put the burden of irrefutable proof on the Public Health Service that somebody killed Grandma before they are allowed to set up controls?"

In the spring of 1967, in fact, the United States Public Health Service, in an act of sheer heroism, published a fat document entitled "Air Quality Criteria for Sulphur Oxides," giving the levels at which its scientists believed that sulphur compounds "begin to harm our health and foul our environment," and expressing the hope that these criteria would "set the levels we must aim for in our drive for clean, breathable air." Outdoor conditions differ from laboratory conditions in that sulphur dioxide is always present with particulate matter and sulphuric-acid droplets; experiments like Dr. Amdur's have shown that sulphur dioxide is considerably more toxic when accompanied by other such pollutants. Therefore, the government criteria, which are based on epidemiological studies of actual situations in large cities such as Nashville, suggest much lower acceptable levels of sulphur dioxide than might be expected—less than one-tenth part sulphur dioxide per million parts of air as a daily average. The regulations for the control of sulphur-dioxide emissions from federal buildings are based on comparable levels. At the first hints of national standard-setting—although no actual standards had been drawn up—the anticipated howls were heard from a wide range of industries and their spokesmen, since sulphur compounds are produced in very many basic-industrial processes. The fight has just begun, but the American Petroleum Institute, the Edison Electric Institute, the National Coal Association, the National Coal Policy Conference, and the United Mine Workers have expressed their displeasure with the Public Health Service recommendations in the sharpest possible terms.

Rigid controls may very well have to be set up before we know how, and how much, air pollutants harm us, but sometimes facts do fall into place. A classic case occurred not long ago in Reading, Pennsylvania, where a smelter was refining the metal beryllium, which is used in various alloys. Beryllium is well known to be toxic to human beings who are exposed to it at

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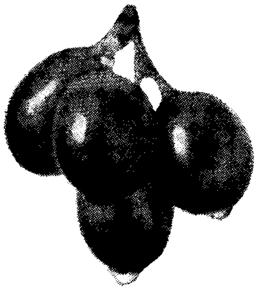

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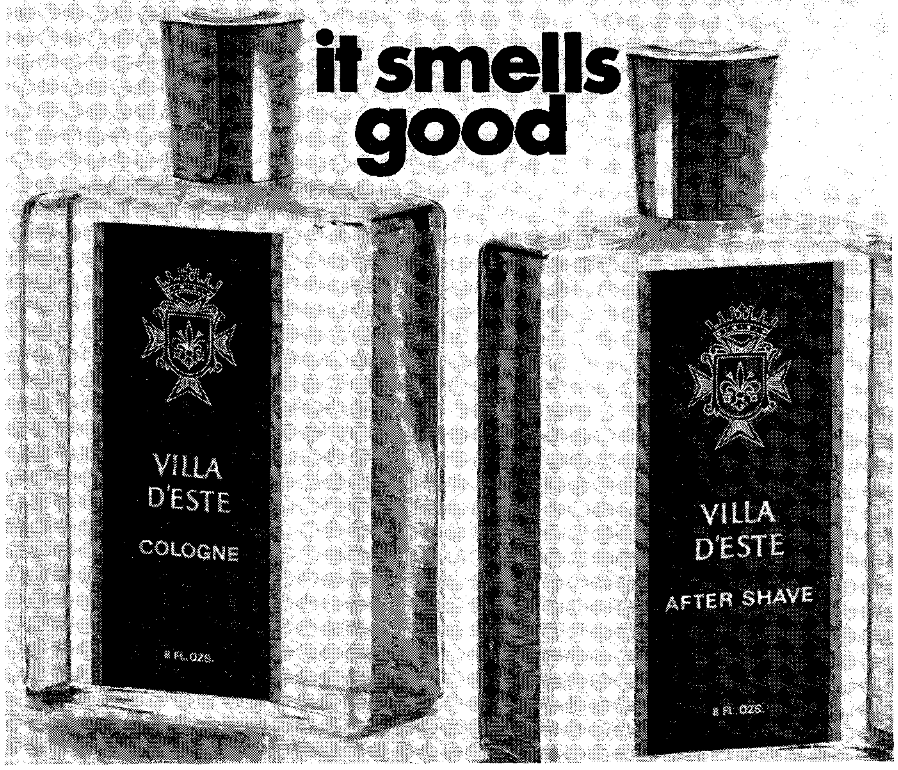

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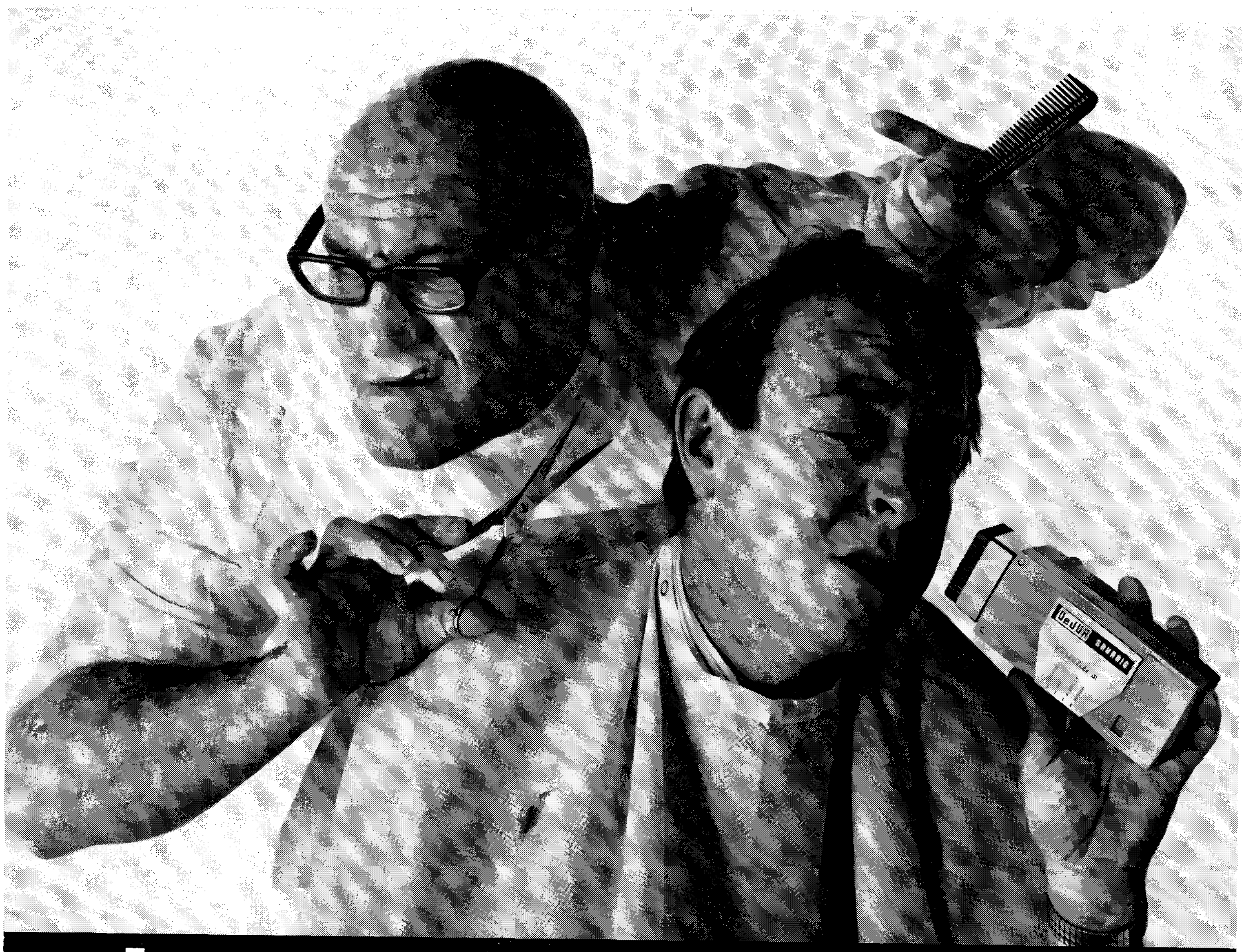
high levels, for then it causes berylliosis, a chronic and debilitating lung disease in which the sufferer simply wastes away. An argument had been going on intermittently through the nineteen-forties over whether smokestack emissions from processes in which beryllium was involved were toxic at the relatively low levels that prevailed when the fumes were diffused in the atmosphere. On the basis of small-scale experiments with animals, the United States Public Health Service at first put no controls on emissions of beryllium, but an accumulation of alarming evidence finally caused the Atomic Energy Commission, which used the metal in reactors and was therefore a large purchaser, to notify its contractors that in the future their factories would have to meet certain safety standards. The smelter in Reading refused to comply, and although it received no more contracts from the Atomic Energy Commission, it continued to produce beryllium for private industry. The Pennsylvania health authorities went on record as saying that on the basis of the federal data available there was no danger. But by 1959 twenty-five cases of berylliosis had been reported around Reading, and all concerned were forced to change their minds. A number of victims have sued the company, and one has been awarded damages of more than a hundred thousand dollars. The Pennsylvania health authorities have tightened their standards for safeguards to be used in refining beryllium, and the Reading plant has complied. The Reading berylliosis cases are particularly interesting to air-pollution experts because they show that even supposedly low-level emissions of a known toxic pollutant can be exceedingly dangerous.

THE techniques of working with particles, developed by Dr. Amdur in Boston and Dr. Lawther and his staff in London, among others, have been further developed at New York University's Institute of Environmental Medicine, which has a laboratory in Sterling Forest, a planned recreational, educational, and residential community in the foothills of the Ramapos, an hour from New York City. There, Dr. Roy Albert uses iron-oxide particles of uniform size and puts a minute radioactive tag on them that gives off gamma rays, enabling a detector to follow their journey through the chest of an experimental animal and measure the factors that govern the body's rejection or retention of them. He has found that some particles move through the lungs



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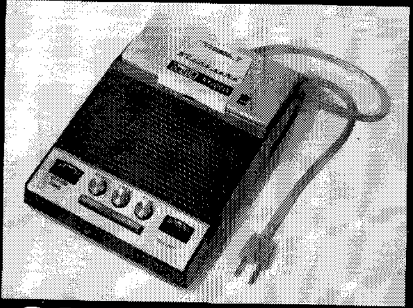

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and into the stomach in from two to four hours, others remain in the lungs for many weeks, and those that penetrate beyond the bronchial tubes into the alveoli stay longest of all. Dr. Albert, who also conducts experiments on human beings in the city, works at Sterling Forest with donkeys—eleven of them. One evening about two years ago, he happened to be watching a TV commercial that featured a little old winemaker and a donkey; after observing the docility of the donkey under somewhat trying circumstances, the Doctor bought one for the Institute—a female named Abby. He later bought two more females, and then he picked up Anthony, a male, which was so much easier to handle that the Institute bought seven more males. Donkeys have about the same weight and lung size as humans (although their lungs seem to clear out impurities more rapidly), but their special virtue as laboratory animals is their ability to stand still for hours without sedation. Dr. Albert has devised a mask that resembles a feed bag with a hose on each side, through which the donkeys breathe a special mixture of radiated particles of a certain size and concentration. Detectors attached to the donkeys' sides follow the course of the particles in their chests and abdomens. In one experimental session, after half-hour exposures to sulphur dioxide at from six to seven hundred parts per million—relatively large doses—during which mucus poured from the animals' noses and eyes, the donkeys developed coughs that lasted several days and persistent defects in lung clearance.

In the same laboratory where the donkeys are tested are rows of steel-and-glass chambers containing albino rats, which are handled by means of rubber gloves built into trapdoors, so that no bare hand ever has to be put inside the cages. Here, Dr. Norton Nelson has been testing the cancer-inducing qualities of a worrisome compound that scientists have christened benzo(a)pyrene, which is produced in city air by the inefficient combustion of fuel—particularly automobile fuel—and is also found in cigarette smoke. Thirty rats have been continuously exposed to what Dr. Nelson refers to as "pure mountain air"—the regular outdoor air of Sterling Forest—and thirty others to "contaminated air," containing heavy concentrations of sulphur dioxide. Both groups of rats have also been exposed, for an hour a day five days a week, to benzo(a)pyrene dust. The question is: Does the sulphur di-

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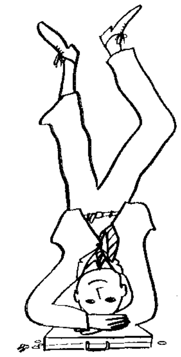

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oxide increase the carcinogenic effect of the benzo(a)pyrene sufficiently to give the animals lung cancer? The animals were put into the chambers when they were six weeks old, and both groups remained healthy throughout the first year. But at fifteen months one of the rats in the "city" air developed cancer, and there have since been two more cases—three out of thirty, or ten per cent. Dr. Nelson recently explained, "The inhalation of benzo(a)pyrene without sulphur dioxide failed to produce lung cancer, even though the concentration was raised to the point at which skin cancer was produced. Furthermore, the lung cancer that has been produced in the current experiments is of the type most frequently found in man."

AT the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, in New York, Dr. Ernest Wynder and Dr. Dietrich Hoffmann, who pioneered in investigating the role of cigarettes in lung cancer, have collected particulate matter from polluted air in Detroit, Los Angeles, and the New York area for tests on experimental animals. Their samples, which are in solution form, are bottles of ugly-looking dark-brown liquid labelled according to place of origin, and they represent every kind of combustion emission, collected in various commercial areas and at busy street intersections. These are pure extracts of poison, and are, of course, much more toxic than the same substances diffused in the atmosphere. Dr. Wynder and Dr. Hoffmann have applied these liquids—or "tar extracts"—in very high concentrations to the skins of mice and in a good many cases eventually produced tumors. The most carcinogenic tar was from Detroit, the least toxic was from Scarsdale. Despite these experiments, the two doctors do not suggest that there is any major correlation between air pollution and lung cancer. They remain convinced that cigarettes are the major cause of the disease. "The final proof can come only from epidemiological data," Dr. Wynder says. "I am sure we are surrounded by carcinogens in what we breathe and eat, but most of these are in minute amounts that we can handle reasonably well. I think our lungs can handle reasonably well whatever we inhale in cities. But cigarettes bypass the protective mechanism of the nasal passage and overwhelm our lungs with smoke."

Dr. Wynder and Dr. Hoffmann have carried out several comparative studies of smoking and air pollution as factors in the production of lung can-

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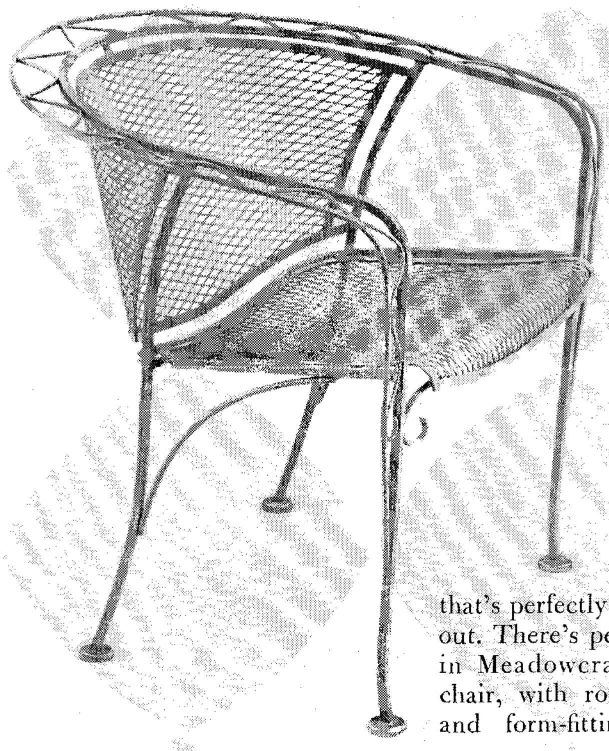

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cer. The benzene extract of a gasoline-engine exhaust produces more skin tumors in mice than tobacco does, but Dr. Wynder warns that this does not necessarily mean that the exhaust gases will produce cancer in man. The exhaust gases, he points out, are diluted several thousand times in the air before they reach the lungs, whereas the lungs are directly exposed to undiluted tobacco smoke. One of the effects of tobacco smoke that has been demonstrated by the Wynder-Hoffmann experiments and others is a slowing down or cessation of the beating movement of the cilia and the flow of mucus—both vital guardians of the lungs.

Dr. Wynder's firm belief that air pollution plays a very minor role in lung cancer is reinforced by epidemiological findings. He cites the fact that lung cancer in the United States is six times as prevalent among men as among women although both sexes are similarly exposed to general air pollution. A possible explanation of this disparity is the longer record of heavy-smoking habits among men. In Los Angeles, Dr. Wynder made a study of Seventh-Day Adventists, whose religion does not permit smoking or drinking, and found them to have only ten per cent as much lung cancer as the rest of the population in that polluted city. This ratio also applied to cancer of the mouth, the larynx, and the esophagus—occupational hazards for those who make a lifework of heavy drinking—but all other cancers occurred among Seventh-Day Adventists in Los Angeles with the same frequency as they did among the general population. A more recent California study, made by state health officials, has further confirmed Dr. Wynder's beliefs. This report, based on data from various parts of the state, indicates that whereas smokers have five times as much chance of dying from lung cancer as non-smokers, when allowances are made for smoking habits, age, and length of residence, fewer people generally die of lung cancer in smoggy Los Angeles than in the relatively cleaner air of San Francisco and San Diego. In Italy, with two Italian doctors, Dr. Wynder himself examined the population of a city peculiarly free from general air pollution—the city of Venice, where there are neither automobiles nor any large manufacturing establishments, except some glass factories on a nearby island. In Venice, lung cancer is the most common cause of death among men but is not at all common among women—a reflection of the national smoking pat-

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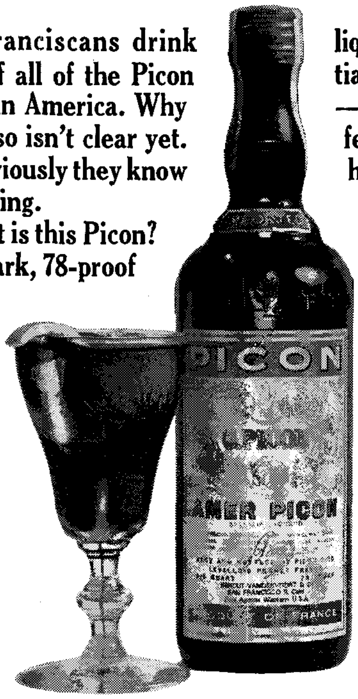

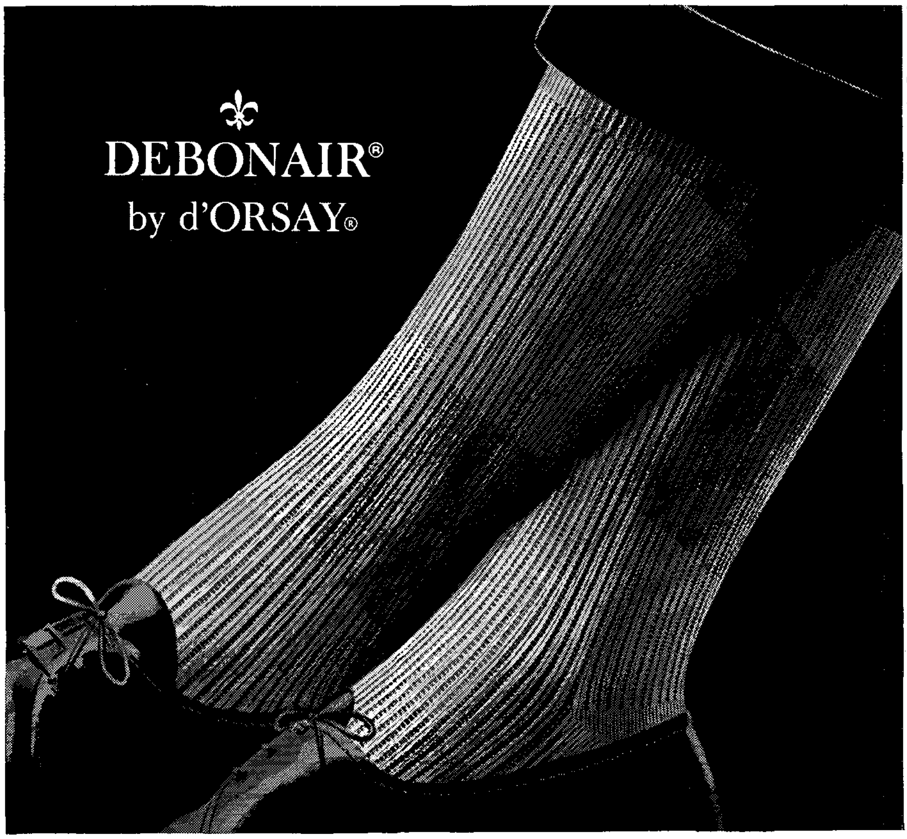

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tern in Italy, where more than half the men over sixteen smoke cigarettes regularly and ninety per cent of the women over sixteen don't smoke at all. In both Italy and the United States, and elsewhere, too, the rate of lung cancer is higher among city dwellers generally, a condition that Dr. Wynder attributes to a number of factors—that people living in cities tend to smoke more, that sufferers from lung cancer often move to a city for treatment shortly before they die, that cancer is more commonly reported in cities, and that occupations common in cities expose workers directly to particles that may contribute to the development of cancer, such as metal and wood dust and particles of paint, asbestos, and chromate. The fact that there is more than twice as much lung cancer among men in Great Britain as there is among men in the United States Dr. Wynder attributes primarily to national differences in smoking habits and preferences. The British take more puffs per cigarette and also smoke a cigarette farther down—and the butt of a cigarette is known to contain more smoke condensate. Also, the British prefer cigarettes made of tobacco that is flue-cured and that experiments have shown to be more carcinogenic than air-cured tobacco, which is used in American cigarettes.

Whatever the relative roles of smoking and general air pollution may be, there are unquestionably increasing amounts of very toxic substances floating about. High on the list are asbestos and lead. Smokers working where they are exposed to asbestos dust have a rate of lung cancer eight times that of the general population, according to Dr. Cuyler Hammond, director of the American Cancer Society. Asbestos is used for brake linings, and some asbestos is given off every time the brakes are applied on an automobile. Although there is no evidence that inhalation of such fractional amounts hurts anybody, Dr. Hammond has written, "With the rapid growth of asbestos utilization (the five hundred thousand tons per year world production in 1930 has risen to four million tons per year now), it may be difficult for cigarette smokers to avoid inhaling air contaminated with asbestos." Lead, too, is under close scrutiny. It has always been one of the "body burdens"—a favorite scientific phrase—that all of us carry around with us, because it settles in our bones. Our supplies of food and water contain twenty times as much lead as they did in primitive days, but, as far as anybody knows,

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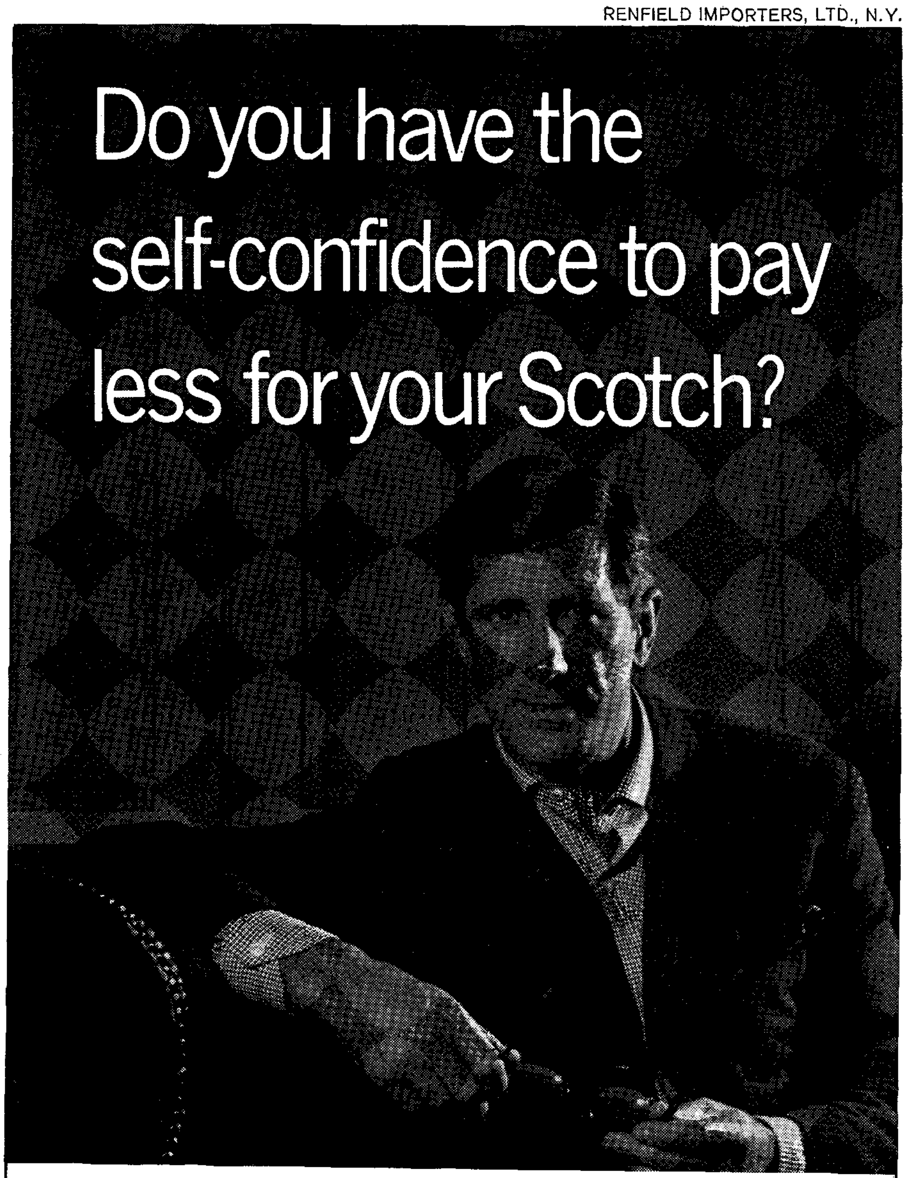

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our intake of lead is still well below that associated with lead poisoning. However, in the last few decades the levels of lead not only in our food and water but in our air have been rising so steadily that scientists are beginning to wonder if this added lead burden may be contributing to some unidentified illnesses, or even to diseases we know about already. Some experts believe that the whole toxicology of lead needs reëvaluation. Almost all gasolines are now leaded, and the lead is emitted from car exhausts in very fine particles, which the gasoline and lead companies would very much like to have us believe are harmless. Who knows? Nobody.

Air pollution has been a matter of official concern to the federal government only since 1955, when Congress gave the United States Public Health Service a small appropriation for systematic research on the subject. In the years immediately after that, most of the research was done under contract in non-government laboratories, although work that had been started in what was formerly called the Sanitary Engineering Center, in Cincinnati, was continued. One of the more important experiments was conducted in California by Dr. Leslie Chambers, who installed a colony of mice right next to a Los Angeles freeway and concluded that lung cells destroyed by the prevalent smog could be regenerated by younger mice but not by older ones. In 1960, the Public Health Service created a Division of Air Pollution to supervise its medical and engineering programs. In 1967, the Division was reorganized and named the National Center for Air Pollution Control, with headquarters in Washington and laboratories in Cincinnati; Durham, North Carolina; and Ypsilanti, Michigan.

In Cincinnati, two six-cylinder automobile engines have been set up to run so that they simulate the average pattern of everyday driving, and pipes collect the exhaust gas, some of which is inhaled directly by experimental animals and some of which is piped into two huge steel boxes, each more than six hundred cubic feet in volume. Here, the gas is irradiated with light to produce the sort of photochemical smog that was once believed to be distinctive to Los Angeles but is now seen increasingly in other traffic-clogged cities. A whiff of this synthetic smog from a briefly opened valve has the sickening smell of the exhaust fumes from an old bus. One of the scientists conducting experiments with this synthetic smog is

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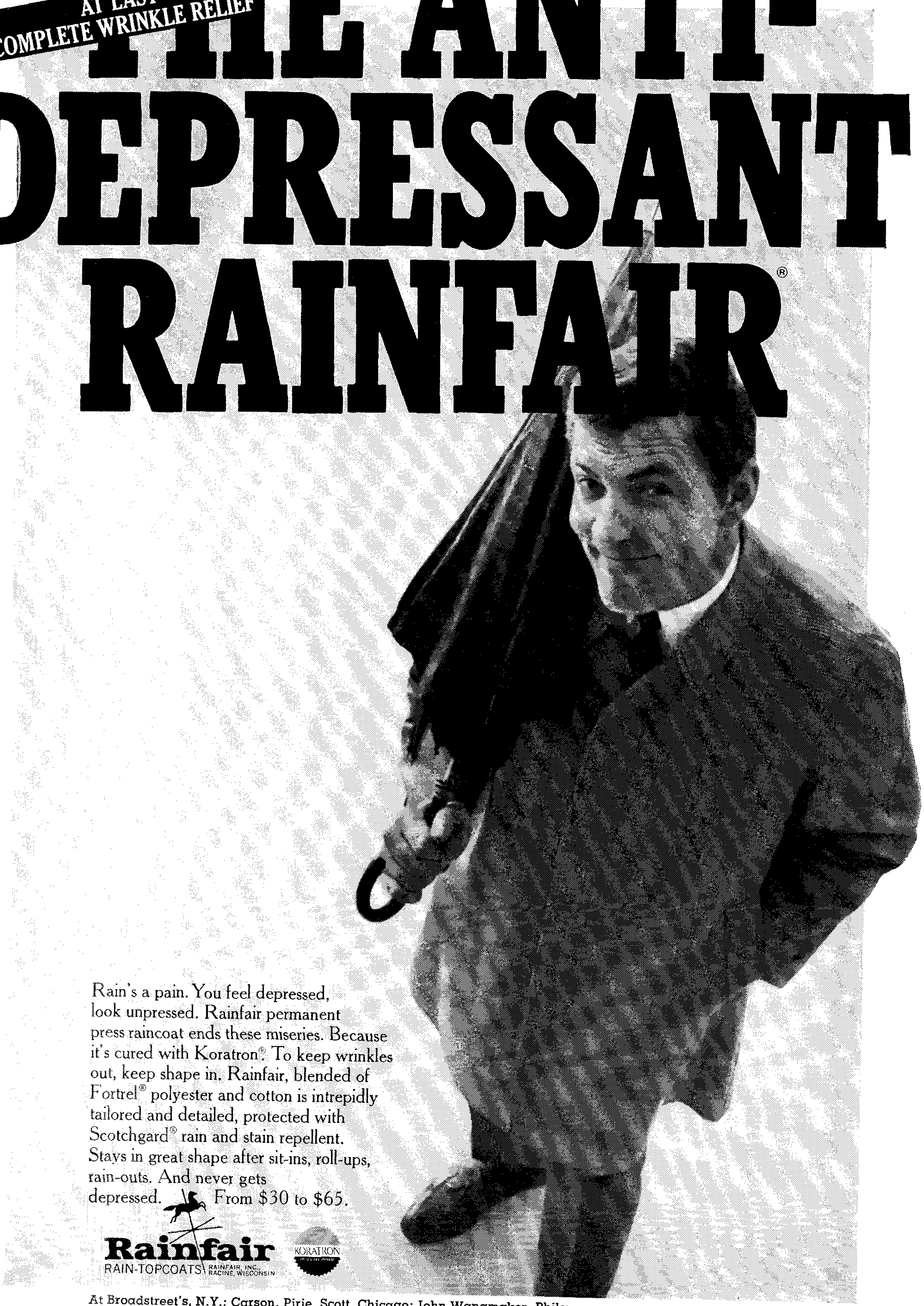

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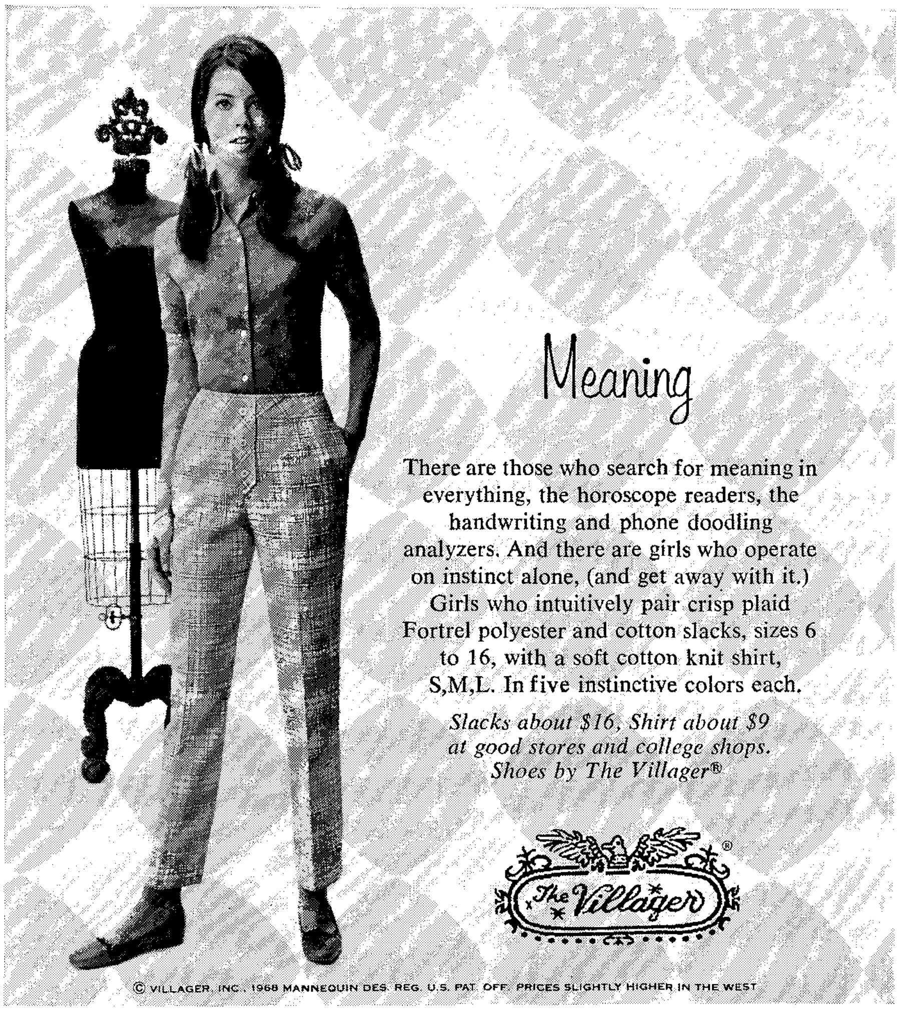

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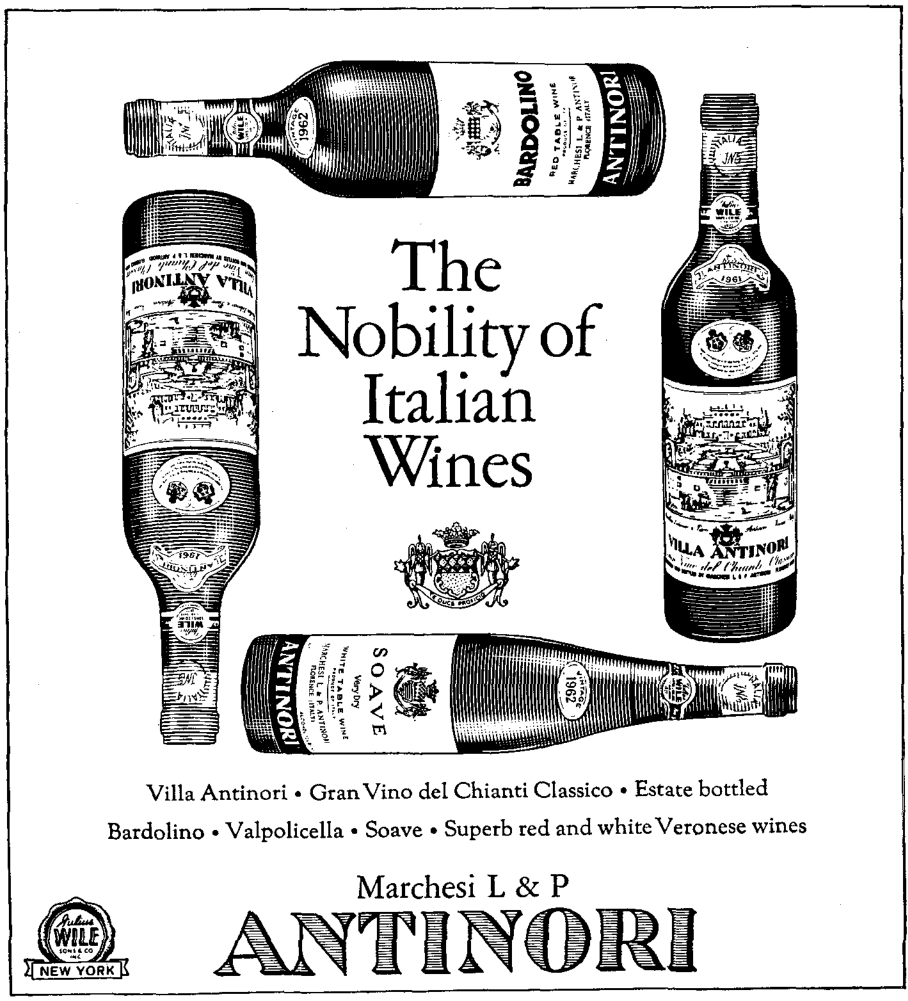

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a veterinarian, Dr. David Coffin, who is chief of the Experimental Pathology Unit at the Cincinnati laboratory, and whose special interest is the interaction of air pollutants and infectious bacteria. Dr. Coffin has observed that animals that have been exposed to various pollutants are more susceptible to bacteria than animals that have breathed normal air. When, for example, mice have been exposed first to ozone—a common pollutant from auto exhausts that is toxic to human beings—and then to streptococcus-pneumonia organisms, they have been more likely to develop pneumonia. Dr. Coffin has also learned from postmortems that animals exposed to bacteria but not to polluted air had no streptococci left in their lungs about six hours after exposure, whereas animals exposed to the combination of smog and bacteria eliminated the bacteria so slowly that the streptococci had a chance to grow and infect the lungs.

In another section of the Cincinnati laboratory, a biochemist named Dr. F. G. Hueter has since 1962 been exposing rodents to raw tail-pipe exhaust diluted with clean air in various proportions and to different concentrations of photochemical smog. Dr. Hueter has observed that guinea pigs that inhale smog are more susceptible to pulmonary infections and pneumonia, and that mice breathing photochemical smog exhibit signs of chronic disease (reflected in an elevated white-blood-cell count) after eighteen months of exposure in the latter third of their life-span. A group of mice exposed to irradiated exhaust during their fertile period had lower fertility rates—fewer females had litters, those that did had them less frequently—and the rate of survival of baby mice between the first and the tenth days was markedly reduced. Rats exposed either to raw exhaust or to smog developed abnormal, non-functioning lung tissue, which was not present in control animals living in clean air. Finally, mice exposed to either raw exhaust or irradiated air were less active for a period of time but then adapted themselves to the mixture and resumed their normal behavior. The mice exposed to the raw exhaust made the adaptation in twelve days, but it took the mice who inhaled irradiated air twenty-four days to readjust themselves. In a new series of experiments, Dr. Hueter is going to study the effects on monkeys of inhaled lead from gasoline additives, and of systematic exposure to tail-pipe exhausts (irradiated and non-irradiated), to atmospheres containing sulphur dioxide and sulphuric-acid mist like those produced by

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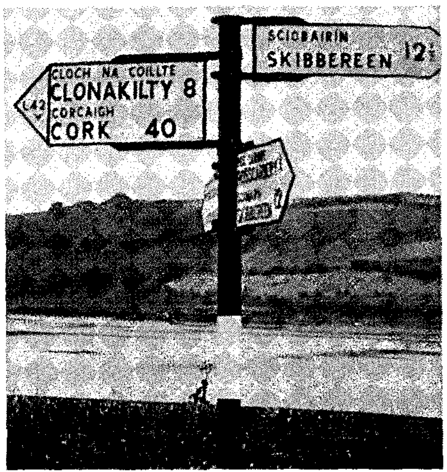
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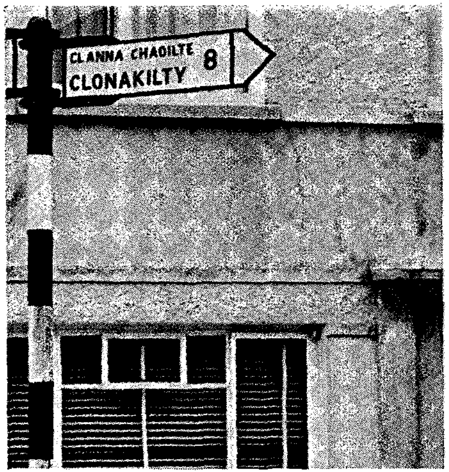
CLANNA CHAOILTE 8
CLONAKILTY

At Shannon, where Ireland and Europe begin, George and I tucked ourselves into the waiting rented car ($25 a week October to March, mileage included) and headed south over smooth roads. We breathed in a distinctively Irish phenomenon. Fresh air. Next morning, we toured the Gap of Dunloe via jaunting car, pony trap and boat. Now we know why Irish poet, Thomas Moore, called Killarney "Heaven's Reflex".

We waited serenely while the Irish traffic (some absent-minded cows) plodded across the road on our way to Skibbereen, which means "Little Boat Harbor" in Gaelic. At Bantry Bay, we had a meal of fresh salmon netted under the window of our hotel.

Only in Ireland, where the past rubs its Irish-tilted nose with the present, can you stumble on an illustration for a book of fairy tales called Clonakilty. A town of doll-sized streets, shops with hand-painted signs and bigger-than-life Irish people who invite you to tea. Ask directions, and they'll tell you, "Go up the road a mile and a bit, turn left at the water pump next to the rose bed."

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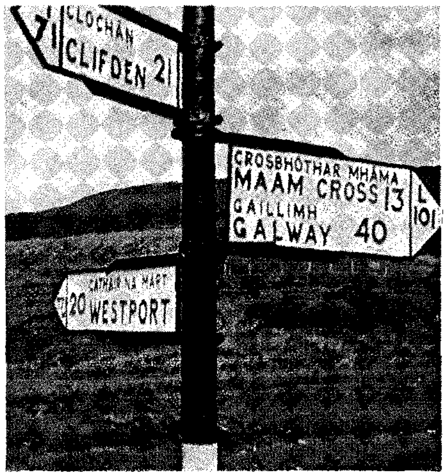
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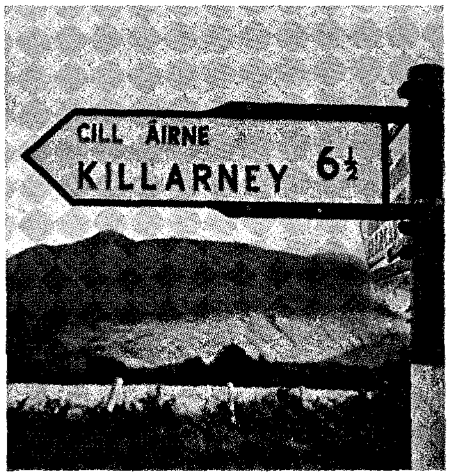
CILL AIRNE
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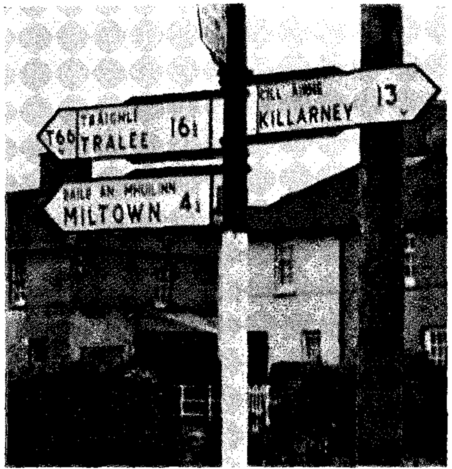
In Cork City, home of the Film, or as the Irish say, Fillum Festival, we spent the night in a guest house that really treats you like a guest. (No sleeping pills in Ireland. That's an order.) We paid our respects to the Blarney Stone although we didn't need to kiss it to make us more eloquent on the subject of Ireland. At Kinsale, we dined at The Man Friday (dinner deluxe, $2.40). In a Guinness-bred euphoria, we floated past the 16th century almshouses and saw ladies wrapped in the black, hooded Kinsale Cloak.

Since our American dollars are 15% richer in Ireland, we could certainly afford to live in Kilkea Castle, Ireland's newest, ancient castle-resort. With moat, turrets and the prettiest ghost we never did see (got her on fillum, though). In Dublin, cheered at the Abbey Theatre. Cheered even louder at the Long Hall, O'Donoghue's, The Brazen Head ...enough of this pub-crawling. Had our blast of the Opera Festival at Wexford, squeezed in a visit to nearby Kennedy Homestead. Dinner in Kilkenny town, at Kyteler's Inn. Loaded up on silver candles, candlesticks, color-crazed towels at the Kilkenny Design Center, near Kilkenny Castle.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We listened to the wild Irish-Gothic tales of Galway's Spanish past, played golf at fashionable Salthill. In the mountains of Connemara, where the marble is green, and Gaelic the official language, we watched pretty girls knit love stories into the patterns of fisherman's sweaters. Mine (pullover) $18. His (cardigan) $20. Slept in Ashford Castle.

Our farewell banquet (we had a ball) in a 15th century castle near Shannon Airport. Although Waterford glass, tweeds and linens are great buys everywhere in Ireland, we couldn't resist some last-minute, duty-free shopping. Chivas Regal, $3.50. French perfume at less-than-Paris prices, Scotch cashmere, German cameras, Swiss watches. We saved more than we spent. Although we regretted not buying that Connemara pony for the kids for $300. (We'll buy one next year.) Next year, we'll take the kids.

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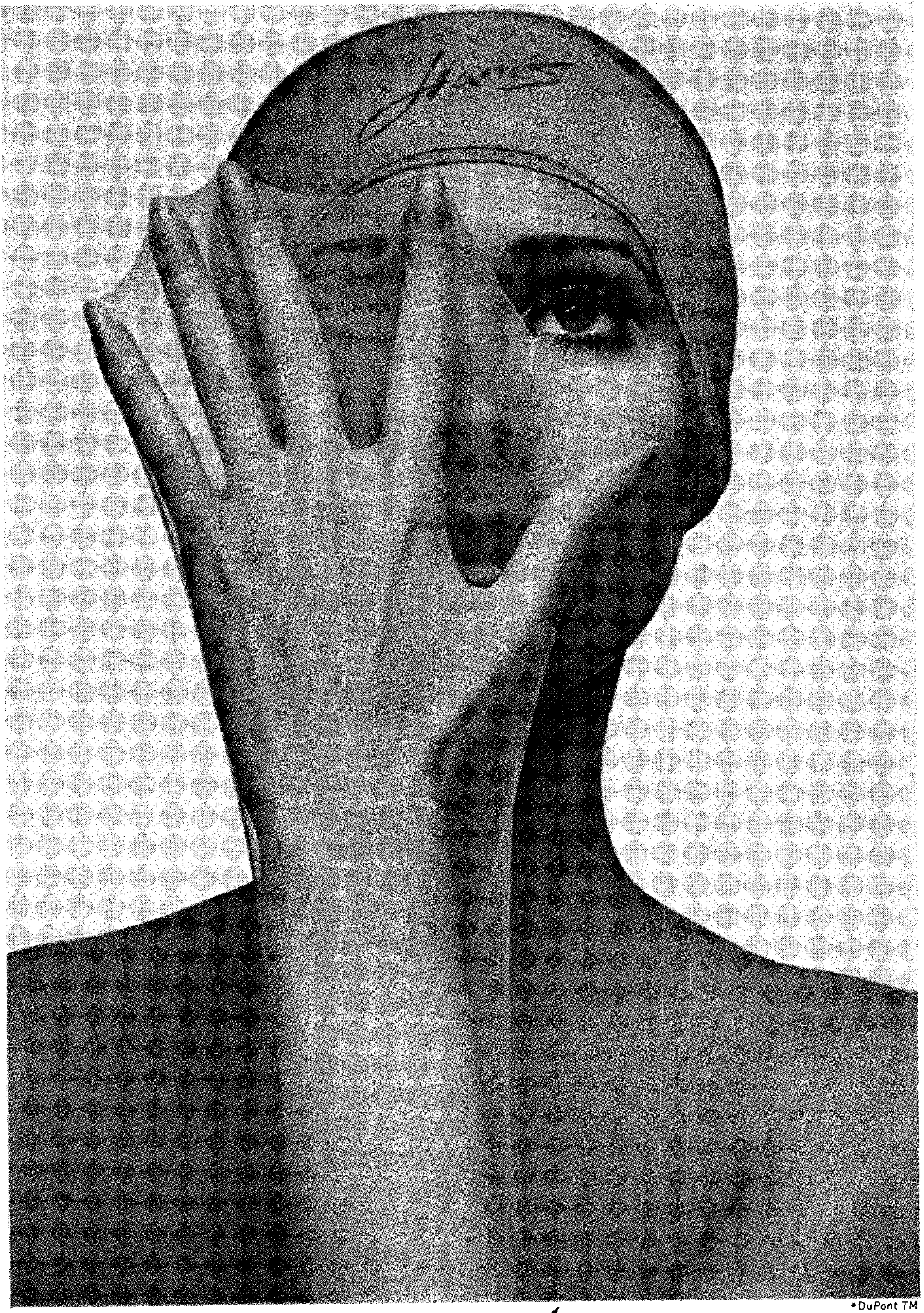

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heating and power plants, and to mixtures of nitrogen compounds. The laboratory is also studying the effects on eighty-six beagles of low levels of the sort of pollution that is regularly found in the average city air.

The trio of ailments in which general air pollution is believed to play at least an aggravating role—bronchitis, emphysema, and lung cancer—do not promise such obvious clues as, for instance, the Reading beryllіosis cases. Nobody is sure at the moment quite how to evaluate the fact that nitrogen dioxide, which, like sulphur dioxide, is always present in our urban atmosphere and at low levels does not, as far as is known, affect human beings, has produced emphysema-like enlargements of the air sacs in the lungs of rats that have inhaled it at low levels over a fairly long period in a California laboratory. High concentrations of nitrogen dioxide to which human beings have been exposed accidentally—for example, in fires involving X-ray film—have caused pneumonia and death. Both cigarette smoke and automobile exhaust contain several hundred parts of nitrogen dioxide per million—concentrations that would be fatal in a continuous exposure. Nitrogen oxides are among the principal compounds earmarked for further research, particularly because they are employed in many new chemical processes and in secret gasoline additives of unknown toxicity.

DOGS, rats, mice, guinea pigs, donkeys, men, women, and children—a whole world breathing, and nobody knows exactly what we are breathing or exactly how it affects us. Dr. Robert Horton, an epidemiologist who was formerly a professor at the University of Michigan and now presides, from a desk in Cincinnati, over the government's Health Effects Research Program, spent several hours discussing the progress of air-pollution research with a caller not long ago, and then, in a matter-of-fact voice, said, "The British reduced cholera and typhoid in the nineteenth century before they knew bacteria existed, and we may have to regulate our air supply before we have complete knowledge about air pollution. The methods we have for detecting excess deaths are so crude that there has to be a pretty big excess for us to realize that it's there at all. What we *do* know is that people get killed by air pollution, and I don't see any excuse for there being enough air pollution to kill people. Do you?"

—EDITH IGLAUER

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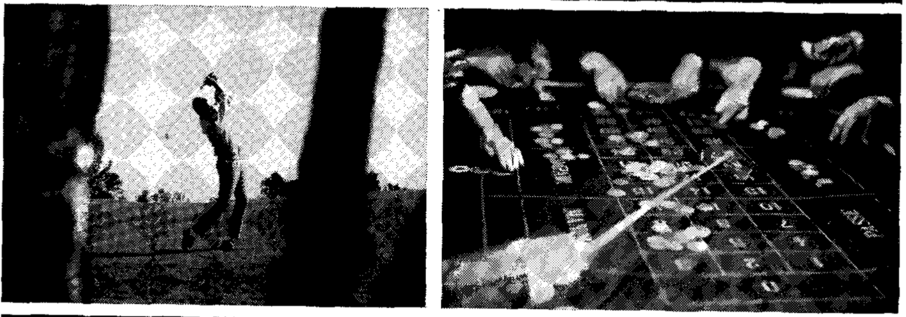

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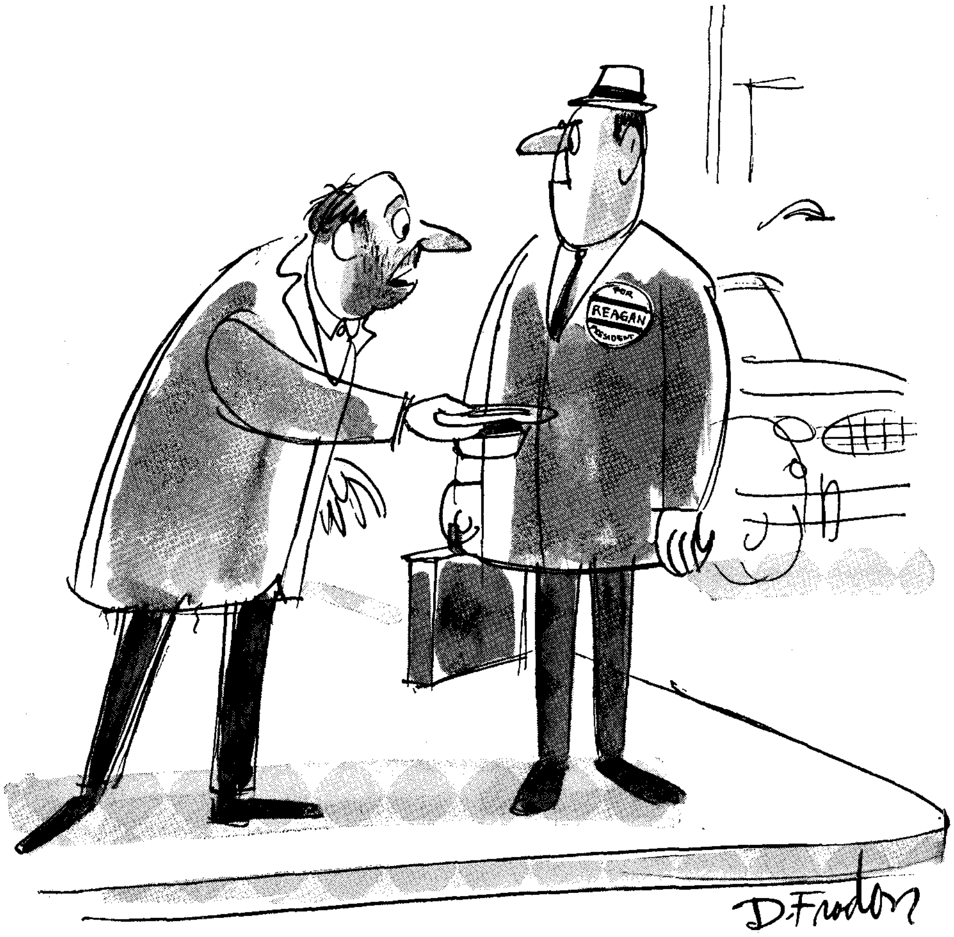
THE THEATRE

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

BACK in 1936, there began to appear in this magazine a series of pieces about a Jewish immigrant named Hyman Kaplan and his mortal struggle with the English tongue. Mr. Kaplan, who always signed his name in several colors, with a neatly drawn asterisk between each letter, attended a night school on the lower East Side whose purpose was to prepare foreign adults to become American citizens—to be, as we used to say in those days (in a word that has the uneasy ring of having been borrowed straight from animal husbandry), "naturalized." H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n was the invention of a young writer named Leo C. Rosten, lightly disguised behind the pseudonym of Leonard Q. Ross. The pieces of which Mr. Kaplan was the truculent hero consisted largely of skirmishes between him and his long-suffering teacher, Mr. Parkhill, with occasional forays in the direction of his rivals in class, Mrs. Moskowitz, Rose Mitnick, and the rest. Looking back on the thirties, I marvel at how readily we used to laugh. It appears that the vulgar accents of almost any minority group were enough to send us into stitches. We delighted in the cretinous Negro stammerings of Stepin Fetchit ("Ah-waw! Ah-waw!") and the inadvertent punnings of the mock-Italian Chico Marx ("Viaduct" coming out "Vy a duck?"), and when Mr. Kaplan addressed his teacher as "Mr. Pockheel," or asked "Vat's de minnink fromm" one commonplace idiom or another, we roared aloud. Ufcawss.

But in 1968? For Mr. Kaplan has been brought back to life as the hero of a new musical at the Alvin, entitled "The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n," and the pleasure to be taken in his resurrection depends on whether you find Jewish humor on this level funny. For myself, I find it boring to the point of suffocation. The author of the book of the musical, Benjamin Bernard Zavin, has pushed Mr. Kaplan back in time to 1919, in order to provide a plot involving the notorious Palmer raids and Mr. Kaplan's possible deportation as a suspected anarchist, but the plot is piffle and it is the word-crunching classroom Kaplan who dominates the proceedings. He is played by Tom Bosley, who is a charming performer, and as the evening continues he wisely falls back upon being more and more himself and less and less Kaplan. The rest of the large company are coarsely sketched stereotypes, including even a couple of Irishmen with grotesque brogues (no doubt demonstrating by their presence in the melting pot that all min are brithers). Barbara Minkus is modestly appealing as Rose Mitnick, and Hal Linden, as her self-adoring prospective husband, turns a small role into a big one. In an honorable if misguided attempt to portray the time and place with accuracy, the costumes, by Winn Morton, and the sets, by William and Jean Eckart, are unrelentingly ugly. Ugliness is, indeed, the chiefly sought-for and all too easily attained quality of this peculiar work; there is a scene in Mr. Kaplan's bedroom in which everyone and everything that the eye encounters revolts it. The undistinguished songs are by Paul Nassau and Oscar Brand, and the musical numbers—one of them a splendidly zestful dance on Ellis Island—have been staged by Jaime Rogers. George Abbott directed the production; it is his one-hundred-and-tenth Broadway show, and he has certainly learned to make do. It is not really a manifestation of the comic spirit for fat Mrs. Moskowitz to squirm about on an inadequate school bench and cry "Oi!," but Mr. Abbott unflinchingly pretends it is.



"Oh! I beg your pardon!"

THE celebrated Viennese repertory company known as the Burgtheater has just completed its first American visit. In a period of three weeks at the City Center, it exhibited the breadth of its skills by putting on four very different shows—Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardi," Bahr's "Das Konzert," Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Nestroy's "Einen Jux Will Er Sich Machen." For people who, like me, have no more German than what they have been able to pick up at the movies (*"Jawohl, mein General," "Achtung!"*), the management provided, for a fee, a nasty-looking little radio receiver with an earphone attachment,

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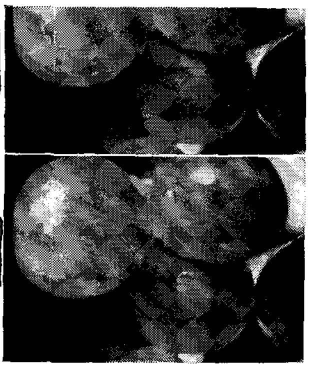

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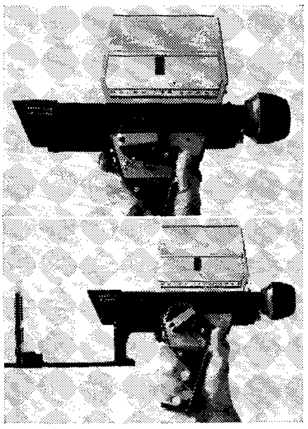

which enabled one to hear a more or less simultaneous, more or less colloquial translation into English of the language being uttered onstage; oddly enough, this translation was always spoken—and ill spoken—by girls, without regard to the sex of the characters involved. On the recommendation of some Viennese friends of mine, who had a shrewd notion of just how much squeaky English I was likely to accept from a cold plastic button in my ear, I chose to attend the Nestroy farce, a free translation of whose cumbersome title might be "Having a Fling," or, better still, "On the Town."

Nestroy's work, which the program described as "a folk play with music," is well over a hundred and twenty years old, and Viennese audiences presumably enjoy it more because it has long since become a pious tradition with them to enjoy it than because there is, by this time, much in it to provoke a spontaneous response. (The evening I was there, the predominantly German-speaking audience laughed loudest at a couple of scatological sight gags of immemorial familiarity; surely at Lascaux, as the rains fell and the stinking mastodons lumbered about outside the cave mouth, the wiseacres of the tribe laughed themselves sick over just such gags.) The play is full of jolly horseplay, with doors slamming and garden walls scaled and identities assumed and discarded, and the members of the cast threw themselves into their roles with exemplary gusto. Josef Meinrad was superb as the adventure-seeking young hero. I also admired Fred Liewehr as a stuffy merchant, Adrienne Gessner as his spinster sister-in-law, and Hugo Gottschlich as a disreputable doorman. Axel von Ambesser was the director of the play, and Lois Egg designed its numerous sets, which were marvels of cozy solidity. If I should ever visit Vienna, I would like to set up housekeeping in them and *mach* a little *Jux* of my own.

—BRENDAN GILL

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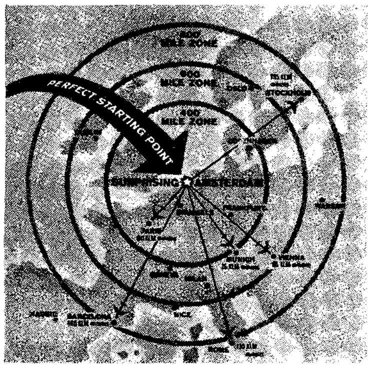
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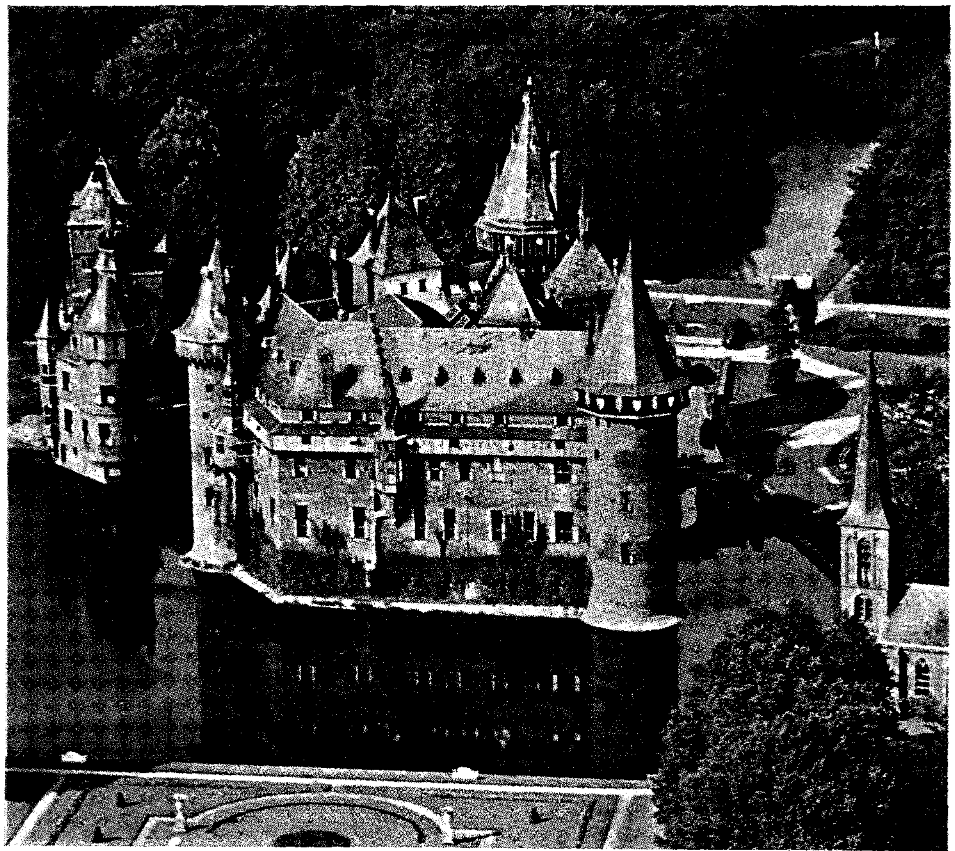

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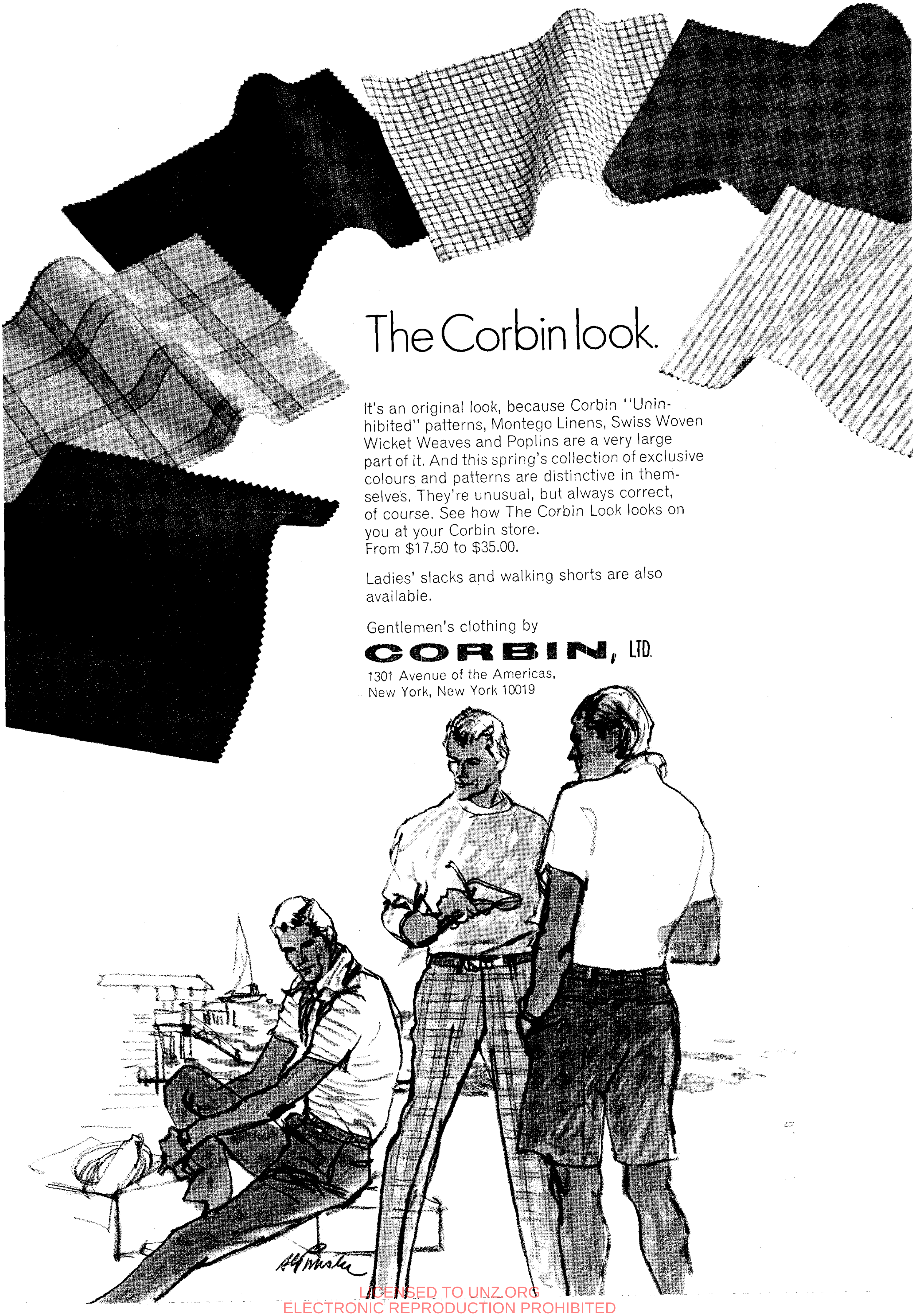

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 3

ON the eight-o'clock Monday-evening state-television news roundup, President Johnson's own Southwestern voice and accent and words were used to announce his decision to retire, having been taken from his speech as he had spoken it over the air in Washington the night before: "I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party," plus a few more of those surprising final phrases about "the awesome duties of this office." This was apparently the first time that any foreign chief of state or other eminent personage was ever permitted more than a few opening words in his own language on the French TV news, where even the Pope, after some Italian syllables, has always been drowned out by a French translation. So that Mr. Johnson's important statements should not be lost to listeners who did not understand English, a translation of his words was printed across the bottom of the screen while he was speaking. The double news of his decision not to run again and of a curtailment of the bombing of North Vietnam left the French *abasourdi*, or stunned, with satisfaction and suspicion, mixed. "Doubt springs to everyone's mind," the upper-class *Figaro* commented candidly. "Is it all a tremendous trick on the part of this wily Texan? Is he not seeming to efface himself the better to disarm his rivals and prepare the conditions for a kind of plebiscite in his own favor at the Democratic Convention in August? Should we credit Mr. Johnson with such Machiavellianism? It is difficult not to suspect that he must have thought of it. That is no reason, however, to accuse him of a sly maneuver. He is frankly playing poker, having from the start accepted all the risks. He has bet on peace. He is playing his hand like a great player, having taken such obvious care to prepare every detail in order to win that it is difficult to accuse him now of having loaded the dice." As you can see, the Wild West film vocabulary dominated *Figaro's* editorial style. Aside from that, what *Figaro* wrote was still unusual and scandalous treatment of the United States President, such as this breakfast newspaper had never been guilty of while he was earnestly pursuing the Vietnam war, of which the French press and the French population have, on the whole, profoundly disapproved. He is still a chief of state, even if he is one whose possible presence in power for the next four years was as unpopular a prospect for most of the French as it was for millions of Americans. Yet in the two or three days since he announced before the whole world and his countrymen voters the facts of his conversion to his new, peaceful, private aims he has been more insulted journalistically here than ever he was while respectfully regarded as an unreconstructed villain.

On the other hand, the Gaullist afternoon paper *Paris-Presse-l'Intransigeant* showed a certain temperate sympathy for the President's predicaments and courage. At least, it said, "All America and the world were astounded by the Sunday radio announcements. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Johnson is a specialist in the *coup de théâtre*, but no one expected the magnitude of this one, which has shaken the American nation. Many Americans believe in his sincerity. For many others, however, what he has 'pulled off' is a very slick performance. In some cases, the first reaction of the American man on the street has been to say, 'Johnson has sacrificed himself for the good of his country.' This phrase must be like balm on the heart of this politician who has so often been accused of being a master at maneuvering in the great style of the Radical Socialists." This is, and was meant to be, a damning compliment, because the Radical Socialists were the bourgeois political party that dominated the Third Republic from its founding, in 1871, until the nineteen-thirties, when the party was finally brought so low by its financial scandals and horse tradings that it sank from sight during the war and never was revived. Today, any reference to the old Radical Socialists is made only as a classic reproach.

The Communist reaction to Mr. Johnson's announcement, as summed up in the Party paper *L'Humanité*, was brief and blunt: "A MANEUVER."

As might have been expected, the most brilliant, most carefully measured, yet most stimulating report on Mr. Johnson's announcements—and, indeed, on Mr. Johnson himself—was found in *Le Monde*. Its careful wisdom and caution made a memorable front page out of the critical material contributed by its Washington correspondent, Alain Clément. He began by

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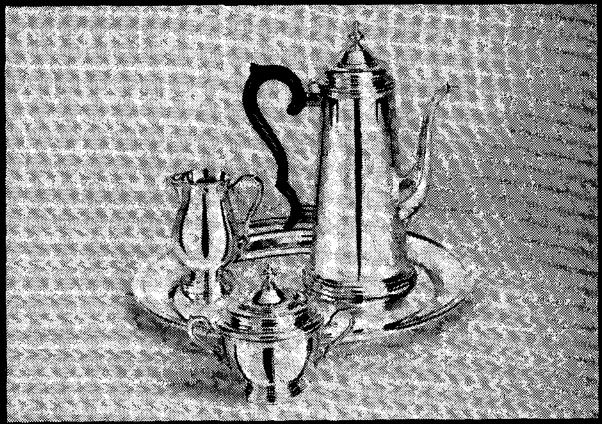

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stating, "Since the beginning of the year, the United States has been barely governed. Today, it no longer has a chief. The virtual abdication of Mr. Johnson, which cannot take effect before the elections of November, is an event that had been rumored among a few rare prophets but that plunged the ordinary electorate into complete astonishment. What could have struck this man, who for thirty-seven years had encrusted himself into the American political system, had manifested all the signs of tireless ambition, and had dreamed only of passing into posterity between Lincoln and Roosevelt, that he suddenly lost hold of everything, swallowed the bitter pill of renunciation, and, in the end—it is the truth—committed hara-kiri? Was it a final upward leap 'to finish in beauty,' as the poet said? Was it the Texas politician's offering up the gift of his private dreams to the good cause—that of universal peace and national reconciliation? Or was it his emergence onto a false path, seeking to arouse the pity of his countrymen by a noble gesture that mixed sincerity with melodrama—the ultimate maneuver to check the free fall of his own popularity and make himself the candidate by tears against opponents who are neither saints nor giants? History will tell whether the President was equal to the height of his responsibilities. It is clear that he never took them lightly. Yet, observing him carefully on the television screen, one was plagued by a feeling of malaise."

THE sense of being upset by a break in routine was prefaced for Americans here by the gold rush, which shook the reputation of the dollar. France's Gold Exchange operates in a small basement room in the Paris Bourse, completed in 1825, which looks like an imitation Greek temple, with a peristyle of thirty-foot Corinthian columns—a noble architecture of fraud, constructed on the former site of an old Catholic convent for poor girls. On Friday last, the day the Stockholm ten-power monetary conference opened, a small, quiet-voiced group of gold buyers and sellers was doing business at only three dollars and fifty-nine cents an ounce above the thirty-five-dollar-an-ounce level that Roosevelt had set in 1934—a languid financial scene compared to the pandemonium daily exploding there until a fortnight ago, when the Queen of England, in the middle of the night, graciously closed the London gold market to oblige President Johnson's appeal for a sus-

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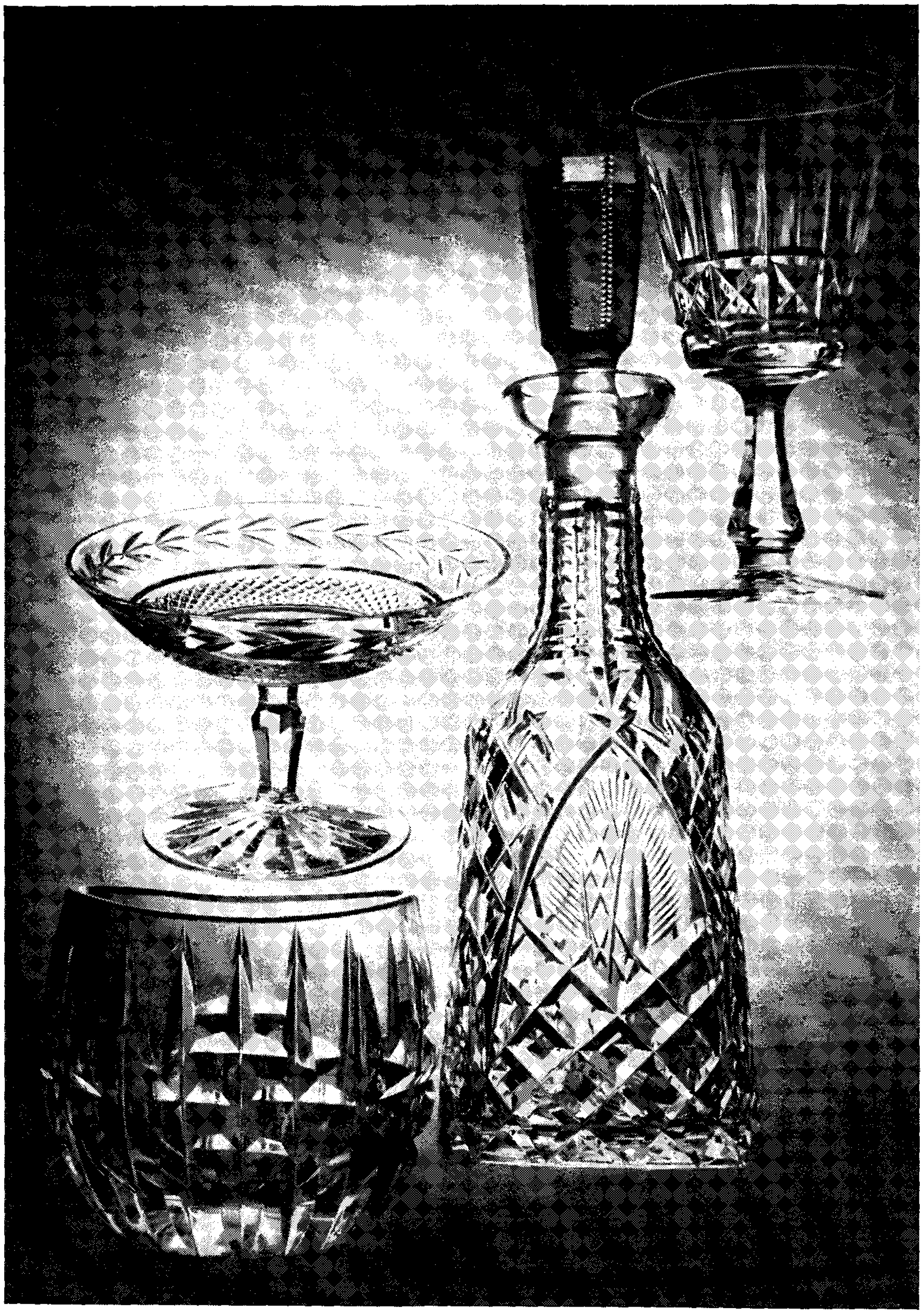

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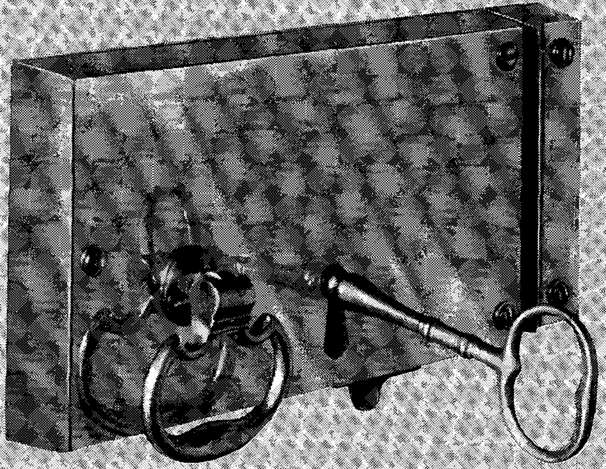

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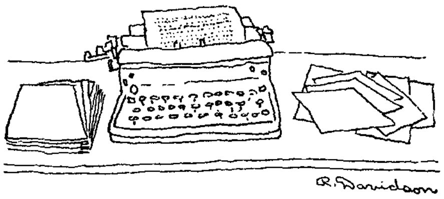
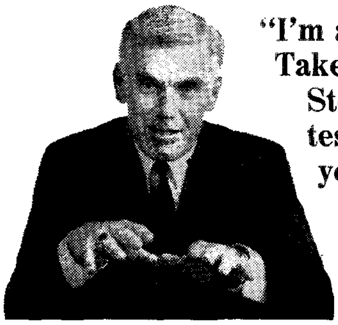
pension in trading. In that violent initial gold rush, and for some days after, even the staircase leading down to the Gold Room had been so clogged with shouting speculators that the least muscular among them actually risked being crushed into silence. This March gold rush was nothing like the gold rush in November, when the British pound was devaluated. That one seemed merely greedy, to the point of cannibalism—a kind of profiteering hunger in which speculators tried to gobble as much as they could hold and afford. This one was utterly different, was psychological, was political, was more humanly frantic, like people in a mob trying to buy the last ticket to safety before another seismic temblor shakes them and brings down the roof of their world—alarmed people in a panic, buying gold as a form of security or, possibly, of salvation, or so they thought. Foreign exchanges in Europe loyally followed Queen Elizabeth's example and closed, too, except in Brussels and Paris. Michel Debré, de Gaulle's Minister of Finance, had only the following succinct statement to hand to the French press and give to the worried Western world: "The banks, the stock exchanges, and the Gold Exchange of Paris will function today in their habitual conditions." As a result, that day the price of gold in the Gold Room soared like a glittering French Fourteenth of July skyrocket to seventy dollars an ounce. No one had ever heard of such a dangerous price in modern times.

What has given this spring gold rush its hallucinatory quality is the impressive impact it has had on the imagination of very ordinary Parisians, precious few of whom have ever laid eyes on a gold ingot, or even recognized a gold Napoleon seen by chance in a numismatist's shopwindow. But the dramatic excitement in the newspapers' daily reports of the gold fever was like that of a daily serial thriller, with the unfluctuating strong position of the French franc feeding Parisians' pride, and the downgrading of the dollar and President Johnson's position satisfying their acute disapproval of the Vietnam war and of him who was waging it. Furthermore, a sentiment for gold money still flows in



How do you measure up against experienced investors?



"I'm a stockbroker. Take this New York Stock Exchange test and compare your answers with mine."

QUIZ A. In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but *not* in the order given below. How do *you* think they were ranked? Good when the cost of living rises; long-term gain; quick profit; dividends.

1.________________________

2.________________________

3.________________________

4.________________________

ANSWER. People who owned common stock cited the reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

Among non-shareowners, the order was reversed with "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen that over the years, the value of many stocks and many dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

QUIZ B. In order to invest, you should have a steady annual income of at least:

☐ $10,000 ☐ $20,000
☐ $30,000 ☐ none of these

ANSWER. The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is influenced by your standard of living, provision for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stock have incomes of less than $10,000.

QUIZ C. The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the stocks of any American corporation.

True ☐ False ☐

ANSWER. False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

Ask a registered representative to explain the advantages of listed stocks, and then decide whether they fit into your picture.

Take this Quickie Quiz

QUIZ D. Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

1. high-grade bonds ☐ long-term growth
2. listed common stocks ☐ fixed dividends
3. preferred stocks ☐ relative safety

ANSWER. High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

QUIZ E. The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;
☐ they are full-time brokers;
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience.

ANSWER. All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.

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the French people's consciousness, deposited there by the royal French history they learned as schoolchildren and by the gold that runs through French fiction, like Balzac's, figuring in a girl's marriage *dot* or in a young man's inheritance from his grandparents. Thus, many Parisians have been sympathetic to President de Gaulle's pro-gold financial views, such as his recent statement to his Conseil des Ministres: "The dollar and sterling crises demonstrate that the present system based on their privilege as reserve currencies is not only inequitable but, from now on, inapplicable. A monetary system based on gold, which alone has an unchangeable character, should be established." Then he added, "It goes without saying that a real and complete settlement of the American balance-of-payments deficit is highly desirable"—to put it mildly. The long-drawn-out Washington delay in alleviating this deficit was first complained of publicly by France last autumn, and is now openly cited here and in the meticulous London banking world as having been the most influential factor in bringing about the present money crisis—the dollar apparently being as almighty in its international influence as many Americans were always bragging it was. On the other hand, the Aladdin-like fortune in gold drawn by de Gaulle from Fort Knox in legitimate, and unavoidable, exchange for his plethora of dollars, which had flowed to France in her recent very prosperous years, is not considered here to be responsible in any way for the monetary crisis, or even for the weakening of the dollar, though it is frankly pointed out, with a certain civilized satisfaction, that so far the dollar has, in truth, been the big loser in reputation. It seems to be only in the calculations of certain former American tourists—so far this year almost totally absent—that de Gaulle's draining of our gold from Fort Knox is what has actually helped to downgrade the dollar.

According to one French financial expert, writing in a highly responsible publication, France now holds the world's biggest accumulation of gold, most of which used to be ours. France's present official gold reserves add up to more than five billion dollars' worth, as against the United States' ten and a half billion, but an even larger fortune is in private hands, gathered in by the hoarding traditional among the rich in France; since 1934, of course, nobody in America, rich or poor, has been allowed to possess gold at all. This little mountain of gold will enable France to play her cards very close to her chest in the coming arguments over what monetary reforms are going to take place so that other gold crises do not form to frighten our civilizations. France, furthermore, will be backed by both Russia and South Africa, as gold producers, since they, like France, want to see the price of gold made much higher. In the last analysis, the world's coming monetary battle will be fought between the adherents of the two prevailing antagonistic theories about what to do with gold. There are the pro-Americans, or Atlantists, who want to pry the dollar loose from gold and attach the value of all currencies to the dollar, a move that even to many Americans looks risky, though in actual fact this has been, in major part, the general practice over the immediate past. Then, there are the pro-French, gold-cult group, who proclaim their fidelity to the gold standard as immemorial, classic financial orthodoxy, and above all because gold as a single standard shows up the position of the dollar and its decline at least in majesty.

—Genêt

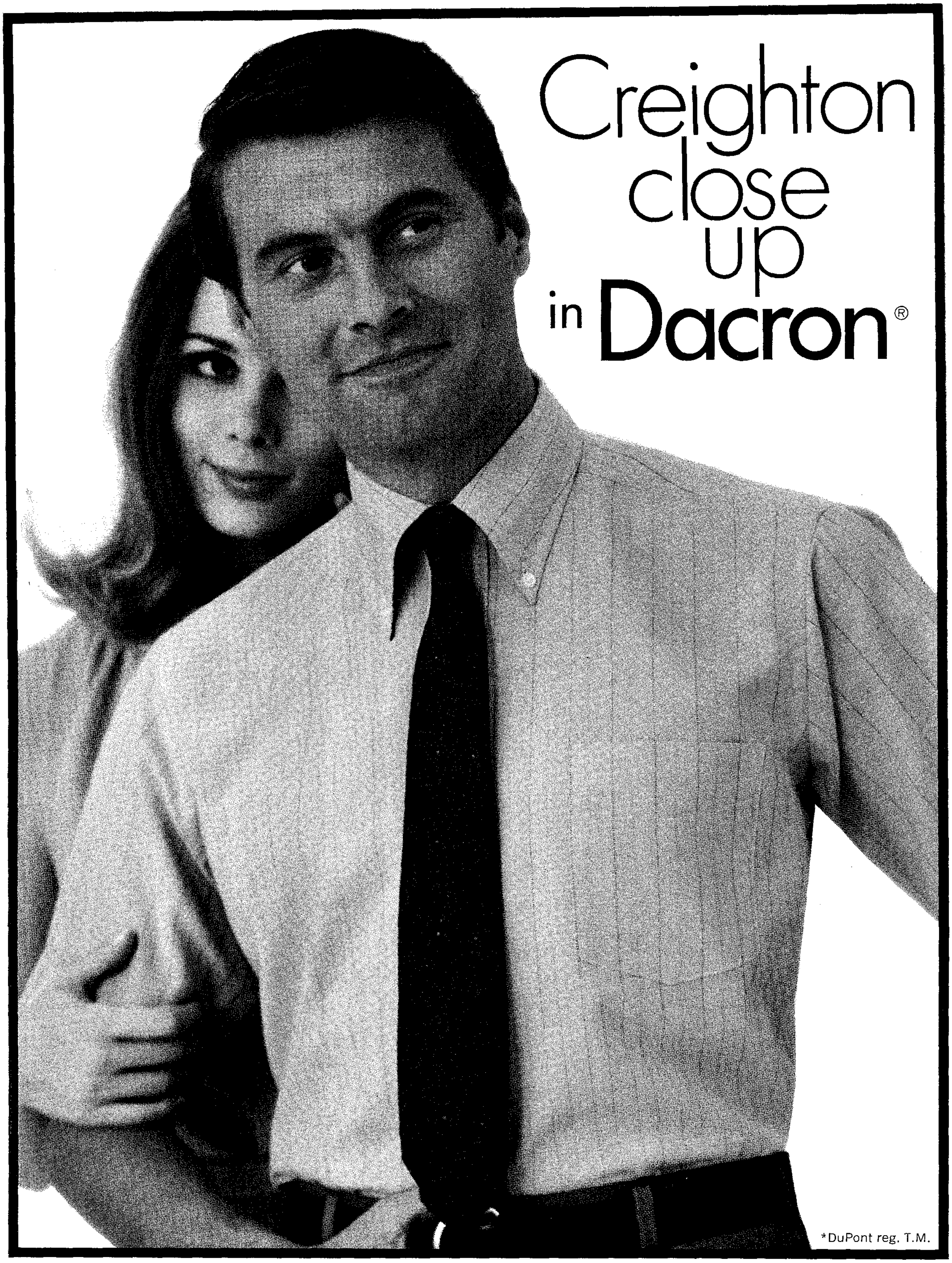
• •

ON THE ROOF

The trouble with me is that whether I get love or not
I suffer from it. My heart always seems to be prowling
a mile ahead of me, and, by the time I get there to surround it,
it's chewing fences in the next county, clawing
the bank-vault wall down or smashing in the window
I'd just started etching my name on with my diamond.

And that's how come I end up on the roof. Because even if I talk
into my fist everyone still hears my voice like the ocean
in theirs, and so they solace me and I have to keep
breaking toes with my gun-boots and coming up here
to live—by myself, like an aerial, with a hand on the ledge,
one eye glued to the tin door and one to the skylight.

—C. K. Williams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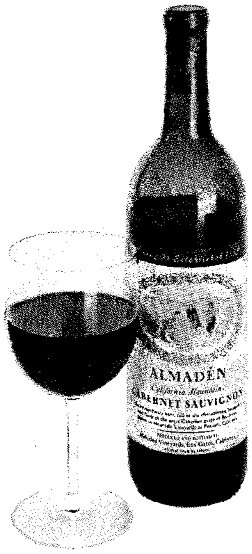

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THE SPORTING SCENE

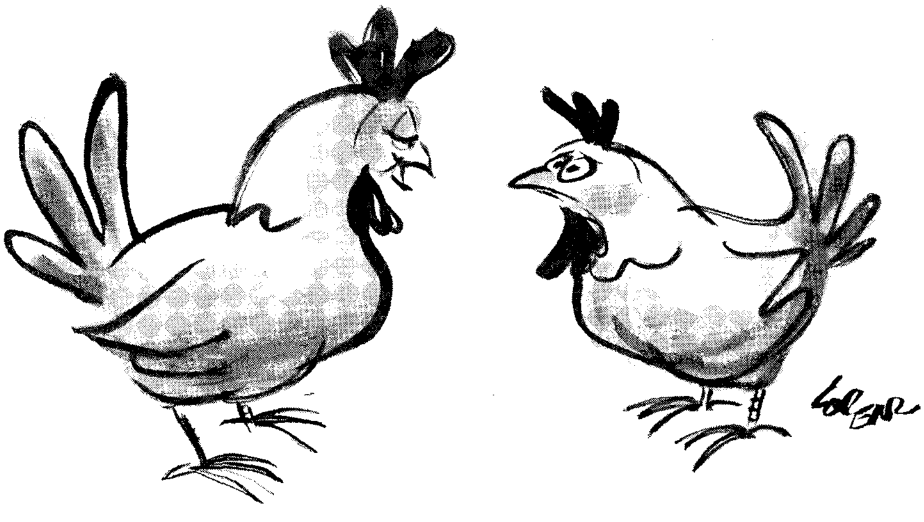
THE SHORT SEASON

BASEBALL has begun. East and west, this is the week of the unfurled bunting, the flexed mayoral or gubernatorial wing, the restored hope, the repainted seat, the April fly ball falling untouched on resodded turf, the windblown shout, and the distant row of pitchers and catchers huddling deeper into their windbreakers as the early-spring sunlight deserts the bullpen. Now everything counts; from now until October, every pitch and every swing will be recorded. In another month, some order will begin to emerge from the standings. Infields will have hardened, some arms and expectations will have gone bad, and enormous crowds will pour out for the first weekend doubleheaders. The long season will engage us once again. Before this happens, however, there may still be time to set down some notes about the other, shorter baseball season that is just past—the time of spring training. I know, of course, that spring ball games in Florida and Arizona are meant to be forgotten. March standings and averages are written in the sand; winning is incidental. Many ballplayers hate spring training—rookies because of the anxieties of trying to win a job, the regulars because of the immense labor and boredom of physical conditioning, the fear of injury, and the threat, heavier each year, of losing a starting position. Only the fan—and perhaps only the big-city fan, at that—is free to savor the special taste of this time and place. After a recent week in Florida, spent mostly in the company of the White Sox and Red Sox, I came home with the curious feeling that I had been retrained, too—that the short season had renewed my fondness for small ball parks and small crowds and the country quiet of afternoons given over without regret to the sunshine game.

Spring baseball is all surmise. This year, of course, the pleasures of comparison and speculation were sharpened by the memory of last summer's extraordinary baseball events, which concluded with the closest pennant race in history—a four-way struggle won by the Red Sox on the last afternoon of the season—and a brilliant World Series, won by the Cardinals in the seventh game. On my first mid-March afternoon at Payne Park, the wooden, old-timey stadium of the Chicago White Sox in Sarasota, the Red Sox were the visiting team, and the warm, windy air was instantly full of hints and auspices. Pitching for the home side was Cisco Carlos, a young right-hander who had run up a slick late-season record with the White Sox last year, when he gave up a bare five runs (and no extra-base hits) in forty-two innings, for an earned-run average of 0.86. "Cn. Crls. kp. it up?" I scribbled on the margin of my scorecard—a note suggesting that Carlos might be a formidable additional starter for the Chicago pitching staff, already the best in the league, which kept the club in contention with Boston, Minnesota, and Detroit until the last three days of the 1967 race. Carlos gave up a wrong-field triple by José Tartabull, the Boston lead-off man, who scored a moment later on an infield out—a chopper that was briskly charged and flipped by Luis Aparicio, the quick and admirable shortstop who has returned to the White Sox after a five-year absence with the Orioles. "Apar. to glue Chisox i.f.?" I wrote. Next up was Carl Yastrzemski, the Boston demigod who won the American League titles for batting, home runs, and runs batted in last year. He was welcomed by awed applause from the Sarasota old folks, and a full shift by the Chicago infield. He grounded out to Aparicio, who was playing a good ten feet on the first-base side of second. "Yaz rbbd.," I noted. "Tgh. yr. ahead." Tony Conigliaro then lined out quickly, offering no immediate evidence about the results of the terrible injury he suffered last August, when he was struck in the face by a pitch and was finished for the season. "Tony C. gnshy?" I asked myself. "Wt. & see."

The Boston battery in the bottom half was Dick Ellsworth, a competent but unstartling left-hander picked up from the National League last winter and now counted on to bolster the thin Red Sox pitching ("Ex-Phil Elsie no Lonbrg"), and Elston Howard, who will be the top Boston catcher this summer, at the age of thirty-nine (*"Eheu fug!"*). The game moved on. The White Sox tied it in the third, on two singles and an error, and an inning later Tommy Davis pulled a low, two-base screamer just inside the bag at third, apparently fossilizing Joe Foy, the young Boston third baseman. Davis, a lifetime .300 hitter who twice won the National League batting title, came over to the White Sox from the Mets in a major trade last winter ("Mets ckoo!"), and Foy, who swings a strong bat, was being offered another crack at the position he lost last year because of weak fielding ("Foy nonch. glove—Bost. 3b still up air?").

My list of scribbled guesses lengthened excruciatingly, and I was glad to abandon it in the middle innings, when most of the starters gave way to rookies and other figures of lesser omen. The game fell apart in the sixth, when a Chicago pitcher named Fred Klages could not find the plate, and six runs scored. The day's final entertainment was a legal discussion between a subsequent Chicago pitcher, Bob Shaw, and the home-plate umpire, Bill Kunkel, centering on this year's new spitball rule—a landmark ruling, already twice modified—which is apparently destined to become as controversial as *Escobedo*. Its central provision prohibits the pitcher on the mound from placing his bare



"I'm not quite sure of the pecking order around here yet, but unless I'm greatly mistaken you're next."

hand anywhere near his mouth, even to cover a giggle. Shaw, a thirty-four-year-old veteran of six major-league clubs, is known to be a student of pitches and pitchers' rights. He was making a hard, outside fight for a place on the White Sox staff and one more year in the majors; his name did not appear on the back of his uniform shirt, or even in the program. Now, working against Elston Howard with men on base, he heaved a sigh, passed his gloved hand briefly across his sweaty brow, and leaned in to get his sign. As he went into his motion, Umpire Kunkel sprang out from behind the catcher, uttering shocked noises, and pointed first at heaven and then at the pitcher. "What, *me*?" cried Shaw. "What'd I do?" Kunkel, in a piece of vivid mime that would have done credit to Marcel Marceau, imitated a veteran right-hander spitting on his left wrist while apparently wiping his brow, and then craftily transferring the hideous moisture to his right fingertips. Out on the mound, Shaw threw his arms apart, displaying innocence, disgust, and dry paws. These two turns received loud, predictably mixed notices from the Chicago and Boston dugouts. In time, baseball resumed ("Spit horrid wd"), and Shaw got out the side. Boston won, 7–1.

THE following evening, at the Yankees' bijou ball park in Fort Lauderdale, the only vestige of drama came an hour before the game with the White Sox, when a storm blew in from the east just as night was falling. A watery wash of indigo clouds hung lower and lower over the field during batting practice, deepening the greens of the box-seat railings, the infield grass, and the tall hedges in center field, and for a time the field, a box of light in the surrounding darkness, resembled an aquarium full of small, oddly darting gray and white fish. The game, played in a chilly, moaning wind and occasional showers, was curious, for the two teams had evidently agreed to switch their traditional styles of baseball—the Yankees bunting, sacrificing, and stealing bases, and Chicago bashing the ball. Neither appeared comfortable in its new role. In the bottom of the first, the Yankees craftily combined a bunt, a perfect hit-and-run single, a stolen base, a wild pitch, another single, and a walk to produce one run, while the Sox, after eight innings, had rapped out eleven hits good for a total of one run. The baseball was unedifying. In the fourth inning, for instance, Tom Tresh

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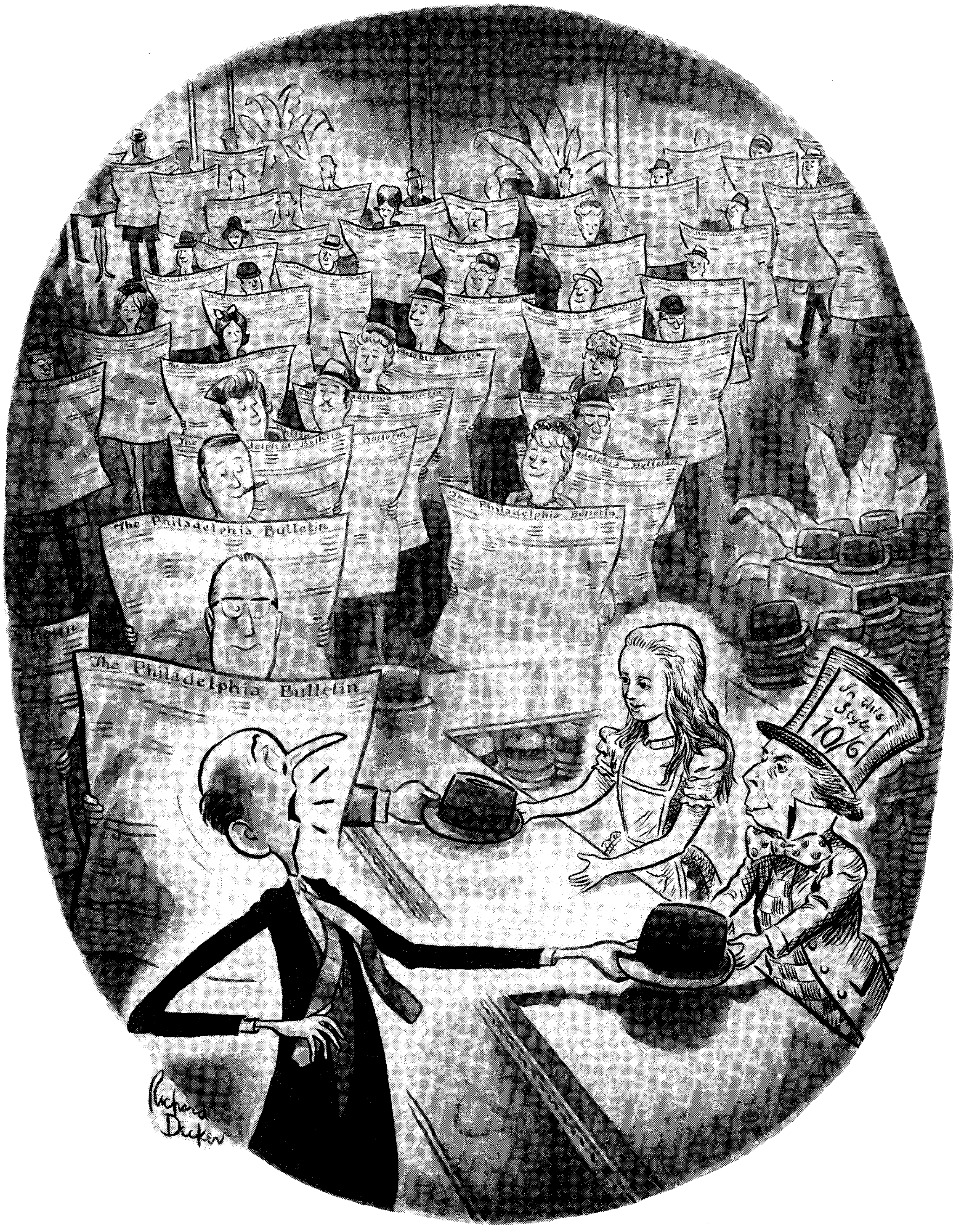
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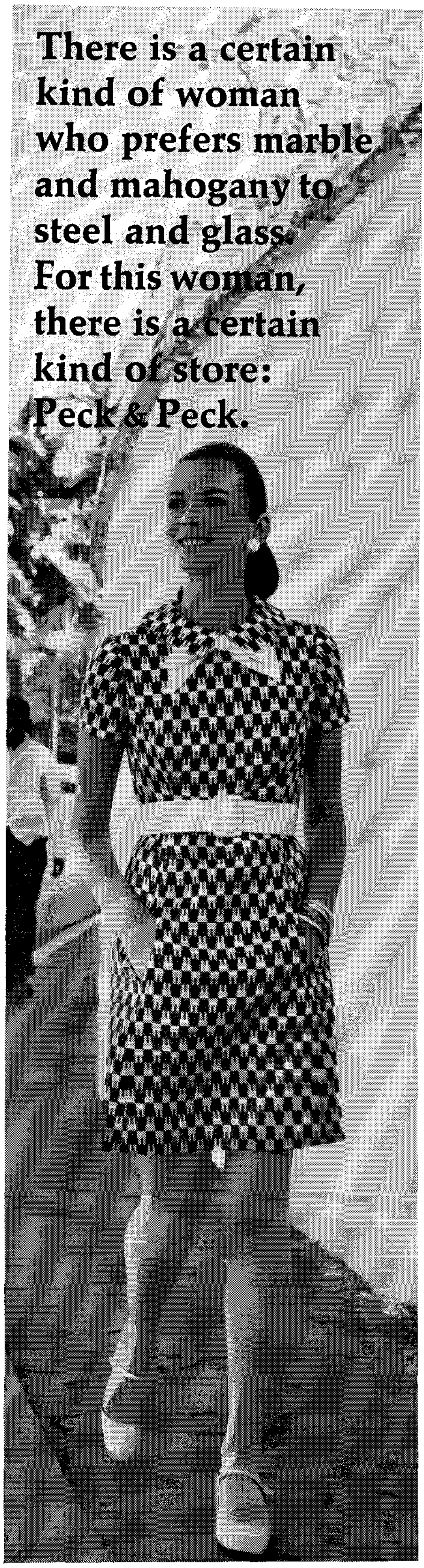
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played Pete Ward's fly to left into a double, and Ward scored when four Yankees gathered under Tim Cullen's fly and watched it fall to earth; in the Yankee half, Horace Clarke singled, stole his third base of the night, and came around when a rookie Chicago infielder named Reichenbach dropped a double-play ball at second and then threw the ball over the catcher's head. There were eight errors in all, and the night of windy foolishness concluded, in almost total privacy, with the Yankees on top, 4–2.

Back at Sarasota the next day, the White Sox managed some less fidgety fielding and beat the Tigers, 3–1. Among the spectators was a pathetic little band of Detroit sportswriters, utterly orphaned by the five-month-old newspaper strike in their home town. The only consolation for their plight that I could think of was that it might spare them the embarrassment of once again having to predict a pennant for the Tigers, a team endowed with muscular batters, fine pitchers, and habitual late-summer neurasthenia. On this warm, glazy Saturday, Al Kaline, Willie Horton, Jim Northrup, Norm Cash, and the other visiting long-ball hitters could do nothing much against Tommy John and Joel Horlen, who are both celebrated Chicago starters, and the game ticked slowly along in a deepening afternoon silence. I began studying the Payne Park crowd, which must be the oldest sporting audience in the world, and I wondered sleepily whether a demographer could discover why the capital of Gerontia seemed to have slid south in recent years from St. Petersburg to Sarasota. (One holder of a season ticket in Payne Park had informed me that he would request a seat away from the aisle next spring; too many tottery elders had been falling on him on their way out in the late innings.) Perhaps it was the winter presence of the Sox, themselves the oldest team in baseball, that had brought on this senectuous stampede.

As if to confirm this theory, there was a stirring and some thin cries in the stands as the oldest Chisock of them all—the oldest active player in the majors, in fact—approached the mound and prepared to demonstrate his celebrated parlor trick. It was Hoyt Wilhelm, of course, who is, at forty-four, the best knuckle-ball pitcher in baseball. Last year, he won eight games and lost three for the White Sox in relief, and his earned-run average of 1.31 was his lowest in sixteen years in the majors. After forty-two more mound appearances—perhaps some day late this summer—he will break Cy Young's all-time record of pitching in nine hundred and six big-league games. Here, in the top of the ninth, he cocked his head to one side to pick up his sign (a quirk caused by his poor vision), stretched languidly, and threw his knuckle ball past the hitter. There was no surprise in it, and very little speed. The ball sailed up, made a sudden small swerve, like a moth in a hallway, and flumped feebly into the catcher's glove, as the fans cried "Ah-*hah!*" in unison. Wilhelm does not have to think too hard about his work, since he has no more idea than the batter which way the spinless ball will jump, and he delivers the pitch with approximately the same effort as a man tossing a pair of socks into a laundry hamper. He set down the Tigers on a handful of pitches—three weak infield taps and a scratchy single—and sent the old folks home happy.

MORNINGS are the best time at a winter ball park. After calisthenics, the players scatter—pickups and pepper, outfield wind-sprints, batting for the scrubeenies, infield practice for the regulars. The batting-practice pitcher throws and, with the same motion, drops his head below the low screen just in front of him; the man in the cage swings away, the ball flies over second, and, an instant later, coaches on the first and third baselines tap grounders that cross each other on the way to opposite sides of the infield. A couple of sportswriters, wearing T-shirts, shades, and team caps, emerge from the dugout carrying cardboard containers of coffee. The smell of coffee fills the air, mixing with the smell of freshly mown grass. From right field comes a curious, repeated pattern of sounds—a pitching machine. There is a slow hum and squeak as the machine's metal arm gravely rotates, selecting a ball from the trough on its upward path; a quick, springy "Thwongg!" as the ball is released; then the crack of the bat and a whir as the ball skids along the rope netting that encloses machine and batter. Sometimes there is a muttered curse instead of the whir: pop-up.

At Payne Park one morning, Marv Grissom, the Chicago pitching coach, was working with Bob Locker, a tall, right-handed relief man. Locker was wearing an uncomfortable-looking canvas vest buttoned over his uniform shirt; the vest was loaded with bird shot, and Locker was sweating heavily,

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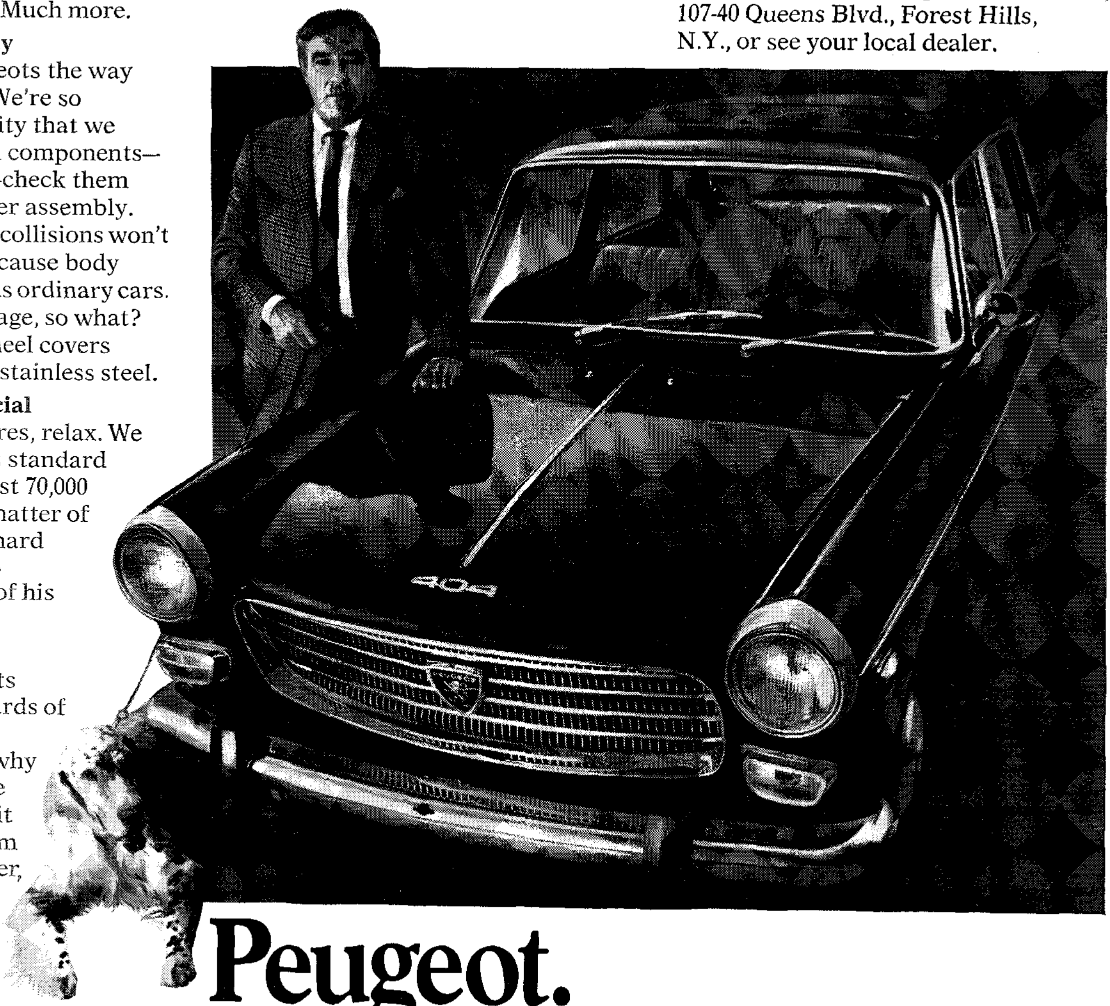

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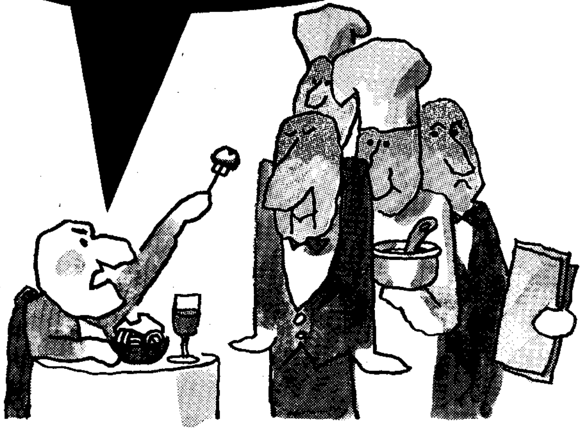

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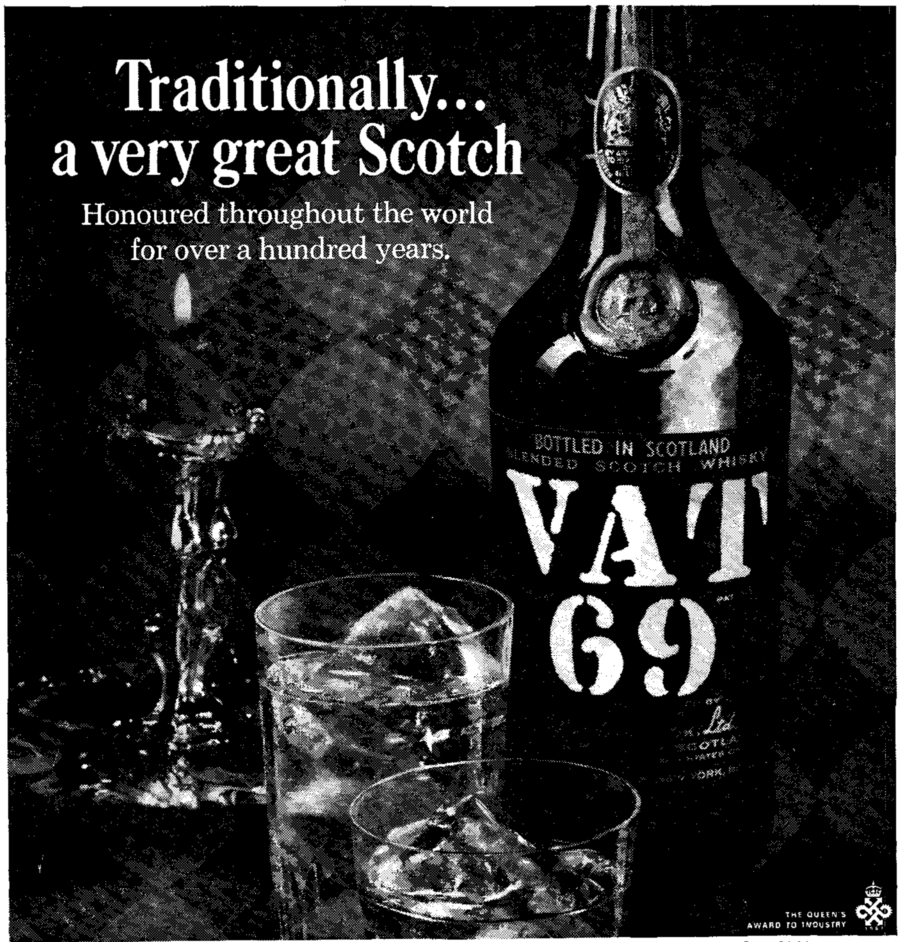

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which was the whole idea. He was throwing from a mound along the right-field line, and down at the other end a large dummy in full uniform stood stiffly up to the plate, holding a bat and batting right-handed. The dummy had a painted face and mustache, making him look like a ballplayer from the nineties. Locker threw at three-quarter speed, keeping the ball low and inside. The catcher fired the ball back to him without rising out of his squat. "Turn it more," said Grissom after a few minutes, leaning across and taking Locker's wrist in his hand. "You got to turn it over. Open these two fingers a little." He rotated Locker's hand to the left.

Locker wound and threw, and the ball came in just under the dummy's left elbow. "Hey!" the young catcher called. "This batter really hangs in there, don't he?"

Now Grissom threw the pitch, and the ball seemed to dip off to the right just as it crossed the plate. "Don't force it," Grissom said. "You got to keep that wrist loose."

Locker kept at it, the sweat running down his face under his cap. The catcher whipped the ball back to him easily and precisely, not making him work at catching the ball. "This guy digs in at the plate better than anybody I ever seen," the catcher said happily.

Grissom watched each pitch, his arms folded. "Now you're getting it," he said. "Don't hold it too tight." Locker's next pitch broke down and in, struck the dummy on the knee, and bounced in the dirt, and the catcher sprang after it quickly. "Look out, stupid," he said, and hit the dummy in the stomach with the back of his glove. Then he threw the ball back and squatted down again.

THERE was an overflow, standing-room crowd at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg for the Sunday game between the Red Sox and the Cardinals on St. Patrick's Day. I got to the park a bit late, in the bottom of the first, just in time to see Bob Gibson throw a fastball with his familiar flailing, staggering delivery and Yastrzemski slice it to left field, to score a run from third. The deep, sustained wave of noise that followed was startling and sweet; we were back in October, just where we had left off, and that unforgettable World Series had somehow been extended. Now here on the mound for Boston was José Santiago, who had started the first Series game against Gibson, and here, too, was that instant, reflexive Cardinal response—a double

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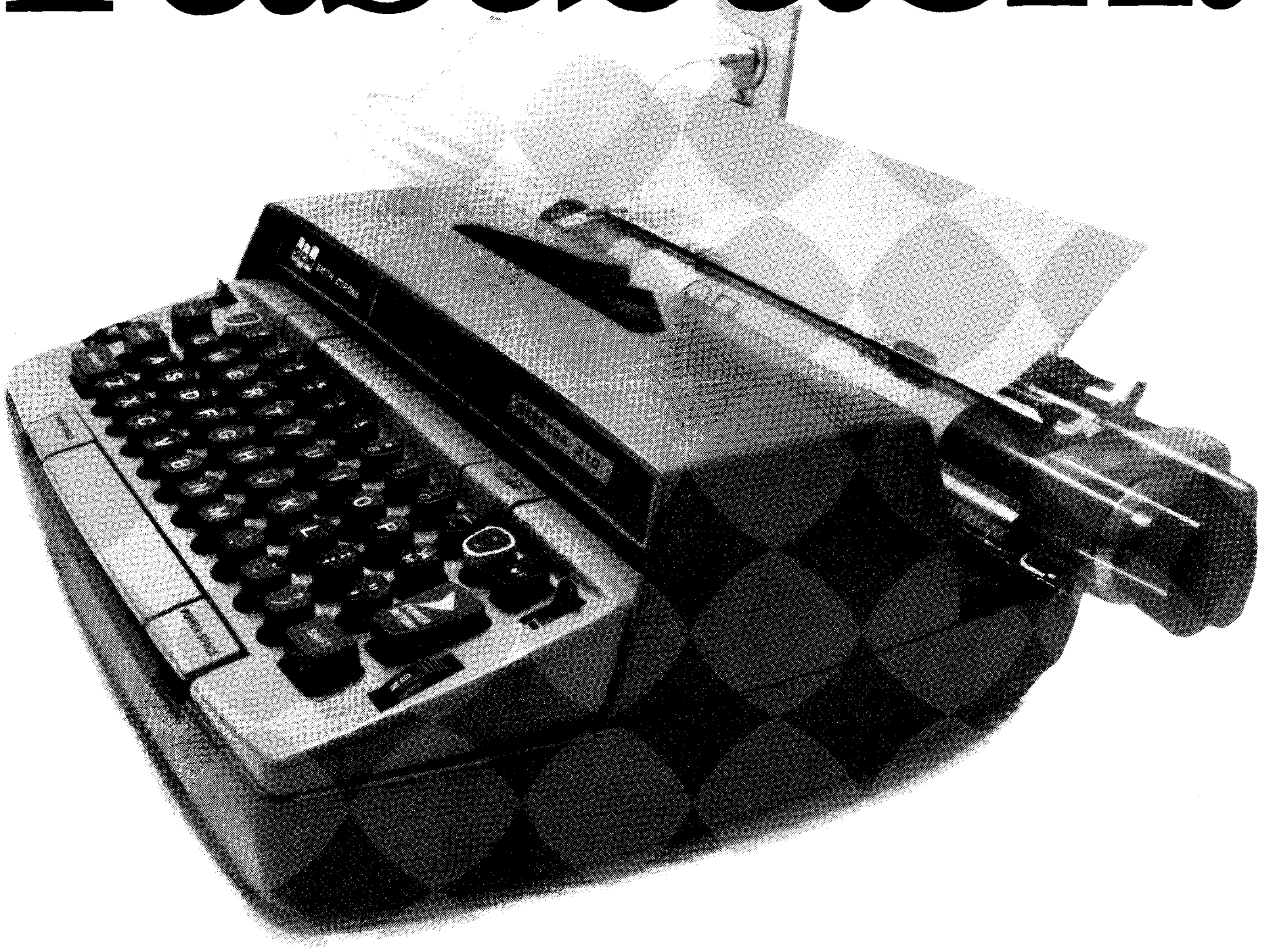
to left by Curt Flood and a single by Maris, to tie the game. There was nothing to choose between the two teams after that, and the tension and pride and almost visible mutual dislike on the field produced marvellous baseball. Santiago, displaying utter cool, pitched quickly into trouble and quickly out again. Gibson poured in his fastball, shoulder-high, defying the hitters; he struck out George Scott and Reggie Smith in succession, both swinging. In the third, Curt Flood went back to the fence and jumped high for Joe Foy's drive in front of the 398-foot sign, saving a homer. Later, Scott, the enormous Boston first baseman, went far to his right to scoop up Tim McCarver's low shot, bobbled the ball, and then threw in time to Santiago while falling away from the bag. The sport was riveting and autumnal, but between innings there were subtropical distractions. My seat in the auxiliary press box offered a vista of a considerable section of nearby Tampa Bay, all ruffled and glittery and, on this day, cluttered with a heavy traffic of power yachts, pelicans, seaplanes, Coast Guard vessels, water-skiers, and runabouts. A good distance out, the white sails of a gigantic Lightning-class regatta clustered thickly, and then, after the distant bump of the starting gun, the boats strung themselves out on their first reach like a line of drying wash. A series of racing hydroplanes appeared just inside a nearby seawall, threw themselves around a pylon in a snarl of noise and spray, and went bucking off to the west. I began to think I was watching the afternoon show at the Florida Pavilion in some World's Fair.

The best exhibit, however, was the one I had come for. In the sixth, Gibson and Santiago gave way to two other starters, Steve Carlton and Lee Stange, and the Cardinals quickly put together two singles around an error by Mike Andrews to go ahead, 2–1. Carlton, a left-hander, looked even more resolute than Gibson, throwing low and staying well ahead of the hitters, so there was no preparation for what happened in the Boston ninth, when Tony Conigliaro led off with a double to deep right center and moved along to third on Scott's even deeper fly to the same spot. Reggie Smith tripled off the center-field wall, to tie it up in a storm of screeching from transplanted New Englanders. Reggie then scored on Petrocelli's fly, sliding under McCarver's spikes as the catcher leaped for the throw, and that was enough. A line-drive double play finished the champions in their half, and the whole thing was over in an hour and fifty-five minutes. Great game.

Frank Robinson, the celebrated Baltimore outfielder, wears the highest cutouts in the American League. Ballplayers' outer stockings are cut away at heel and toe, leaving a stirrup under the arch and exposing a scallop of white understocking fore and aft. Custom-made stockings can bring the cutouts halfway up the shin and calf, giving the wearer's legs the unmistakable look of whitewall tires. Robinson's late-Gothic cutouts soar to within an inch or so of his long, skin-tight pants, and the stocking stripes have disappeared under the pant legs. Last year, league executives tried to limit the length of cutouts, but nothing came of it, of course. What does affect the fad is the opinion within the trade that .250 hitters and other non-celebrities look silly in cutouts. Robinson's cutout rival in the other league is Willie McCovey.

Watching Robinson in a game against the White Sox, I could sense that he was ready to challenge Yastrzemski this year for every one of those batting titles. Robinson missed a month of the season last year after a base-path collision but still wound up with thirty homers and an average of .311. He does not conceal his bitterness over the fact that nothing like the total celebrity that has descended on Yastrzemski came to him in 1966 after *his* triple crown, fine World Series, and Most Valuable Player award. The Yaz-Robby race would have to wait, but in the Sarasota game there was an absorbing contrast of baseball styles and instincts between Robinson and Tommy Davis. Robinson, who is a threat to break up a game each time he comes up, attempts to dominate the plate, but Davis wants only to dominate the bat. Twice already in Florida I had seen him stroke a hit-and-run ball to exactly the spot just vacated by the second baseman, and now, in the first inning against the Orioles, he singled straight up the middle on another hit-and-run. In the third inning, with Aparicio on third base after a triple, Davis swung away twice, and then, on a 1-2 count, shortened his swing almost to a half stroke and slapped an outside pitch to right for a dinky single and the run batted in. This kind of batting is sometimes underestimated, especially if the hitter plays for a team

Fastback.



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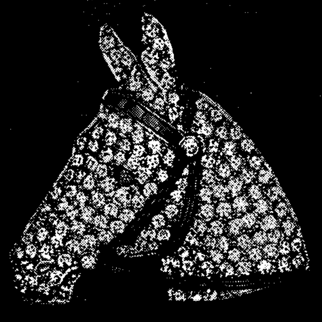
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perpetually in need of catch-up homers in the late innings, which was Davis's lot with the Mets last year. Davis is not fast or particularly aggressive in the field, and this spring he has required cortisone shots in his throwing shoulder. (His manager, Eddie Stanky, wanting that bat in his lineup, told him to *kick* the ball back to the infield if he had to.) The outcome of the White Sox' adventures this summer will depend in good part on the margin between Davis's success at the plate and his deficiencies in the field, and the other contending teams conducted probing operations this spring. In the fourth inning of the Orioles game, Robinson hit a low drive to left field, and then challenged Davis by steaming along to second, drawing only a weak and perfunctory throw. A moment later, there was another hit to left, and Robinson loped confidently around third, only to be nailed at the plate by Davis's high-backed but dead-accurate peg. Robinson got up laughing at himself and shaking his head; a message had been exchanged.

Eddie Stanky, a famously sharp-tongued and combustible manager (last summer he called Yastrzemski a "Most Valuable Player from the neck down") has promised his wife to limit himself this year to "three or four aggravations." He also told reporters in Florida that he would not attempt much lineup tinkering (in one game last September he used twelve pinch batters and base runners in one-third of an inning), but would merely play his best hitters ("my big buffaloes") every day. He has benefitted from a series of remarkable trades in the past year, which has brought him such estimable senior buffaloes as Ken Boyer, Russ Snyder, Davis, and Aparicio while keeping his pitching intact, and it may be that he will at last be able to count on winning some ball games on base hits, instead of on nerve, defense, and opponent-baiting. When I last saw the White Sox—they beat the Orioles that day—Aparicio was batting .428 for the spring, Davis was at .417, the team average stood at .302, and Manager Stanky had not yet used up one of his aggravations.

THE most significant moment of preseason athletics for the Boston Red Sox took place not in Florida but on a mountain slope at Heavenly Valley, California, late in the afternoon of last December 24th, when Jim Lonborg, taking a last run down an expert trail through heavy, crusty powder, crossed his right ski tip over his

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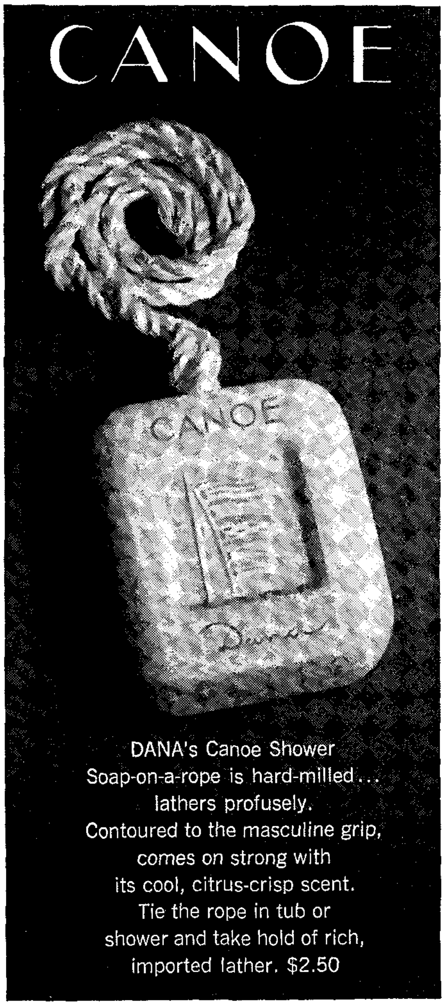

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left while making an easy right-hand turn and fell slowly forward, snapping the anterior cruciate ligament of his left knee. The Knee, subsequently operated on and now slowly on the mend, was the object of intense daily ministrations, rituals, aspersions, invocations, and solemn preachments observed and participated in by the sixty-odd reporters at the Bosox camp in Winter Haven. Lonborg won twenty-four games last year, including the famous pennant-clincher and two World Series games, but his importance to the Sox may be even greater this year; most of his fellow staff members have shown only a minimum competence this spring, sometimes absorbing terrific pastings at the hands of such lightweights as the Senators and the Astros, and Lonborg's value has seemed to rise every day, even though he has not yet thrown a pitch. When I saw him in March, he was lifting twenty-five pounds of weights strapped to a boot on his left foot, and had only slight flexibility of the leg. When he could lift forty pounds, he would be allowed to start throwing. He may be ready to pitch early in June, maybe later. Nobody knows, because baseball medicos have never had to study a skiing injury before, and ski-injury orthopedists rarely meet pitchers. The only person in Winter Haven who seemed interested in this socio-medical paradox (and the only one apparently able to look at the Knee with something less than Trappist gloom) was Lonborg himself, a young man who is intensely interested in almost everything. He is even interested in skiing again. "You can understand the thrill of baseball," he said, "but there's something *mysterious* about skiing." He told me that he could hardly wait to get back on skis, but added thoughtfully that there was an unspoken agreement between him and the Red Sox management that this moment should be postponed until after his baseball days were finished. This agreement is unspoken, I discovered, because Dick Williams, the Red Sox manager, can barely bring himself to say anything about Lonborg's injury, the effect of Lonborg's absence, the date of Lonborg's return, or the permanence of Lonborg's Killy-cure. Williams has spent his life in baseball, and the idea of a Cy Young Award winner's risking his future for the mystery and joy to be found on a ski slope is beyond his experience. The generation gap is everywhere.

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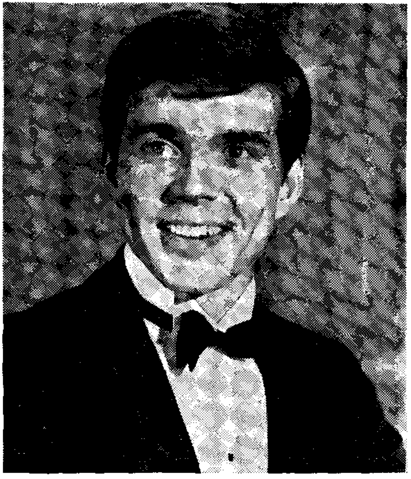
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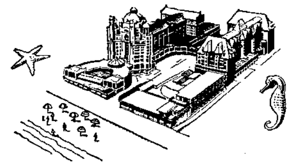

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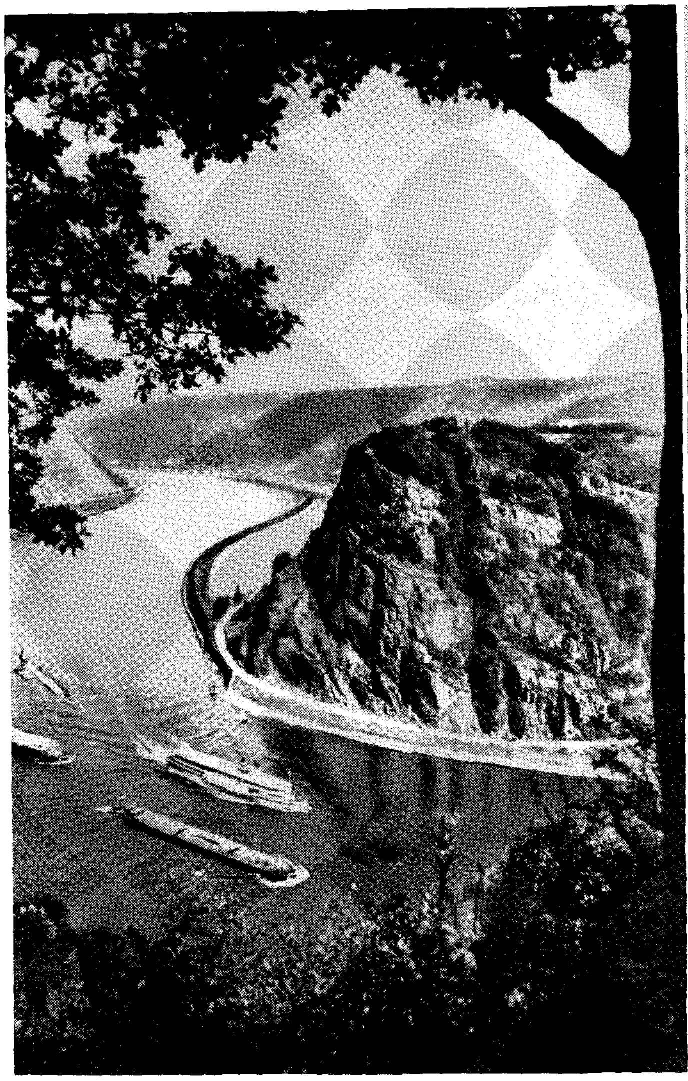

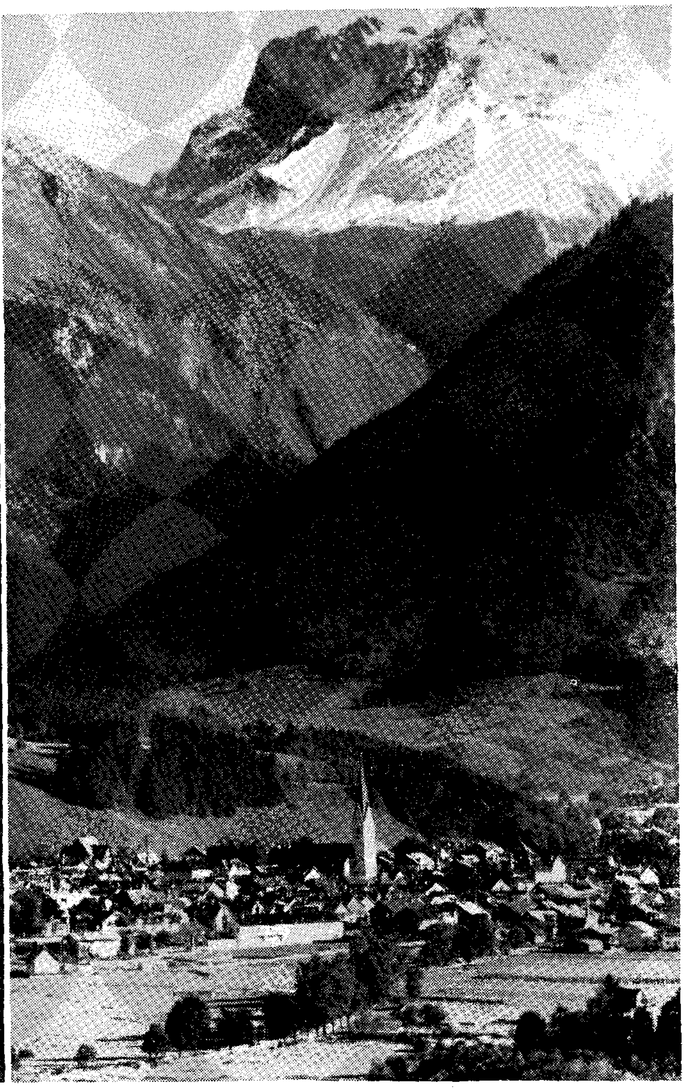

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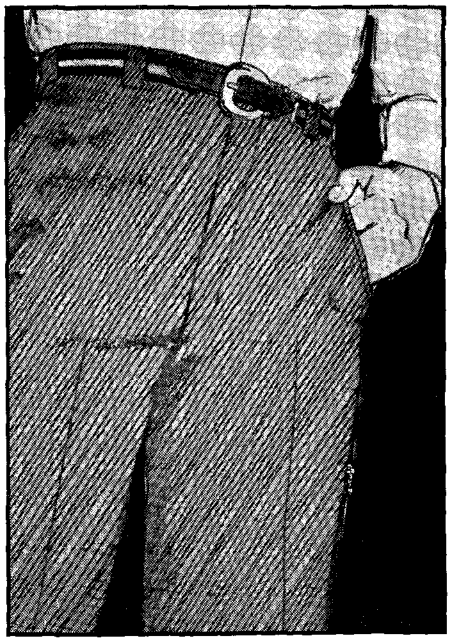

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were studied with a mixture of excessive optimism and unjustified despondency by the immense Boston press corps, which has traditionally been made uneasy by success. Soft breezes carried a festive, wedding-cake fragrance across the diamond from an orange grove beyond the outfield, and three large cardboard golden crowns, suspended by wires and marked "BA .326," "HR 44," and "RBI 121," swayed in the bright air above the boxes behind home. Yastrzemski, the inspiration for this impermanent trophy, seemed unconcerned by the almost visible rays of speculation that fell on him wherever he went in the field. Mostly, he was glad that the winter of his celebrity was over. He had been to too many banquets and benefits, once making seventeen appearances in the span of two days, and he told me that he now felt grateful when strangers in a restaurant waited until he had finished eating before coming up to introduce themselves. In Florida, he took long extra turns in the batting cage, sometimes staying for another hour of batting after playing a full game. He was admittedly tired, and he was having trouble with his timing. He knew, of course, that every pitcher in the league would have special plans for him this summer, that he would be the victim of shifts and stratagems and bases on balls, and, most of all, that even another great year at the plate could not bring him the same emotions and rewards. Yet as I watched him set himself again and again in the cage—settling his helmet and tugging at his belt and touching the bat to the ground and levelling his shoulders in exactly the same series of gestures, and then unleashing that flat, late, perfect swing—it came to me that all this was not just preparation for what was to come but that here, strangely, was a place where he could find privacy. Inside the cage, inside the game, he was alone, approachable only by his fellows and subject only to the demands of his hard profession.

Surrounded by more elders (the freshwater, or blue-gilled, geezer is almost indistinguishable from the Gulf variety), I watched the Red Sox split two games in Winter Haven, losing to Detroit by 13–3 and then beating the Phillies the next afternoon, 6–1. I finished my trip as I had begun, looking for omens and finding no sure conclusions or pennant winners. For the Red Sox, much will depend, for instance, on Tony Conigliaro's eyesight, which may have been slightly but significantly affected by his injury. The answer to that question may determine, in turn,

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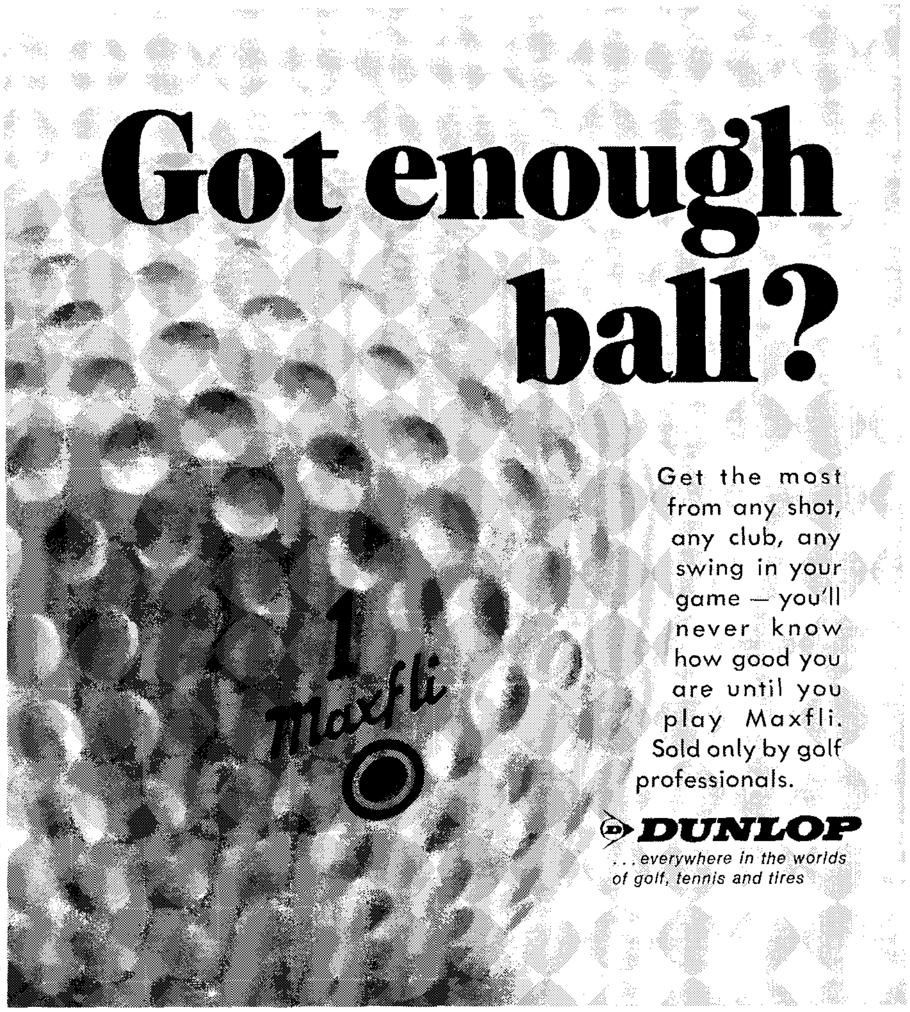
whether Tony will win back the last half inch of territory now in front of his toes in the batting box, indicating that he has reconquered his nerve and will crowd and control the plate as before. He will have to earn this ground, for no pitcher will give it to him; in his first game of spring training, against the White Sox, he was decked twice. Yet all my doubts about the Red Sox—the insufficient pitching, the uncertain catching, Lonborg's leg, Conigliaro's eyes, Yaz's fame—could not entirely shake a stubborn, hunchy conviction in me that this team might again give us some memorable late-summer afternoons. I sustained this optimism, even in the face of some broad contra-indications, by reminding myself of the youth of these marvelously skilled Boston regulars: Conigliaro and Smith are twenty-three; Scott, Andrews, Petrocelli, and Lonborg are twenty-four; Foy is twenty-five; and Yastrzemski is twenty-eight. Everyone improves at this age level, and the conviction of one's own good luck is almost invincible; baseball is a young man's game.

In the eighth inning of the game against the Tigers, while the visitors were batting around against a succession of unhappy Boston pitchers, I left the ball park and walked back to the clubhouse, which lies beyond the stands in deep right field. Here, on a patch of grass in front of the locker rooms, in the midst of a smaller crowd, José Santiago was enjoying a moment of absolute triumph as a pitcher. Dressed in slacks and a short-sleeved shirt, his hair combed after his shower, he was tossing underhand to his four-year-old son, Alex, from a range of about ten feet. Alex was wearing a miniature Red Sox uniform, with his father's number, 30, on the back, and he was swinging a plastic bat. As I counted, Alex took fourteen successive swings at the ball without even managing one foul tip. Watching this game were perhaps a dozen other players—some in uniform, some not, some in stocking feet or with towels draped around their necks—and a good many wives and children and babies. Several of the wives were pregnant, and all of them were very young. They had driven over to the park to pick up the husbands at the end of the day's work. Now, at last, Alex Santiago hit the ball, and everybody cheered. His father let the ball roll through his legs and across the lawn, and Alex ran excitedly around an imaginary set of base paths, fell down once, and then made it safely home.

—ROGER ANGELL



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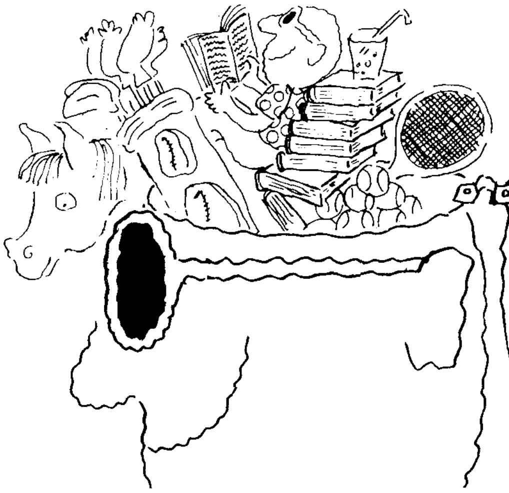

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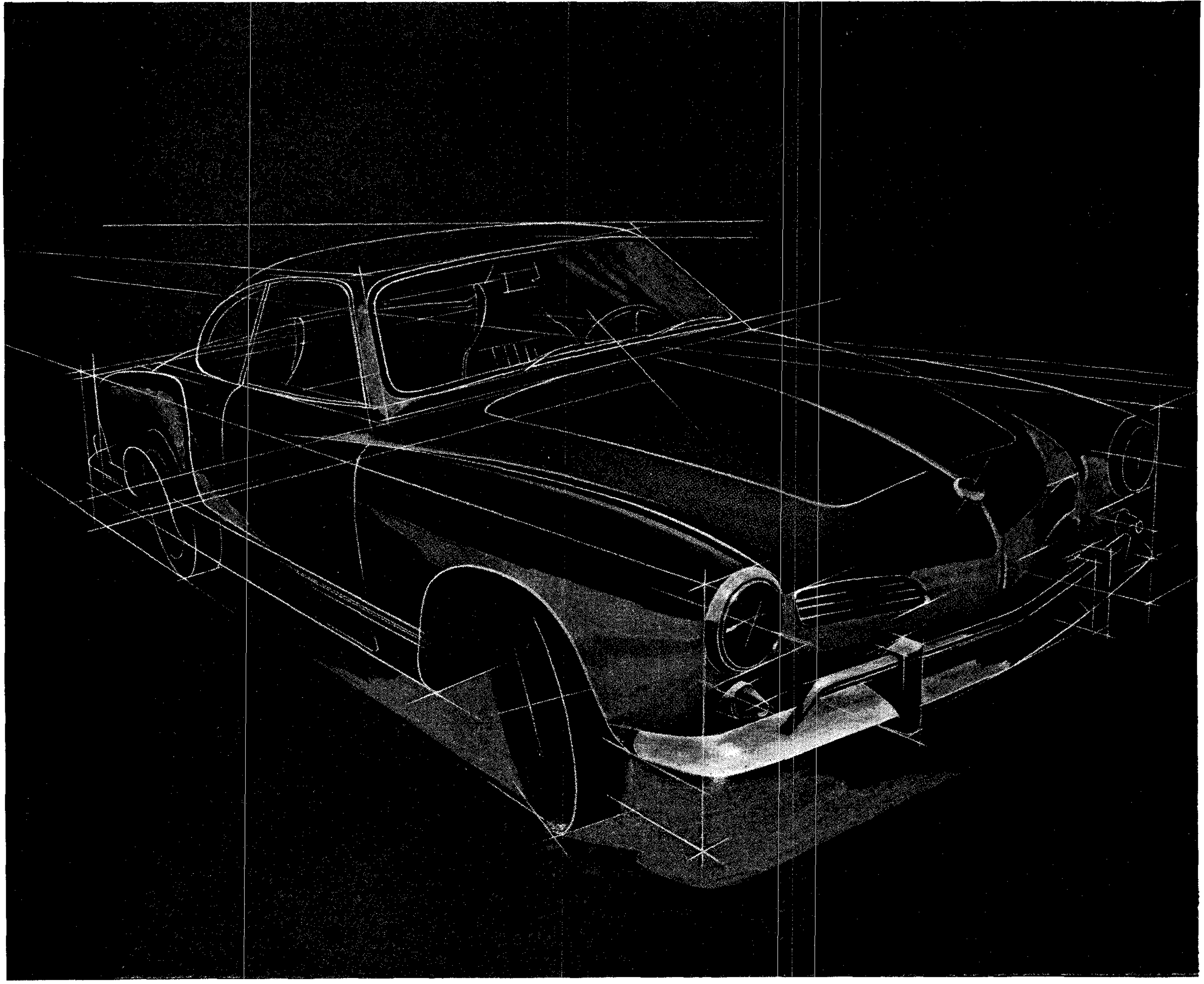

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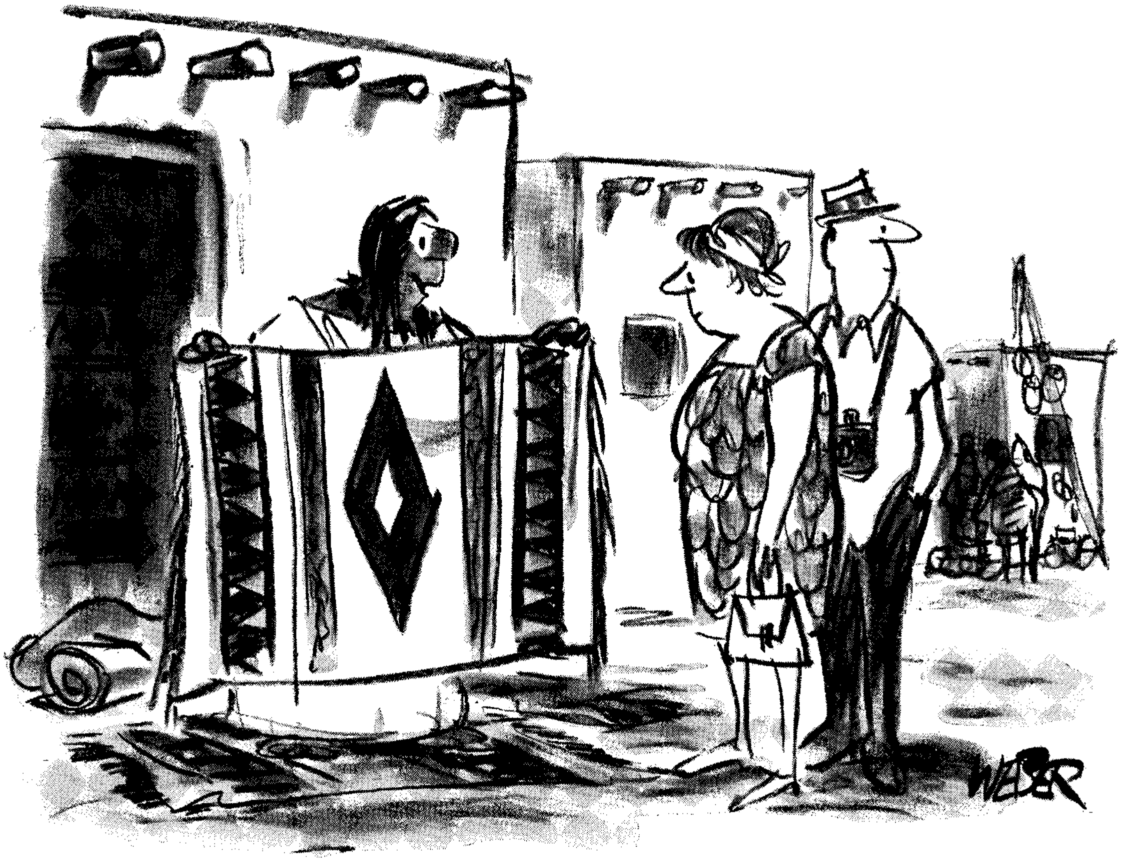
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 6

THE White House announced today that the President has decided against calling, and appearing before, a Joint Session of Congress on Monday evening. The explanation given by his press office is that it would be an impropriety to convene the two Houses on the eve of the funeral of Martin Luther King, which the President will attend, according to the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, King's successor as the leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. No one seems to know which, if any, demands of protocol are satisfied by this change in plan, and some believe that the session originally announced would have been a high tribute to the fallen leader and a splendid prelude to the ceremony in Atlanta. No other date has been set for the address the President was scheduled to make, which was to have been an urgent plea for early enactment of pending civil-rights legislation—its major feature a wide extension of open housing—and perhaps a call for additional measures. The general feeling here is that the indefinite postponement was made necessary not by the timing of the funeral but by the fact that this city has been under siege and military occupation. There is rubble in the streets and smoke and tear gas in the air. Something like twelve thousand federal troops, including Marines and paratroopers, are in the city, and a 4 P.M. curfew is in effect. Men in arms are deployed in every quarter of town and are imposing a tight security outside and inside government buildings. In the immediate aftermath of the murder in Memphis, the President no doubt calculated that this tragedy, like the one in Dallas almost five years ago, created not only sorrow but a matchless opportunity for reconciliation. But within hours he found himself proclaiming "a condition of domestic violence and disorder" in the District of Columbia and dispatching troops to many other cities. He must almost simultaneously have recognized that the moment had become inopportune in the extreme. It was surely no more than a tiny minority of Negroes who followed Stokely Carmichael in profaning the memory of Martin Luther King, but they had made Washington a disaster area and had blasted, for the time being, whatever hope there might have been for new legislation to flow from compassion and understanding—never very reliable sources of political power, and of no force at all when men are seized by fear. The President might have been—and may yet be—rewarded for his labors by legislation not ameliorative but repressive and punitive.

If the disorders have run their course and if civil authority can be restored at an early date, there may be a rebirth of hope for dealing with urban problems by means of something more productive than new conspiracy laws and an increase in firepower. The recent report of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has had an effect on many congressmen, as, of course, has the violent end met by the country's leading evangel of non-violence. If the President can serve out the rest of his term not as a harassed Commander-in-Chief but as a peacemaker among his own people, he may be able to regain something like the influence he had in his first two years in office. Events, moreover, have settled the question of whether domestic or foreign policy should have the higher priority. There was no agonizing in the White House on Thursday night over whether the President should go to Honolulu to meet with General Westmoreland and Ambassador Bunker or whether he should stay in his own capital, which was, quite literally, in flames. The President stayed, and there was no one to say that he was not putting first things first. He may yet be able to build a consensus around the proposition that the country has no choice—or, at any rate, no humane and democratic choice—but to grant American Negroes the opportunities for power and self-esteem that they now mostly lack. But if he has to attempt this in an atmosphere of violence produced by whites and Negroes who want no humane or democratic resolution, we are likely to end up, and in a relatively short time, with a racism more institutionalized and more brutish than anything we know today.

JUST a week ago, on the day before the President announced his intention of retiring—three days before the Wisconsin primary, five days before the assassination—Senator McCarthy made the astonishing assertion that his quest



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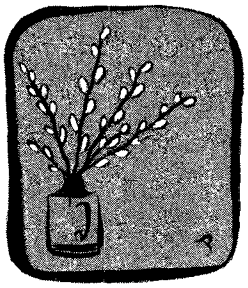
for the Presidency, undertaken exactly four months earlier, had already shown that "in a democracy, any political structure can be made to yield to the popular will." This demonstration, he said, was "perhaps the most important result of my campaign so far." The words seemed then, as they certainly do now, so staggering in their arrogance that they could have come only from some assistant in whom giddiness had overcome intelligence, and that they must have been approved by the candidate—a scholar of skeptical bent and a politician seldom given to exaggeration—in a fit of absentmindedness induced by exhaustion. It was, as it still is, surely too early—not only in 1968 but in American history—for anyone to make so large a claim for the efficacy of our institutions. If McCarthy and his supporters had thought that that most formidable of "political structures"—the executive branch under the stewardship of Lyndon Johnson—could be "made to yield to the popular will," they would have had little reason, apart from ambition, for seeking to deny the President renomination by the Democratic National Convention. All that McCarthy's campaign had shown until then was that a substantial number of Americans doubted very much whether the President could be made to yield to their will. Yet, absurd though the proposition unquestionably was, it has since acquired a measure of plausibility, and may someday receive the limited approval of historians. This past week will no doubt be remembered more for murder and anarchy than for any vindication of democracy, but at least it can be maintained that the President's announcements on Vietnam and on his own future have shown that he and his office are not altogether impervious to the popular will. And it can further be maintained that the McCarthy campaign was a factor of importance—quite possibly of crucial importance—in the President's decisions and in the timing of their announcement. It may be that the President regarded Senator Kennedy's candidacy as a larger and more hateful threat than Senator McCarthy's, but it was McCarthy's success in New Hampshire that revealed the President's vulnerability and emboldened Kennedy to enter the contest. And it was no doubt the prospect not of a possible defeat by Kennedy or anyone else in Chicago five months from now but of certain defeat by McCarthy in Wisconsin two days later that led the President to announce his withdrawal last Sunday evening.



For many people here, what was most satisfying about the part of the President's speech devoted to his own plans was not so much the news that he was retiring from politics as the news that he had returned to politics. Increasingly over the last two years, the feeling had been growing that he had already retired, that he had taken himself out of the system, that he had been so seized by the martial spirit that he was no longer functioning as a vote-hungry, consensus-seeking American politician. This feeling may have been based on a misreading of the available evidence, but it was difficult to escape it as news came out of the White House of his willingness to lose the office if that was the price he had to pay for perseverance in Vietnam, of his growing and most uncharacteristic scorn for the opinion polls, and of his inattentiveness to domestic affairs. Many visitors reported that he had come to feel that his destiny was to be the protector of Asia from Communism, and that it was necessary for him to accomplish that great mission even if it meant leaving an indifferent record as an American leader and passing on to successors the completion of the enterprises in social reconstruction in the United States begun by him early in his tenure. The great fear was that if he felt that he would not be President after January 20, 1969, he would seek—heedless of all political constraints—to reach in the next few months objectives that, in the general view, are impossible of attainment except perhaps in decades or centuries. But now it seems clear either that this was a mistaken view of his state of mind or that he has somehow emerged from it and become once more the familiar democratic politician who keeps his ear to the American ground and, when perhaps tempted by the thought of being a great man in Asia, reminds himself that there are no delegates from Asia at our party conventions.

Taken as a whole, the speech seemed to support the emergence theory. For although there is in it no talk of surrender or withdrawal, it is hard to read it as anything but an acknowledgment of the impossibility of victory, military or political, in Vietnam. One can see why March 31, 1968, was a good day for the President to announce his political unavailability, but it did not seem a particularly fitting day on which to announce a reversal of military and diplomatic policy. To be sure, if he could have foreseen how the week would end, it would have been a fitting day indeed, but when the speech was in preparation there was nothing going on, here or abroad, that would lead a man apparently as assured of his own wisdom as the President to spin on his heel and stride off in a direction he might have taken at any time in the past three years. It may be that, as some reports have it, he acted only after getting some word from Hanoi that his proposals would receive favorable consideration by the government there. But Hanoi has not capitulated or expressed the slightest interest in the kind of settlement that this Administration has all along insisted is the only kind acceptable to it, and no one—least of all the diplomats who will be charged with the conduct of negotiations if negotiations take place—thinks there is the slightest chance of getting an agreement that will please Dean Rusk or would have pleased the Lyndon Johnson of ten days ago. Yet the President has committed himself and the country to negotiations on what have all along been described here as Hanoi's terms. The only explanation seems to be that at some point in the past few months he began to feel that he had been misled by his advisers, especially in the military, and that the goals he had set himself were unreachable. The Tet offensive revealed a huge credibility gap in American and South Vietnamese intelligence and in General Westmoreland's sanguine appraisals of the course the war was taking. The "constitutional" government in Saigon was no less corrupt and no more competent than the junta it replaced last year. The support that Mr. Johnson's political rivals were finding in various parts of the country forced him to confront the possibility not just of defeat as a candidate but of thoroughgoing repudiation as a President. And so—if, as seems likely, this is the way it happened—he abruptly turned his back on his past, a maneuver he has executed, adroitly and shamelessly, several times in his long and spectacular career. In the months ahead, he may be compelled to devote himself almost as much to domestic affairs as he did to foreign affairs until last week. But if time and circumstances allow, he may very well lead the doves as militantly as he earlier led the hawks.

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will, of course, have to reconsider his withdrawal. This country is not so blessed with leaders that it can afford to release from duty any man—no matter how shopworn he may look or how tainted his past failures—who can produce even a little peace. Mr. Johnson may be altogether earnest in what he says is his eagerness to return to private life, but if he can relieve some of our present agonies there will be a mighty clamor for him to stay on, and if he has in fact reverted to type he could not long resist it. By announcing his withdrawal, he has, paradoxically, greatly strengthened himself and weakened his rivals in both parties. New domestic issues and perhaps new foreign ones will come into view in the weeks ahead, but up to now there have been only two issues in anyone's campaign—the war and Lyndon Johnson. The President has removed them both. In so doing, he has probably created a vacuum that could be filled by a candidate of hawkish views who would charge the Administration with appeasement and worse. There is still a large body of opinion that might support a candidate who would pledge himself to military victory at any cost and to inflexible anti-Communism. In another period, Richard Nixon might have relished such a role, but it is unlikely he would choose to fill it now. His problem for months has been to win acceptance by doves. Without this, as matters now seem to stand, he could win nomination but not election—and if it becomes clear that he cannot win election, he may yet be denied nomination. Ronald Reagan, perhaps the only man in a position to profit by the President's withdrawal, might not be averse to running as a hawk. But his candidacy would split the Party once again. Even so, the difficulties the Republicans now face seem more susceptible of early resolution than those faced by the Democratic factions. Nixon and other Republicans can still attack the Administration and its leader. They can run against the whole record of the last seven years. McCarthy and Kennedy, who have helped to make much of that record, and who now have the President agreeing with them about the desirability of peace, can only criticize one another, and if Hubert Humphrey becomes a candidate he will add nothing but a new personality—a third echo, a third non-choice. The past week has robbed everyone's campaign of meaning and of importance, and even among Democrats here no one much cares whether McCarthy or Kennedy wins the Indiana primary. No mere

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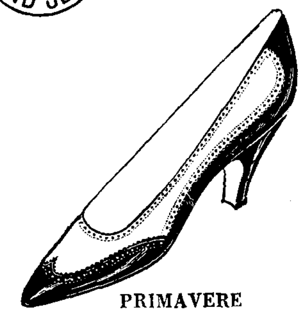

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candidate can influence events in the smoldering cities, in Congress, or in Vietnam. For the time being, only the President has a chance of accomplishing anything of value, and if he enjoys any small success, he is likely once more to tower above those who want to replace him.

HANOI is said to have chosen its negotiating team, but so far there has been no public disclosure of names and no agreement with Washington on the site for any meetings that may take place. This government will be represented by Averell Harriman, by far the most experienced and successful of our diplomats in dealing with Communist nations. There is no longer much doubt that both parties desire de-escalation, but there is no certainty that either is in a position to agree to a political settlement. We cannot speak for the South Vietnamese, and North Vietnam may be unable to speak for the Vietcong. Moreover, no one here is really sure which side, if either, currently has the upper hand militarily. Until recently, almost everyone, including Pentagon officials in off-hours, felt that Hanoi held most of the trumps. This may well be the case, but if it is, it raises almost as many questions about Hanoi's motives as the President's turnabout raised about his. The truth may be that no one has the upper hand, or no one is sure of having it, and that this is why there is a willingness on both sides to talk. If something like a stalemate in fact exists, then negotiations could be as protracted as the conflict itself and unproductive of anything except further combat. But there is a widespread hope, here if not there, that any kind of de-escalation and any kind of conference will bring pressures from elsewhere in the world for further de-escalation and compromise. And even where there is the most skepticism about the prospects for an end to the bloodshed, there is general agreement that developments in both capitals have reduced, and perhaps eliminated, the danger that the war would be escalated until it became global and globe-consuming.
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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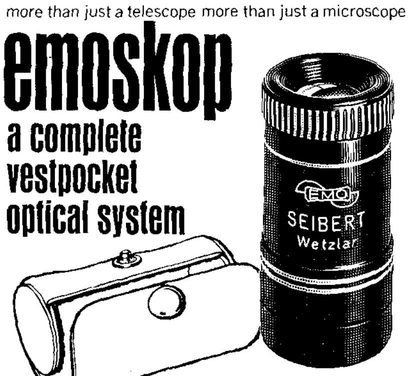

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

After Man

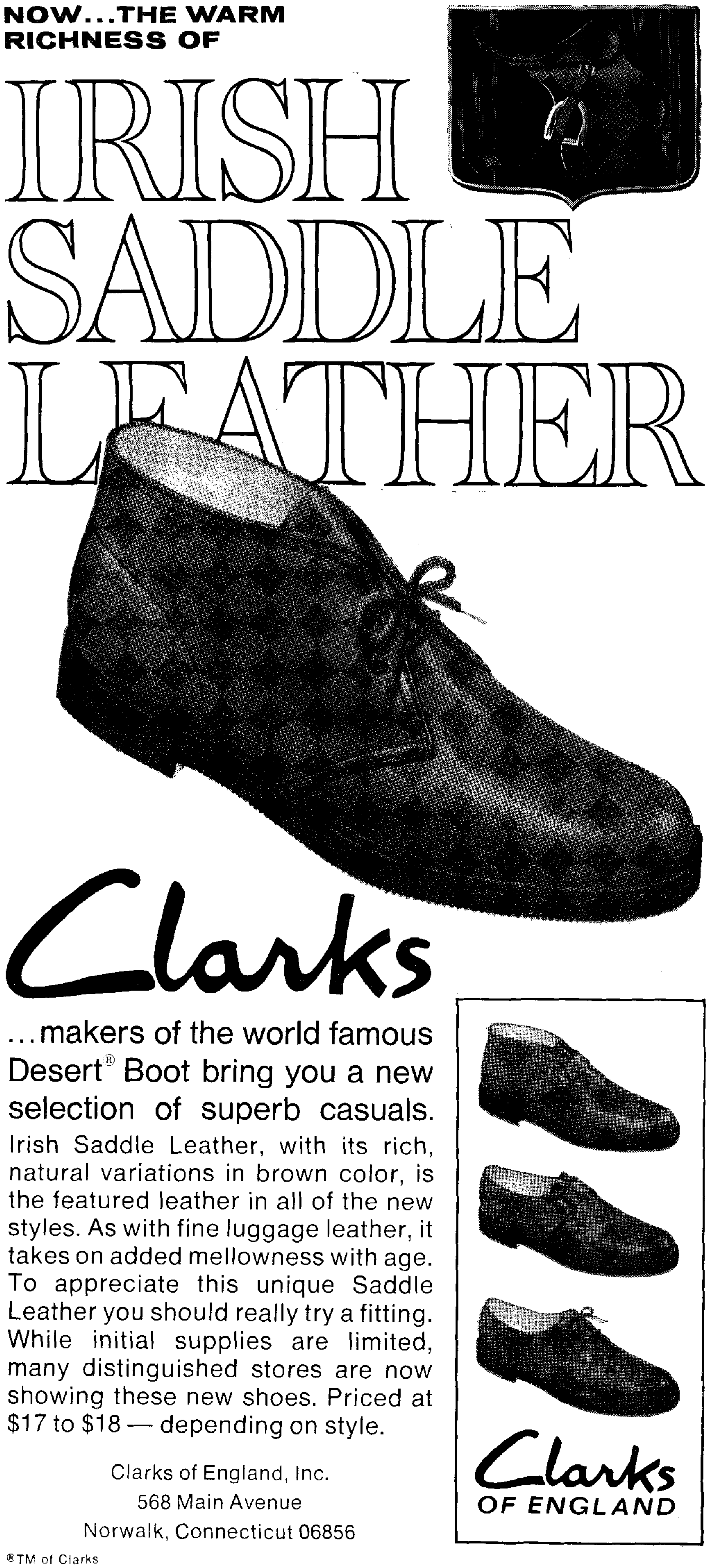
I THINK Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" is some sort of great film, and an unforgettable endeavor. Technically and imaginatively, what he put into it is staggering: five years of his life; his novel and screenplay, with Arthur C. Clarke; his production, his direction, his special effects; his humor and stamina and particular disquiet. The film is not only hideously funny—like "Dr. Strangelove"—about human speech and response at a point where they have begun to seem computerized, and where more and more people sound like recordings left on while the soul is out. It is also a uniquely poetic piece of sci-fi, made by a man who truly possesses the drives of both science and fiction.

Kubrick's tale of quest in the year 2001, which eventually takes us to the moon and Jupiter, begins on prehistoric Earth. Tapirs snuffle over the Valhalla landscape, and a leopard with broken-glass eyes guards the carcass of a zebra in the moonlight. Crowds of apes, scratching and ganging up, are disturbingly represented not by real animals, like the others, but by actors in costume. They are on the brink of evolving into men, and the overlap is horrible. Their stalking movements are already exactly ours: an old tramp's, drunk, at the end of his tether and fighting mad. Brute fear has been refined into the infinitely more painful human capacity for dread. The creatures are so nearly human that they have religious impulses. A slab that they suddenly come upon sends them into panicked reverence as they touch it, and the film emits a colossal sacred din of chanting. The shock of faith boots them forward a few thousand years, and one of the apes, squatting in front of a bed of bones, picks up his first weapon. In slow motion, the hairy arm swings up into an empty frame and then down again, and the smashed bones bounce into the air. What makes him do it? Curiosity? What makes people destroy anything, or throw away the known, or set off in spaceships? To see what Nothing feels like, driven by some bedrock instinct that it is time for something else? The last bone thrown in the air is matched, in the next cut, to a spaceship at the same angle. It is now 2001. The race has survived thirty-three years more without extinction, though not with any growth of spirit. There are no Negroes in this vision of America's space program; conversation with Russian scientists is brittle with mannerly terror, and the Chinese can still be dealt with only by pretending they're not there. But technological man has advanced no end. A space way station shaped like a Ferris wheel and housing a hotel called the Orbiter Hilton hangs off the pocked old cheek of Earth. The sound track, bless its sour heart, meanwhile thumps out "The Blue Danube," to confer a little of the courtliness of bygone years on space. The civilization that Kubrick sees coming has the brains of a nuclear physicist and the sensibility of an airline hostess smiling through an oxygen-mask demonstration.

Kubrick is a clever man. The grim joke is that life in 2001 is only faintly more gruesome in its details of sophisticated affluence than it is now. When we first meet William Sylvester as a space scientist, for instance, he is in transit to the moon, via the Orbiter Hilton, to investigate another of the mysterious slabs. The heroic man of intellect is given a nice meal on the way—a row of spacecraft foods to suck through straws out of little plastic cartons, each decorated with a picture of sweet corn, or whatever, to tell him that sweet corn is what he is sucking. He is really going through very much the same ersatz form of the experience of being well looked after as the foreigner who arrives at an airport now with a couple of babies, reads in five or six languages on luggage carts that he is welcome, and then finds that he has to manage his luggage and the babies without actual help from a porter. The scientist of 2001 is only more inured. He takes the inanities of space personnel on the chin. "Did you have a pleasant flight?" Smile, smile. Another smile, possibly pre-filmed, from a girl on a television monitor handling voice-print identification at Immigration. The Orbiter Hilton is decorated in fresh plumbing-white, with magenta armchairs shaped like pelvic bones scattered through it. Artificial gravity is provided by centrifugal force; inside the rotating Ferris wheel people have weight. The architecture gives the white floor of the Orbiter Hilton's conversation area quite a gradient, but no one lets slip a sign of humor about the slant. The citizens of

2001 have forgotten how to joke and resist, just as they have forgotten how to chat, speculate, grow intimate, or interest one another. But otherwise everything is splendid. They lack the mind for acknowledging that they have managed to diminish outer space into the ultimate in humdrum, or for dealing with the fact that they are spent and insufficient, like the apes.

The film is hypnotically entertaining, and it is funny without once being gaggy, but it is also rather harrowing. It is as eloquent about what is missing from the people of 2001 as about what is there. The characters seem isolated almost beyond endurance. Even in the most absurd scenes, there is often a fugitive melancholy—as astronauts solemnly watch themselves on homey B.B.C. interviews seen millions of miles from Earth, for instance, or as they burn their fingers on their space meals, prepared with the utmost scientific care but a shade too hot to touch, or as they plod around a centrifuge to get some exercise, shadowboxing alone past white coffins where the rest of the crew hibernates in deep freeze. Separation from other people is total and unmentioned. Kubrick has no characters in the film who are sexually related, nor any close friends. Communication is stuffy and guarded, made at the level of men together on committees or of someone being interviewed. The space scientist telephones his daughter by television for her birthday, but he has nothing to say, and his wife is out; an astronaut on the nine-month mission to Jupiter gets a pre-recorded TV birthday message from his parents. That's the sum of intimacy. No enjoyment—only the mechanical celebration of the anniversaries of days when the race perpetuated itself. Again, another astronaut, played by Keir Dullea, takes a considerable risk to try to save a fellow-spaceman, but you feel it hasn't anything to do with affection or with courage. He has simply been trained to save an expensive colleague by a society that has slaughtered instinct. Fortitude is a matter of programming, and companionship seems lost. There remains only longing, and this is buried under banality, for English has finally been booted to death. Even informally, people say "Will that suffice?" for "Will that do?" The computer on the Jupiter spaceship—a chatty, fussy genius called Hal, which has nice manners and a rather querulous need for reassurance about being wanted—talks more like a human being than any human being does in the picture. Hal runs the craft,



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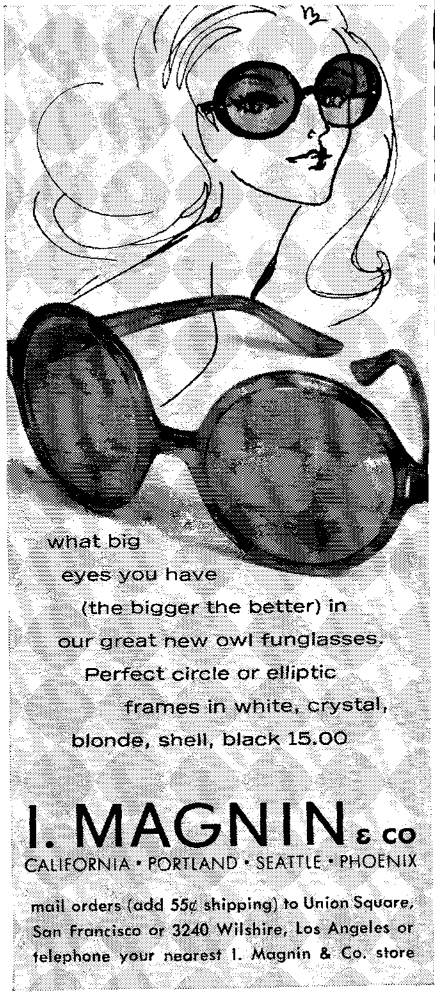

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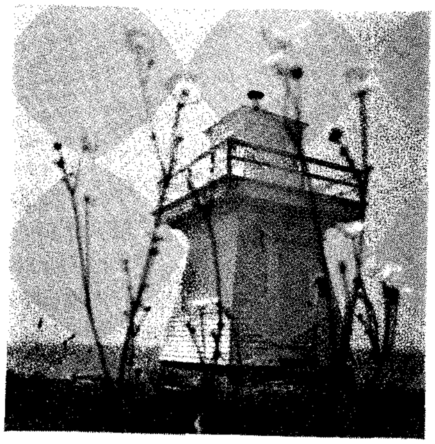
watches over the rotating quota of men in deep freeze, and plays chess. He gives a lot of thought to how he strikes others, and sometimes carries on about himself like a mother fussing on the telephone to keep a bored grown child hanging on. At a low ebb and growing paranoid, he tells a hysterical lie about a faulty piece of equipment to recover the crew's respect, but a less emotional twin computer on Earth coolly picks him up on the judgment and degradingly defines it as a mistake. Hal, his mimic humanness perfected, detests the witnesses of his humiliation and restores his ego by vengeance. He manages to kill all the astronauts but Keir Dullea, including the hibernating crew members, who die in the most chillingly modern death scene imaginable: warning lights simply signal "Computer Malfunction," and sets of electrophysiological needles above the sleepers run amok on the graphs and then record the straight lines of extinction. The survivor of Hal's marauding self-justification, alone on the craft, has to battle his way into the computer's red-flashing brain, which is the size of your living room, to unscrew the high cerebral functions. Hal's sophisticated voice gradually slows and he loses his grip. All he can remember in the end is how to sing "Daisy"—which he was taught at the start of his training long ago—grinding down like an old phonograph. It is an upsetting image of human decay from command into senility. Kubrick makes it seem a lot worse than a berserk computer being controlled with a screwdriver.

The startling metaphysics of the picture are symbolized in the slabs. It is curious that we should all still be so subconsciously trained in apparently distant imagery. Even to atheists, the slabs wouldn't look simply like girders. They immediately have to do with Mosaic tablets or druidical stones. Four million years ago, says the story, an extraterrestrial intelligence existed. The slabs are its manifest sentinels. The one we first saw on prehistoric earth is like the one discovered in 2001 on the moon. The lunar finding sends out an upper-harmonic shriek to Jupiter and puts the scientists on the trail of the forces of creation. The surviving astronaut goes on alone and Jupiter's influence pulls him into a world where time and space are relative in ways beyond Einstein. Physically almost pulped, seeing visions of the planet's surface that are like chloroform nightmares and that sometimes turn into closeups of his own agonized eyeball and eardrum, he then suddenly lands, and he is in a tranquilly furnished repro Louis XVI room. The shot of it through the window of his space pod is one of the most heavily charged things in the whole picture, though its effect and its logic are hard to explain.

In the strange, fake room, which is movingly conventional, as if the most that the ill man's imagination can manage in conceiving a better world beyond the infinite is to recollect something he has once been taught to see as beautiful in a grand decorating magazine, time jumps and things disappear. The barely surviving astronaut sees an old grandee from the back, dining on the one decent meal in the film; and when the man turns around it is the astronaut himself in old age. The noise of the chair moving on the white marble in the silence is typical of the brilliantly selective sound track. The old man drops his wineglass, and then sees himself bald and dying on the bed, twenty or thirty years older still, with his hand up to another of the slabs, which has appeared in the room and stands more clearly than ever for the forces of change. Destruction and creation coexist in them. They are like Siva. The last shot of the man is totally transcendental, but in spite of my resistance to mysticism I found it stirring. It shows an X-raylike image of the dead man's skull re-created as a baby, and approaching Earth. His eyes are enormous. He looks like a mutant. Perhaps he is the first of the needed new species.

It might seem a risky notion to drive sci-fi into magic. But, as with "Strangelove," Kubrick has gone too far and made it the poetically just place to go. He and his collaborator have found a powerful idea to impel space conquerors whom puny times have robbed of much curiosity. The hunt for the remnant of a civilization that has been signalling the existence of its intelligence to the future for four million years, tirelessly stating the fact that it occurred, turns the shots of emptied, comic, ludicrously dehumanized men into something more poignant. There is a hidden parallel to the shot of the ape's arm swinging up into the empty frame with its first weapon, enthralled by the liberation of something new to do; I keep remembering the shot of the space scientist asleep in a craft with the "Weightless Conditions" sign turned on, his body fixed down by his safety belt while one arm floats free in the air.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



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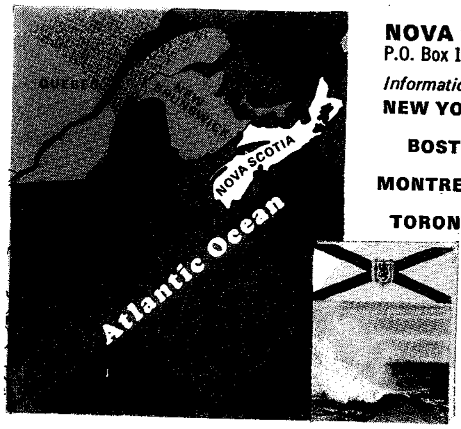

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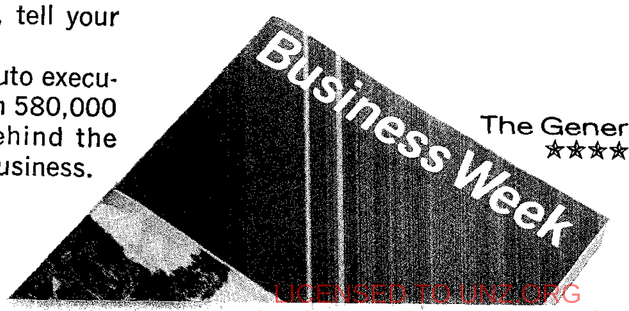

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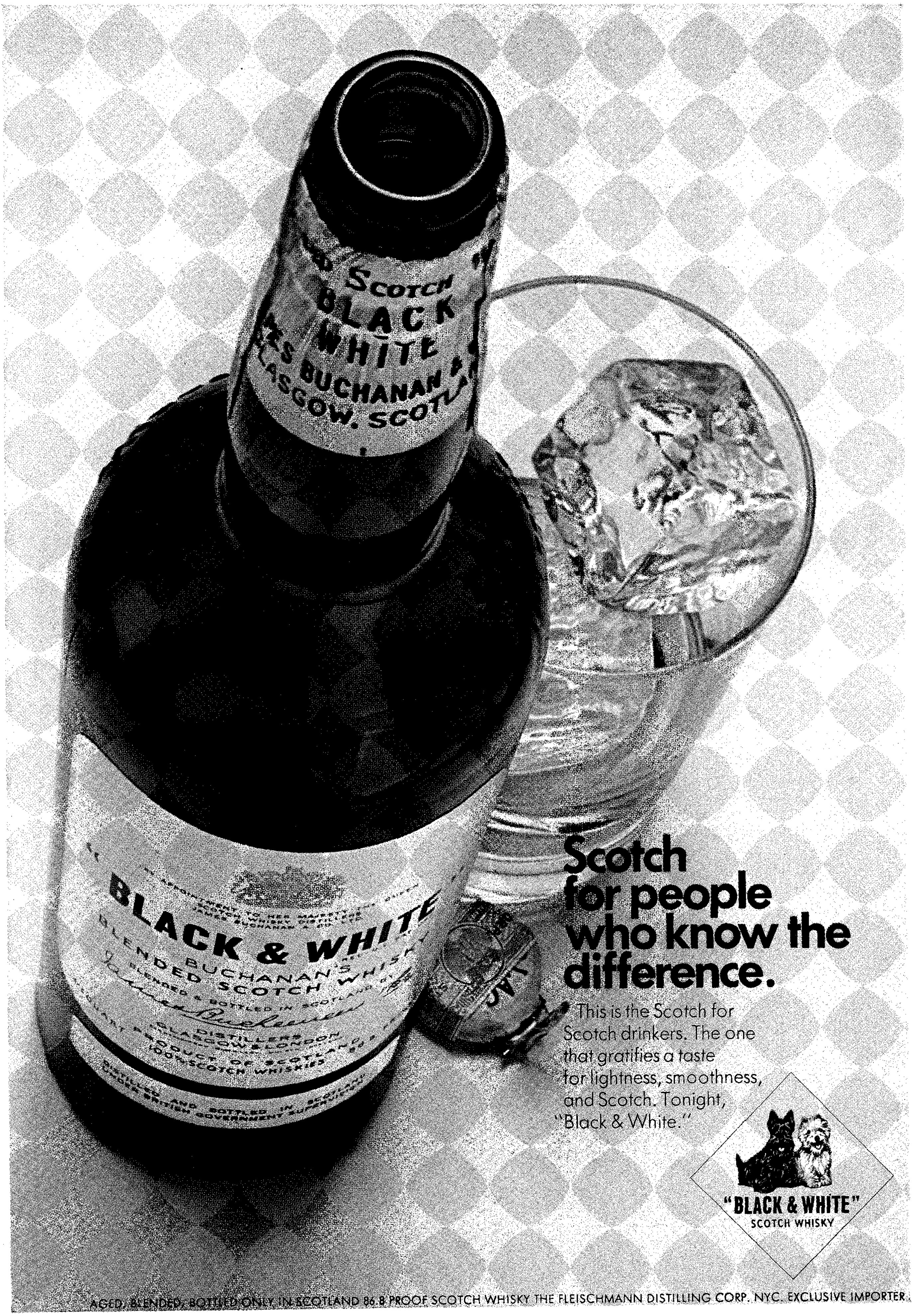
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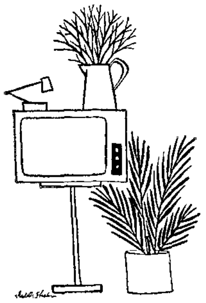
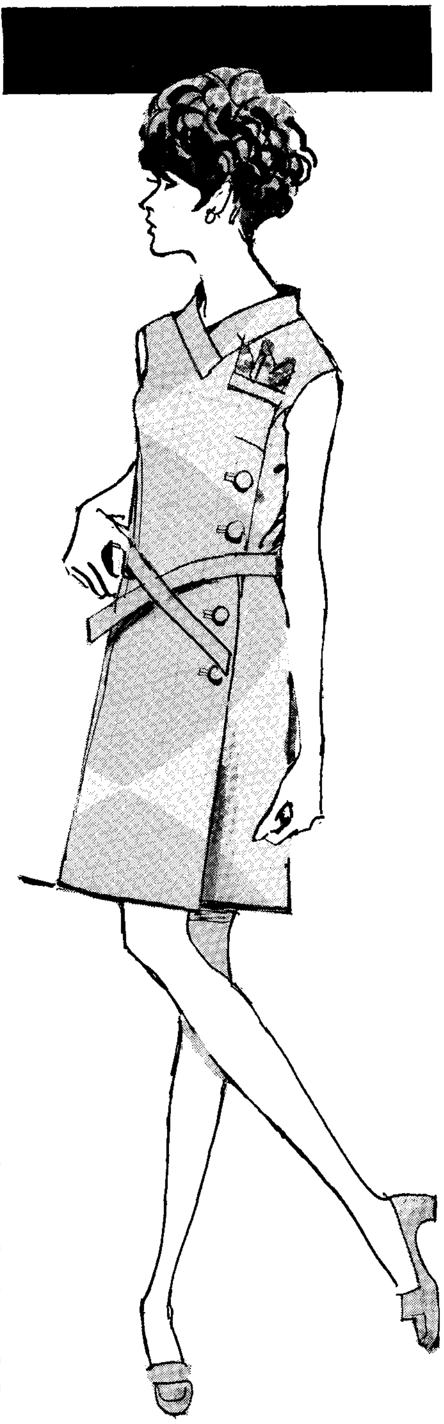
Life and Death in the Global Village



HE was shot in secrecy, away from cameras. No strange slow-motion scenes, as when the young Japanese student, sword in hand, rushed across the stage to lunge at a Socialist politician, or when Verwoerd, the South African, was shot at and for whole crazy moments (it seems so long ago; so many people shot at since then) the cameras swirled and danced around the tumbling, stampeding bodies of the crowd—and then John Kennedy was killed, his life made to disappear right there before us, frame by frame, the projector slowing down, s-l-o-w-i-n-g d-o-w-n, s...l...o...w...i...n...g d...o...w...n as we watched (three consecutive days we watched), gathered in little tight-gutted bands around the television set, meals being cooked somehow, children put to bed, sent out to play, our thoughts of abandonment and despair and God knows what else focussing on the images of the television set, television itself taking on (we were told later) the aspect of a national icon, a shrine, an exorciser of grief; we were never so close (we were told later) than in those days just after Dallas. It could not have been quite close enough, it seems, or lasted long enough. The man who was shot in Memphis on Thursday of last week was standing on a second-floor balcony of a motel, the Lorraine, leaning over the railing of the balcony in front of his room, which was No. 306. (We have been told it was No. 306.) He was shot once and killed by a man who fired his rifle (a Remington 30.06), apparently, from inside a bathroom window of a rooming house some two hundred feet away. The address of the rooming house is 420 South Main Street. There was no film record of the act, no attendant Zapruder to witness for us the body falling and other memorabilia, but most of us found out about it by television, and it is by television that most of us have been connected with whatever it is that really happened, or is happening now. Television connects—the global village. We sit at home— We had been out, actually, a party full of lawyers, and had come back early, and turned on the eleven-o'clock news. "I have a dream . . ." young Dr. King was chanting, "that one day on the red hills of Georgia . . ." C.B.S.'s Joseph Benti said that Dr. King had been shot and killed, was dead. The President was speaking. "I ask every citizen to reject the blind violence that has struck Dr. King, who lived by non-violence," he said. They showed us pictures of Dr. King in Montgomery. They showed us pictures of the outside of the Lorraine Motel.

The telephone rang. A friend of my wife's. "Have you heard?" she said. I said we'd heard. "It's so horrible," she said. And then, "I can't believe it." And then, "I feel we're all mad." I held the phone against my ear, mumbling the usual things, feeling, in part, her grief, her guilt, her sense of lunacy—whatever it was—and, in part, that adrenalin desire we strangers have who have been separate in our cabins all the long sea voyage to somehow touch each other at the moment that the ship goes down. She talked some more. "I'm keeping you from watching," she said at last. I mumbled protests, and we said goodbye, and disconnected. We will all meet for dinner three weekends hence and discuss summer rentals on the Vineyard.

All over the country now the members of the global village sit before their sets, and the voices and faces out of the sets speak softly, earnestly, reasonably, sincerely to us, in order once again (have four and a half years really gone by since Dallas?) to bind us together, to heal, to mend, to take us forward. The President appears. His face looks firmer, squarer, straighter now than it has looked in months. "We can achieve nothing by lawlessness and divisiveness among the American people," he says. "It's only by joining together and only by working together we can continue to move toward equality and fulfillment for all of our people." The Vice-President speaks. "The cause for which he marched and worked I am sure will find a new strength. The plight of discrimination, poverty, and neglect must be erased from America," he says. Former Vice-President Richard Nixon is expected to release a statement soon. There are brief pictures of a coffin being slid onto a plane. The Field Foundation, one hears, has just undertaken to donate a million dollars to the civil-rights movement. Dr. Ralph Bunche asks for "an effort of unparalleled determination, massiveness, and urgency



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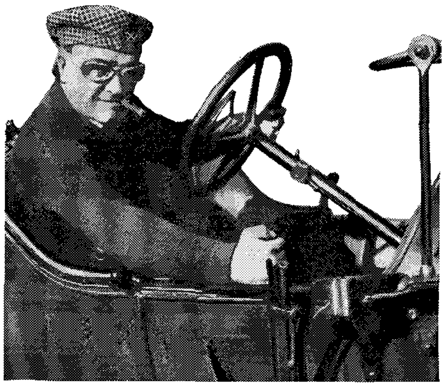

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The television sets hum in our midst. Gray smoke, black smoke begins to rise from blocks of buildings in Washington and Chicago. Sirens whine outside our windows in the night. The voices out of Memphis seem to be fainter now; the pictures of that little, nondescript motel, the railing, the bathroom window are already being shown to us less frequently today. Down below us on the sidewalk, six blue-helmeted policemen are gathered in a group. Three police cars are parked farther down the street. The television beams out at us a Joel McCrea movie. Detroit and Newark have been remembered. Responsible decisions have been made in responsible places. The President is working now "to avoid catastrophe." The cartoons are on this morning. The air is very bright outside. The day is sunny. All day long, the sirens sound. The television hums through its schedule. There is a circus on Channel 4. Back from the dime store, my daughter asks one of the helmeted policemen if anything has happened. He seems surprised. No, *nothing*, he says. A squad car drives slowly, slowly by. A bowling exhibition is taking place on Channel 7. Another movie—and then the news. Great waves of smoke, clouds, billowing waves are suddenly pouring out of buildings. The sounds of bells and sirens. Mayor Daley speaks. Mayor Daley declares a curfew. Six Negro boys are running down a street carrying armfuls of clothes. Police cars streak by. More smoke. The news is over. We are reënveloped in a movie. We sit there on the floor and absorb the hum of television. Last summer, it inflamed our passions, did it not? This time, the scenes of black men running past the smoking buildings of Chicago are handled briefly, almost dreamily—a light caress by cameras and announcers. The coffin—one wonders where the coffin is at present, who is with it. Boston University announces that ten new scholarships for "underprivileged students" have just been created. The Indian Parliament pays tribute. The voices of reason and reordering rise out of the civic temples of the land and float through the air and the airwaves into our homes. Twenty-one House Republicans have issued an "urgent appeal" for passage of the new civil-rights bill. "With whom will we stand? The man who fired the gun? Or the man who fell before it?" Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, asks. The City Council of Chicago meets and passes a resolu-

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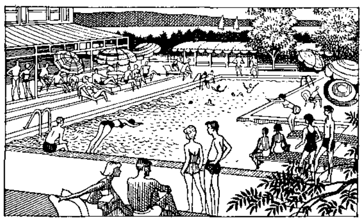

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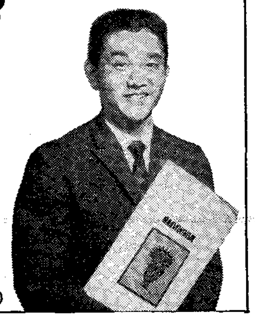

tion to build a "permanent memorial." Senator Robert Kennedy deplores the rise in violence.

There was a moment the other evening when (just for a few seconds) everybody stopped talking, when (just for a few seconds) the television stopped its humming and soothing and filling of silences and its preachments of lessons-we-have-just-learned and how-we-must-all-march-together—and (just for a few seconds) Mrs. King appeared; she was speaking about her husband, her dead husband. She spoke; she seemed so alive with him—it's marvellous how that sometimes happens between people; he really had been alive, and one knew it then—and for a few scant moments, just at that time, and afterward, sitting there looking at the set, that very imperfect icon, that very imperfect connector of people (will somebody really have the nerve to say this week that we are a nation "united in grief"?), one could almost hear the weeping out there, of real people in real villages, and the anger, this time, of abandonment.

And then the sounds came back—the sounds of one's own life. The weatherman came on. A Negro minister on Channel 13 was talking about the need to implement the recommendations of the President's new Commission on Civil Disorders. He *had* been alive . . . hadn't he? Later that night, one could hear the sirens—very cool and clear—and, somewhere nearby (around the corner? blocks away?), the sounds of footsteps running.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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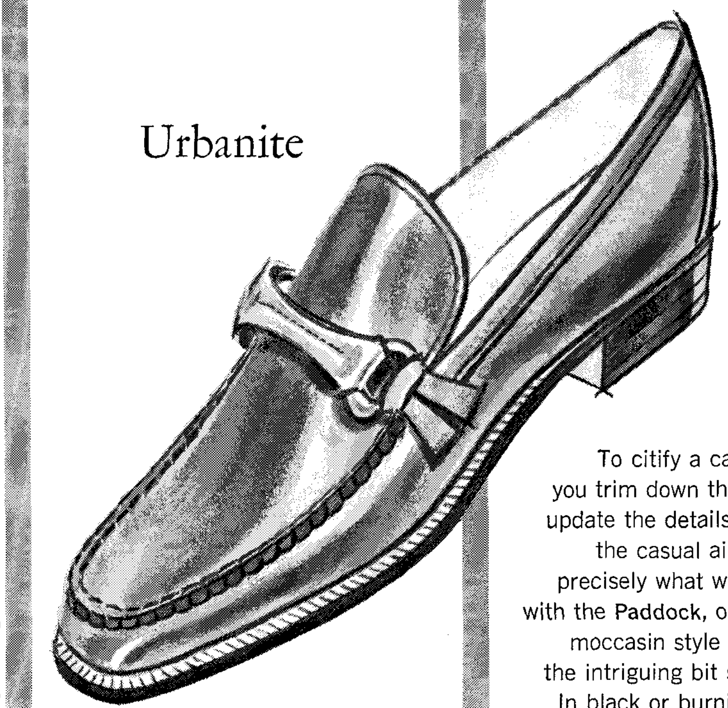
[*Dean Robert Sheehan, College of Criminal Justice, Northwestern University, quoted in Dun's Review, December, 1967, page 36*]	[*President A. J. Greenough, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, quoted in Dun's Review, December, 1967, page 43*]
"Managers often regard the ability to steal as one of the fringe benefits of their position. It's considered a reward of success."	"Managers often regard the ability to steal as one of the fringe benefits of their position. It's considered a reward of success."



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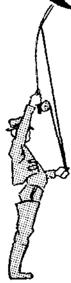

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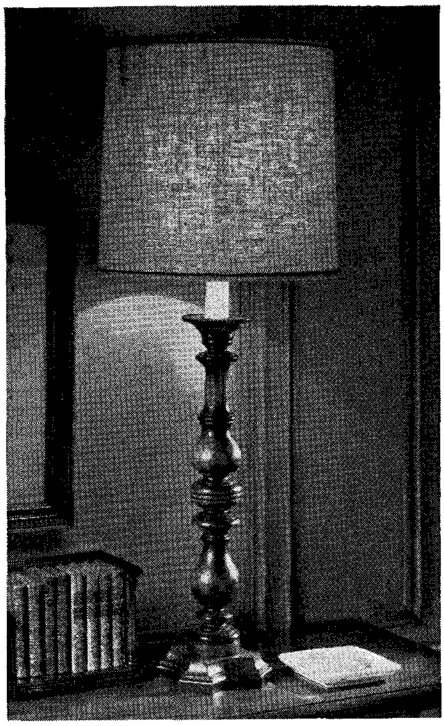

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THE RACE TRACK

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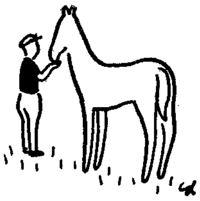

YOU can always expect the unexpected in racing, especially at this time of year. Still, it was rather a shock to see Clever Foot and Verbatim finish out of the money in the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie last Saturday. Dancer's Image won the gallop for three-year-olds at a mile and a sixteenth, and Clever Foot and Verbatim, who had won their divisions of the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct a fortnight before, were fifth and sixth. It wouldn't be stretching a point to say that the performance of Dancer's Image was spectacular. He was thirteenth of the fourteen runners out of the gate, and halfway from home he had headed only one horse, but then he suddenly stormed out of the pack and won going away, by three lengths. Sir Beau was second and Salerno third. The doubts that Clever Foot could win at more than a mile were confirmed. Always in a good position, he weakened in the stretch. Verbatim, who led to the stretch turn, couldn't stay, either. Dancer's Image, owned by Peter Fuller, who bred him on his farm in Maryland, is a gray colt by Native Dancer out of Noor's Image. He is trained by Lou Cavalaris, Jr., who developed Cool Reception, the Canadian colt who finished second on a broken leg in the Belmont Stakes last year. (And I hope nothing like that happens again.) Dancer's Image did well at two, winning three stakes in Canada and the Maryland Futurity. Needless to say, he is now Maryland's horse for the Kentucky Derby.

THE latest casualty in the spring grind of the three-year-olds is Vitriolic, who was rated best of his age last season. Last week, he was declared out of the spring classics. Deposits of calcium have formed on his left knee, and an operation is necessary. It's unlikely he'll run again this season. Naturally, this is a blow to the Ogden Phipps-Wheatley Stable establishment. However, the other afternoon Eddie Neloy saddled Wheatley's What a Pleasure for his first start this year, and he obligingly polished off Hand to Hand, a very fit colt, and Bugged, winner of the Garden State Stakes last autumn, though he was under a drive to do it. Then, last Saturday the Cain Hoy Stable's Captain's Gig, who beat Vitriolic and four other well-fancied colts in the Futurity at Aqueduct, popped out of winter quarters and turned in a smart effort at Keeneland. Making most of the running in a six-furlong scamper, the time of which was 1:09⅗, he won easily. We'll know more about him after the Blue Grass Stakes there later in the meeting.

ONE of racing's little mysteries—and there are many of them—is that, as a rule, horses going from Long Island to California do all right out there, but when they return they don't, at least for a while. Take Mr. Right, who won the Santa Anita Handicap a month ago; in the Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday he finished last. Peter Piper led all the way by lengths, Straight Deal coming in second and Grace Born third. Incidentally, the Big A had another five-million-dollar day. And, speaking of Santa Anita, Niarkos, our old friend from the Argentine, won the San Juan Capistrano, at a mile and six furlongs, over the turf course, repeating his triumph of last year.

COMPUTERS are doing almost everything these days. Horseplayers who listened to N.B.C. on their radios last Saturday had an inkling of what racing may be coming to when the "Race of the Century" was broadcast. Last month, cards with the past performances and other data on twelve horses—Man o' War, Exterminator, Count Fleet, Citation, War Admiral, Nashua, Tom Fool, Native Dancer, Kelso, Equipoise, Buckpasser, and Swaps—were fed into one of those wonder machines at the University of Liverpool, in England, and it came up with Citation first, Man o' War second, Buckpasser third, and Exterminator fourth. Count Fleet was last. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:00. Fair enough. It's worth noting, though, that the runners all carried 126 pounds, which is a pound less than the weight assigned to four-year-olds for that distance in April by the weight-for-age scale. Well, neither Man o' War nor Count Fleet raced after he was three, and the same scale assigns 107 pounds to three-year-olds, so both of them were giving nineteen pounds—which is an awful lot—to the older horses. Maybe the computer blew a fuse or something. Maybe they ought to get a horse.

—AUDAX MINOR

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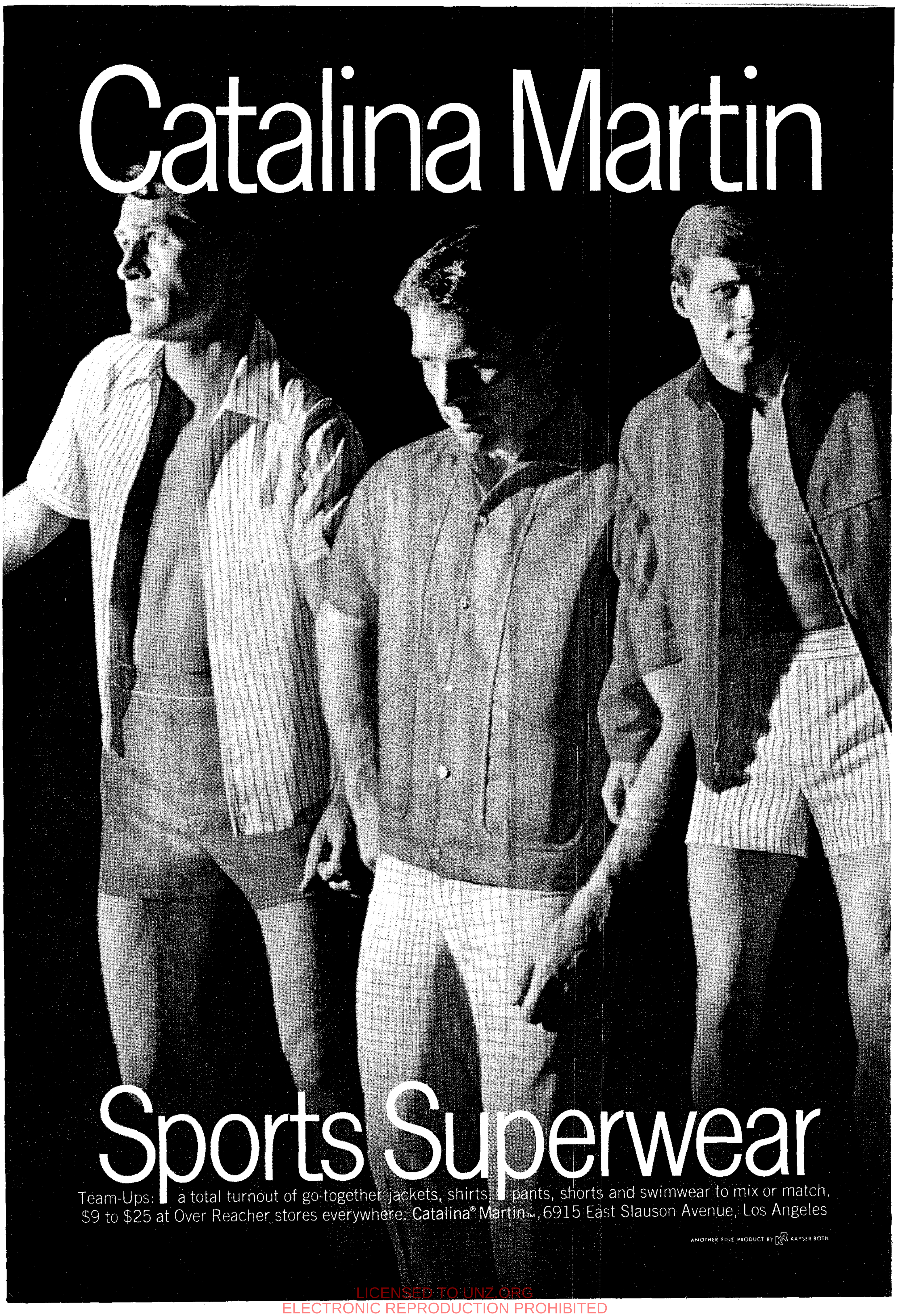
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Stamp of the Man

ORIGINALITY in musical composition is not, as many people have been told, a matter of experimentation and the discovery of new kinds of sound. It is a personal thing, a special stamp left by an individual composer. It is what makes you say "That composition could not have been written by anyone but So-and-So." Sibelius, for example, was one of the most original composers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. His style is instantly recognizable and quite distinct from that of any other composer. Debussy was also a quite original composer, and I can think of a number of others, including Liszt and Beethoven. The quality of originality is very much a characteristic of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Romanticism. During the Baroque era, there were few original composers. Most creators of music during this period followed an established tradition, and it may never have occurred to any of them that "originality," as we now think of it, was a desirable quality. Mozart was not a particularly original composer. He was a consummate craftsman—probably the greatest the art of music has known—and it is to his craftsmanship, as well as the incredible facility of inspiration he possessed, that he owes his towering stature. Bach was not a particularly original composer, either. In fact, musicologists have recently found his manner of writing to have been remarkably conservative and derivative for its period. But here again was a composer of such monumental vision, imagination, and craftsmanship that his music stands unsurpassed for depth of meaning, skillful construction, and suggestive power. Thus, originality is not necessarily the mark of greatness in a composer, though many great composers have possessed it. During the Romantic era, it became a desideratum, and it has continued to be down to the present day. In the twentieth century, however, another factor began to appear, which worked against the originality that composers were almost universally aiming at. This was the exhaustion of the possibilities of the diatonic-chromatic system, which put an end—or seemed to put an end—to the freedom needed by a composer in order to write music of any originality. Various methods were tried by composers to overcome this barrier, the most celebrated being Schoenberg's invention of the twelve-tone system, just before the nineteen-twenties. The only other course was, or seems to have been, the one adopted by Stravinsky in his early- and middle-period works—eclecticism, or the use of already invented musical styles, from folk music to the styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—and this was inevitably a rather self-conscious procedure in that it involved picking and choosing among existing or historical prototypes. To my mind, neither Schoenberg nor Stravinsky is an especially original composer. The first found it necessary to invent, arbitrarily, a new system of putting notes together—a system that has never gained public acceptance, because its vocabulary is not in the slightest way related to any established musical vernacular. The second has been, for most of his life, a sort of musical antiquarian, dredging up past idioms and casting them in unfamiliar dress. To the extent that the dress is unfamiliar, I suppose, Stravinsky can be regarded as original. Certainly there are many compositions of his of which one can say "Nobody could have written that but Stravinsky." Yet the elements that nobody but Stravinsky could have written have, as a rule, little to do with melody or organic structure and everything to do with orchestration, harmonic *bizarrerie*, and other outward features of musical style.

These thoughts arise because I attended a concert by the Little Orchestra Society, under the baton of Thomas Scherman, on Tuesday night of last week in Philharmonic Hall. Mr. Scherman is always an interesting program builder, and though nearly everything on this program was second-rate—that is to say, a second-rate work by a famous composer, obviously chosen because it was untypical—the concert was interesting in an objective way. It might have been entitled "The Struggle for Originality Among Composers of the First Half of the Twentieth Century." It started off with Schoenberg's Theme and Variations, Opus 43b, one of the few late works in which the creator of the twelve-tone system threw that system overboard and wrote tonal music. The experience of hearing it was like witnessing the removal of a mask. Here was Schoenberg without the system behind which his

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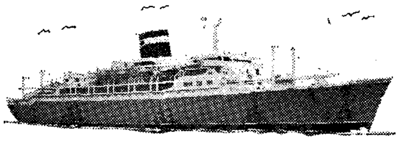
musical personality had been hidden for so many years. The orchestration was unusual, as it nearly always is with Schoenberg, yet the musical personality that emerged was anything but original. It was simply a compound of the Wagner-Bruckner-Strauss personality that Schoenberg had inherited early in life, and there was nothing very distinctive or distinguished about the work. This was followed by Prokofieff's Piano Concerto No. 4, Opus 53, for the Left Hand, the solo part of which was played brilliantly and considerately by Moura Lympany. Now, Prokofieff—especially after his return to Russia—did a lot of soul-searching on the problem of how to combine originality in the twentieth century with a reasonable degree of public appeal, and I think that he succeeded in answering the problem remarkably well. Surely it can be said of most of his work that it is instantly recognizable as his, and the originality of his style goes deep into the structure of his music. This Concerto for the Left Hand by no means represents his finest work, but in that finest work he stands out as one of the most original composers of his period.

After the intermission, we had Edgar Varèse's "Intégrales," that pioneer example of absolute non-music, which was written in the middle twenties and which has been imitated in one way or another ever since by the various creators of diversified noise. Was Varèse an original composer? Not by my measuring rod. Like Schoenberg, he discarded the whole art of music as it is commonly understood; unlike Schoenberg, he propounded the idea that music consists of noise and that its future development lies in the direction of more and better noises. Since by my definition Varèse was not concerned with music at all, I cannot see that the term "musical originality" applies to him. The concluding work on the program was Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Dances, Opus 45, one of his last compositions. It is interesting in that it shows Rachmaninoff searching for an accommodation with the world of "modern music" of his period—searching for "originality" as it was thought of twenty-five years ago. Rachmaninoff was, even at his most original, not a strikingly original composer. He sounded like a good many other Russian Romantics, though at times a certain dark, brooding quality that was all his own shone through his otherwise conventional style. In the Symphonic Dances he was wrestling with the same problem that beset Prokofieff. But the result is not as impressive, and the work is not nearly as good



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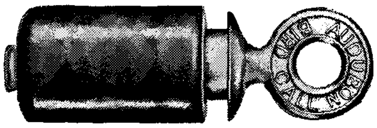

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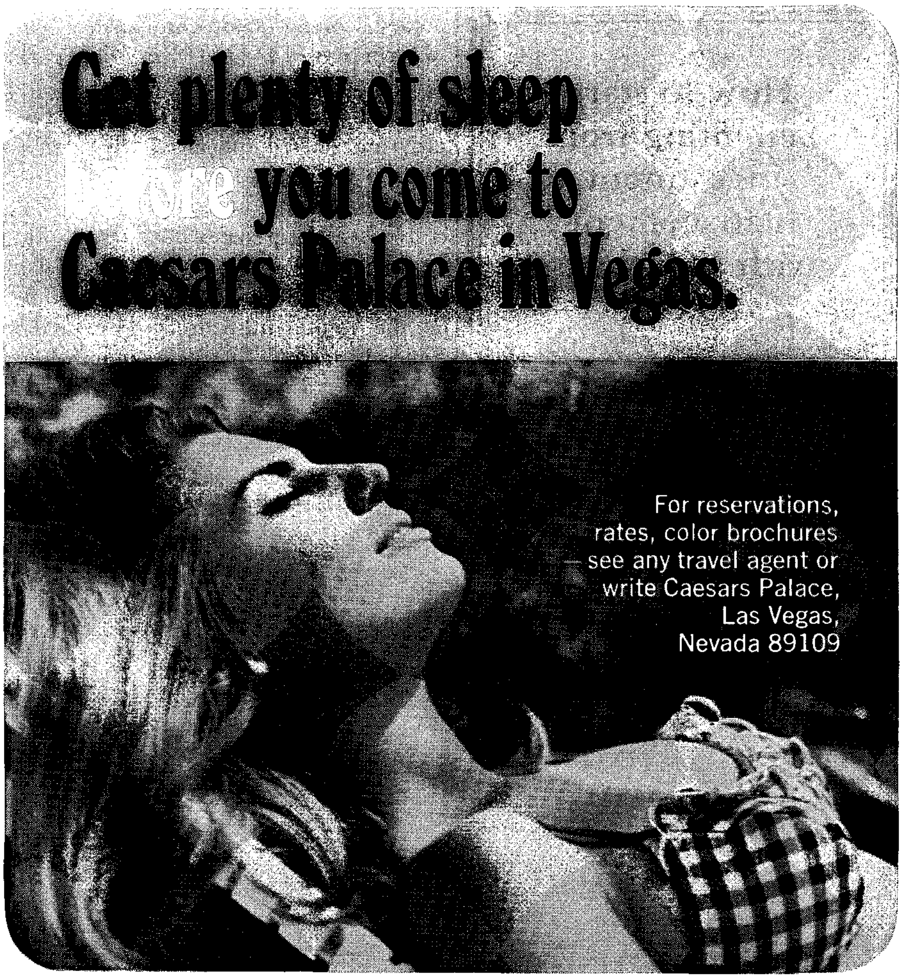
PROKOFIEFF had a better break, though a more conventional one, when George Szell did his Fifth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall the preceding Monday night. This is Prokofieff at his best, and very fine it is—one of the two or three best symphonies that have become popular since those of Gustav Mahler. (I say "become popular" to protect myself. I have a suspicion that many important symphonic works were written during this period which have not achieved public performance.) The performance by Mr. Szell was immaculate, and the Philharmonic again sounded as it does only when he conducts it.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK, a composer whose stature seems to be gaining in our era, was well, and again conventionally, represented last Thursday night when Sir John Barbirolli took over the conductorship of the Philharmonic and continued the good work done by Mr. Szell. The symphony was the familiar but always welcome Seventh, and it was given a robust reading, with due attention to its idiomatic Czech character. Was Dvořák an original composer? Only, I think, because of a national flavor that he conferred on his output—something that came from a deep immersion in Czech and Slovak folk music. Here, as in the case of Stravinsky, the original elements are of an exterior character. Where structure, harmonic habits, and habits of orchestration are concerned, there is an extraordinarily close resemblance between Dvořák and Brahms. There are, in fact, whole passages in this symphony—not unusual among Dvořák's symphonies in this respect—that might have been written by Brahms. Only in those delightful sequences where the Bohemian folk idiom takes over can one say "This could have been written only by Dvořák." Before I beat an idea to death, however, let me remark once again that originality is not always a mark of greatness in a composer and that the greatest composers are not always original.

BEFORE I got to Philharmonic Hall to hear Sir John's Dvořák, I dropped in at Carnegie Recital Hall to hear the American String Trio, because I had been told that a contem-



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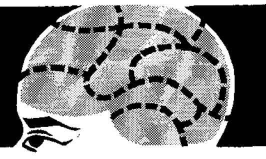

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porary work of some consequence was to form part of the program. The work is a Trio by Claus Adam, who is a member of the Juilliard Quartet. The program started off pleasantly with a Trio in C Major by Jean Françaix—actually a trifle, but a witty, satirical trifle—which proved to be highly amusing. Then the ensemble played a Trio in A Major, Opus 20, No. 5, by the eighteenth-century composer Felice Giardini. This work seemed to be free of most of the clichés that infest Baroque music. I might say that Giardini was rather "original" for a Baroque composer. Then came the composition I had been prevailed upon to hear, Mr. Adam's Trio—a "world première." I was thoroughly disappointed. Not only could I not say "This could not have been written by anybody but Mr. Adam" (it could have been written by any of thousands of young contemporary serialists) but it was not in any way a distinguished or even an interesting composition. That is one of the troubles with the twelve-tone system. All compositions written in it sound more or less alike, unless they happen to be written by one of the few men who have managed to invest the system with an expressive element—Berg, Ginastera, Nono, Dallapiccola, and perhaps a couple of others.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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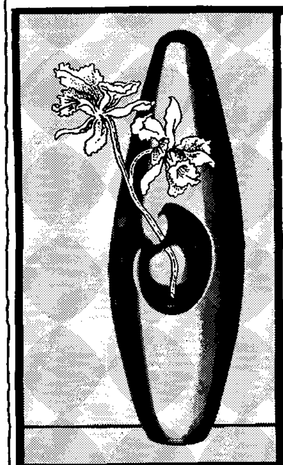

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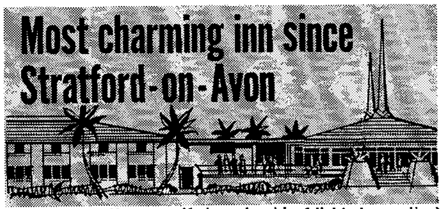

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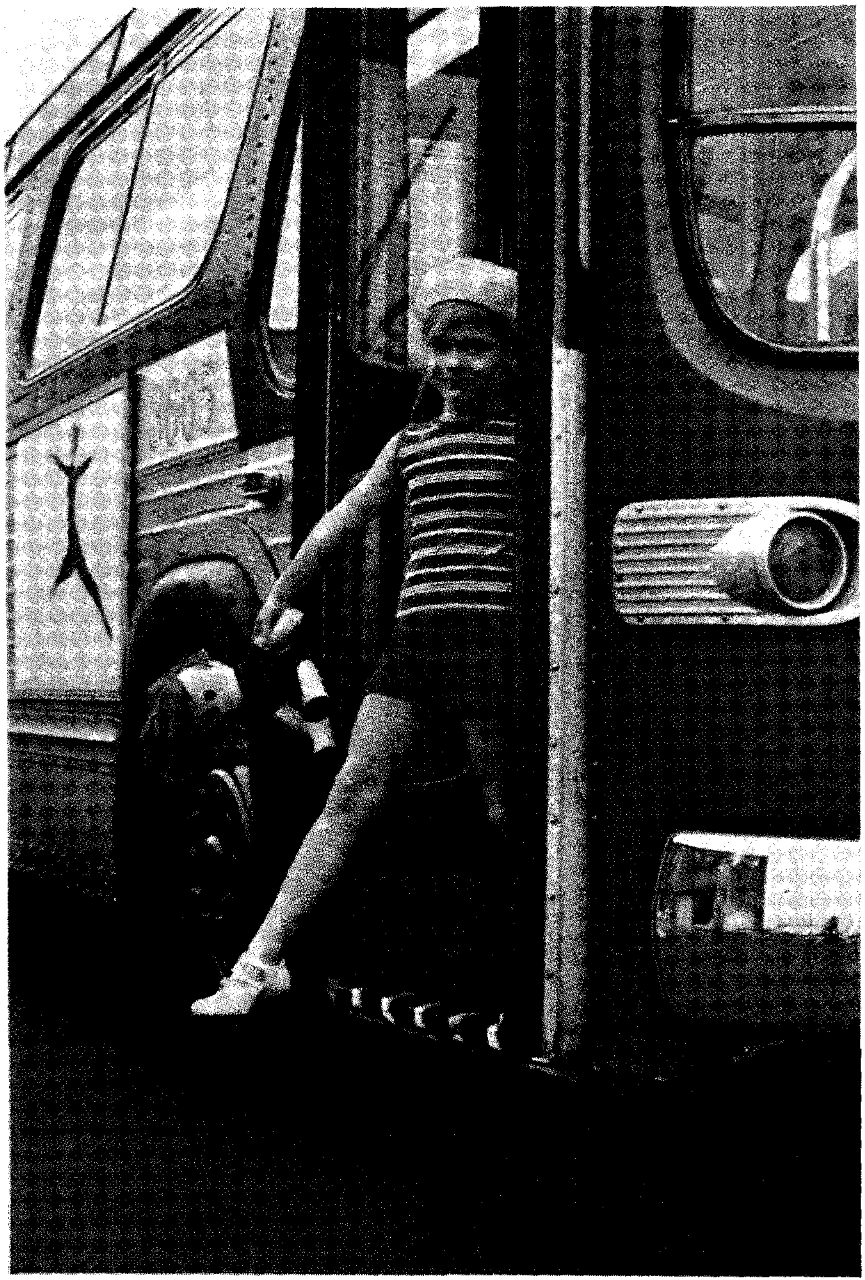

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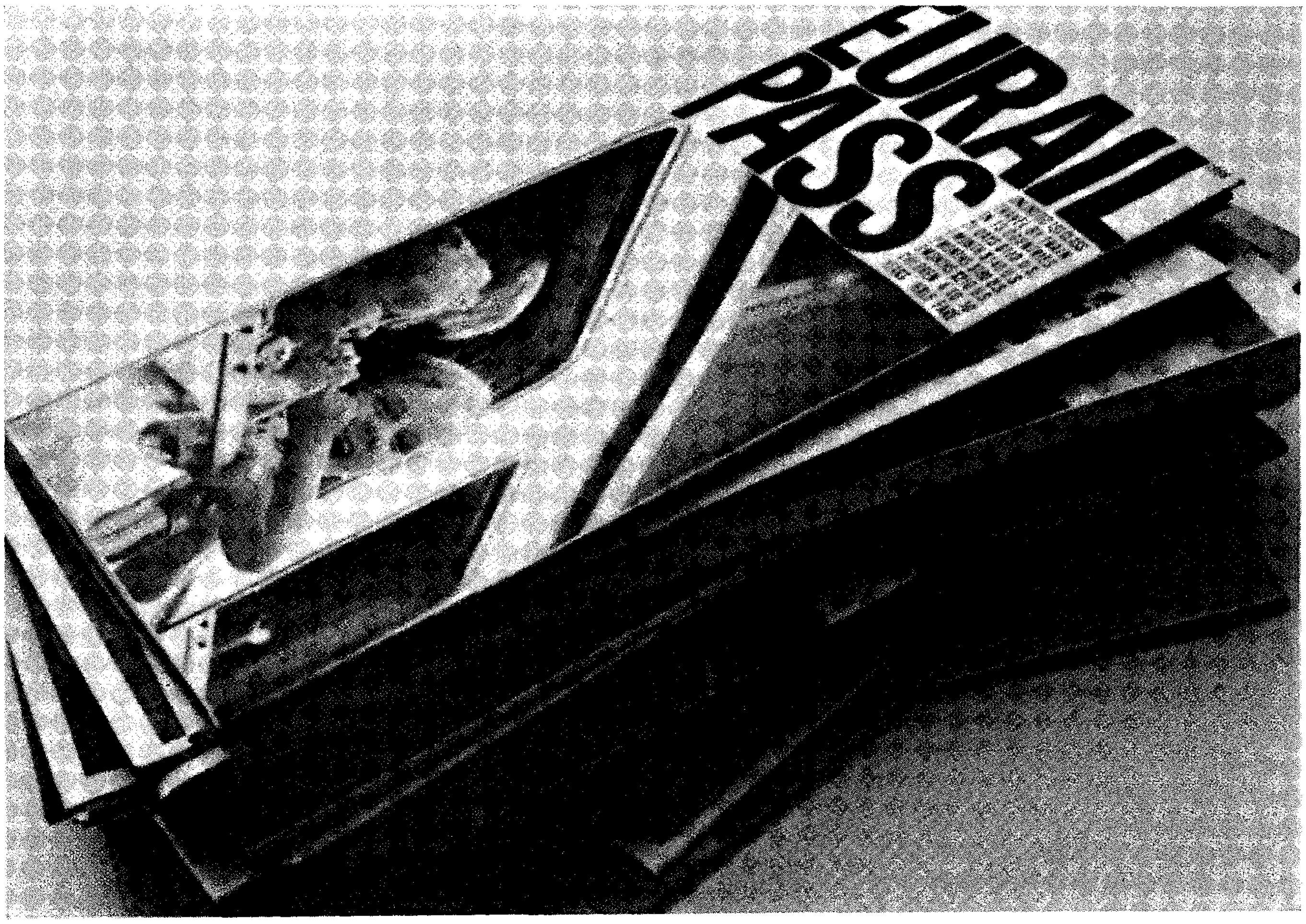

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

"COME into the garden, Maud," said the voice in the dream, or was it a movie? And everyone, Maud or not, went. Under a bower stood a young bride in a sleeveless dress of white crossbarred dimity, sleek through the body but easy at the hem. The bower was repeated on the dress—pansies of reëmbroidered yellow and white organdie. Not one of us could understand why we should note down all this in such detail until the voice spoke again, and much more crisply. "It's a hundred and fifty dollars," it said. It was not until then that we knew that we were not at a country wedding at all but only in Saks Fifth Avenue, at the time of the year when—among the young—familiarity breeds content, followed by showers (bridal) and a full, and honey, moon. And honey it had better be, if one's papa is to be expected to pay a thousand dollars for some of the goods on hand. Not, though, for the caftans of white organza with glitter-glitter (chalk and silver beads, posies with crystal dewdrops) at the bib collars and the drooping cuffs, or for the cap-sleeved dresses of white-over-yellow organza with organza tulips on the Empire bodices and the trains. Or for the brief cage ones, all white ribbon roses over net, with headpieces likewise all of the roses, or for little-girl ones of white tucked organdie, just to the knees, with sashes of turquoise grosgrain and babushkas of the organdie wreathed in Venise-type lace. All lovely, and all six weeks after the choice is made. This is true, too, of what the bridesmaids wear—brown linens, say, widely tucked at the waist, where a white leather belt is tied in flat bows, or sea-foam-green organzas over moss-green chintz on which blossoms blossom, or high-waisted Kelly-green cottons (the décor is white dots) swirling into twelve-inch flounces at the ankles and wearing garlands of white-rose embroidery aloft.

SCARLETT O'HARA made the flirtatious dresses of white organza in Bonwit's bridal salon, for there are butterfly (not McQueen) bows, and seed-pearl beads flutter beside the out-to-the-shoulder décolletages. Somebody else did the Empire frocks of white silk and rayon peau de soie (the short sleeves bear organza roses to match the flowered hats) and the dresses of white dotted swiss (there's a narrow edging of lace) over pale-blue taffeta (that takes care of the something blue), with short bell sleeves and velvet streamers that tie at the waist before they drift down the train. And there are columns of white organdie vertically striped with embroidered blossoms, scrolls, and lace medallions and ending in the hint of a train—just plain beautiful instances of what once were called lingerie gowns. Four to six weeks, and $135 to $800. The bridesmaids' doings take the same time but less cash—$30 to $70, and of white swiss with larger-than-usual dots, high, standaway collars, and pink clover embroidery, or of yellow linen (this for stark princesse dresses with white Irish lace around the armholes), or of pale-blue organdie with wild-rose embroidery.

THE rumor (how do such things get started?) that there are more and more small, junior-grade brides nowadays has impelled Bloomingdale's wedding division to stock sizes 3 to 7 for tryouts before the orders are placed. Bigger brides (and bless them, too) can be handled up to size 20. Four to six weeks' notice is the usual. The Gibson girl has been revived here; contemplate, if you will, the shirtwaist frocks of white organdie (high collars, but no bones in them, as of yesteryear). Rows of embroidered flowers alternate with very thin grosgrain ribbon on the skirts of these. Just as Gibson are the tucked white voiles with eyelet ruffles under the chin and pink taffeta belts below, and the white organzas with rows of embroidered beading (this threaded with pink baby ribbon) from the high neck to the end of the train. Little-girl dresses of white organdie bearing chains of diamond-shaped embroidery are just $125, baby bonnets and veils with loads of lace included, but it is possible to get rid of as much as $395 here, too. Bridesmaids come cheaper—$30 to $75 a throw, likewise on four to six weeks' notice. My pets are the lime linen shirt dresses with jabots of white lace, and the white linen ones with medium round necks and waistbands of Roman-striped grosgrain. They look

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BERGDORF's Country & Casual department is taking care of mere spectator sportswomen at spring weddings with practically weightless dresses done for it in France by Tiktiner—mostly shirt or shirtwaist deals, plus an occasional tiered-skirt deal. Red, blue, or pink organza with white polka dots, white scallops, and/or ball-and-pendant fringe; white voile alert with nasturtiums, azaleas, and snapdragons; white organdie (embroidered with petalled blossoms) with (and this is special) button-down collars; and so on. The tap: $110 to $175.

MARRIAGEABLE headgear is, on the other hand (or head), an easier matter, for Mr. John, anyway—two or three weeks. His tulle veils are to be attached to big long bows of whatever a certain wedding dress is made of and then draped into great poufs, or wings, at the sides; $125. Smaller bows, minus veils, are for bridesmaids, and $25. And at $150 there are mantillas of organdie, chiffon, lace, and whatever, on which is sprinkled a flurry of white ostrich-feather flues.

IRENE HAYES-WADLEY & SMYTHE has come across the word "psychedelic" (ah, well) but is being merciful about wedding flora—a bunch of things at no more than $20. It is easy to admire the star-shaped bouquets of gardenias and sweetheart roses, the bouquets of white sweet peas, geraniums, and baby ivy, the old-fashioned nosegays of white roses, white lilacs, and mignonette, and—for bridesmaids, at $15—the foliage bouquets (for print dresses) and cascades of miniature carnations (for any dresses at all). Oh, about the psychedelics in this assortment—they're rather like rainbows of daffodils, lavender freesia, blue iris, orange carnations, and pink roses.

THAT'S that for *les noces*. Now for the really young—so young that for them no *noces* is still good *noces*—and so down to 177 Macdougal Street, just off Eighth Street, and *les caves* of Fred Leighton, whose claim to have invented Mexico has some merit. A spate of his goods *are* made down there, and, whether north or south of the border, they're good: nightshirt dresses of royal-blue cotton with band collars and vast cuffs of many hues; coat-dresses of orange cotton whose sleeves are embroidered with parrots, butterflies, and bougainvillaea

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vines; caftans of tucked red cotton with tons of white lace bordering the sleeves and the simulated closings; three-piece jobs (Nehru jackets, flared skirts, flared trousers) of a splendid purple-and-coffee cotton brocade; turn-of-the-century blouses, ankle-length skirts, and bloomers (well, the Twiggy model looked superb in them) of alternating rows of white tucked batiste and lace; beach dresses confected out of eight cotton bandannas, or of yellow or white unpressed and shirred cheesecloth. Prices are down as far as $15, and only things like the Nehru outfits go over $100. Village hours, naturally—about eleven in the morning to the same at night during the week, but much shorter hours on Sunday.

BEDLAM, which is at 817 Madison Avenue, near 68th Street, is for the young, too—especially for young stringbeans of an experimental mind, for the clothes are midi-length. Data: dirndl skirts of red-and-white checked cotton and white batiste ruffles, or of yellow denim with white swiss ribbon on which roses, rosebuds, and leaves are embroidered; dirndl skirts of gray or brown Irish linen with broad, tailored belts, or of billowy white ingénue organdie tying at the waist with sashes of blue moiré ribbon. Body blouses go with all these, usually of white batiste, with Zhivago necks and lace, or with high necks and ruffles. The skirts are $12 to $30, the blouses are $14 to $36.

WHOEVER is interested in the shoes with broad, comfortable toes and chunky heels on Bonwit's second floor should inquire for the Herbert Levines: pumps for around the clock in black, navy, or brown patent leather with puffy bows, discs of polished brown wood, or bogus-tortoise buckles; pumps of red patent leather with rhinestone heels; pumps of antiqued leather shading from pale to bronze green or in marbleized beige-and-tan, all with bows; fanciful from-cocktails-on oxfords in black satin with white stitching, white patent tips, and white heels, and tying with white shoestrings (they look like track shoes, but the story is that Trigère shows them with her evening goods). The numbers: $40 and $45, sizes 4 to 10 and AAAA to C. —M.M.

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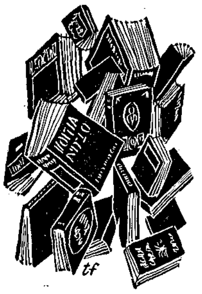
BOOKS

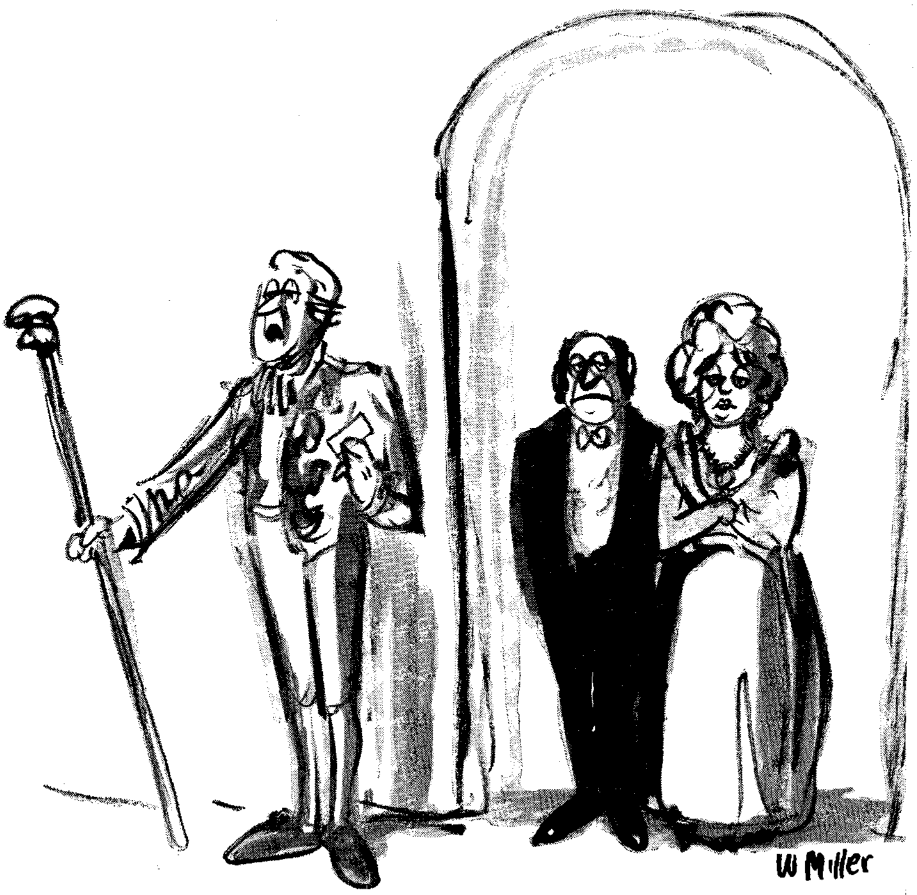
Confessions of a Biochemist



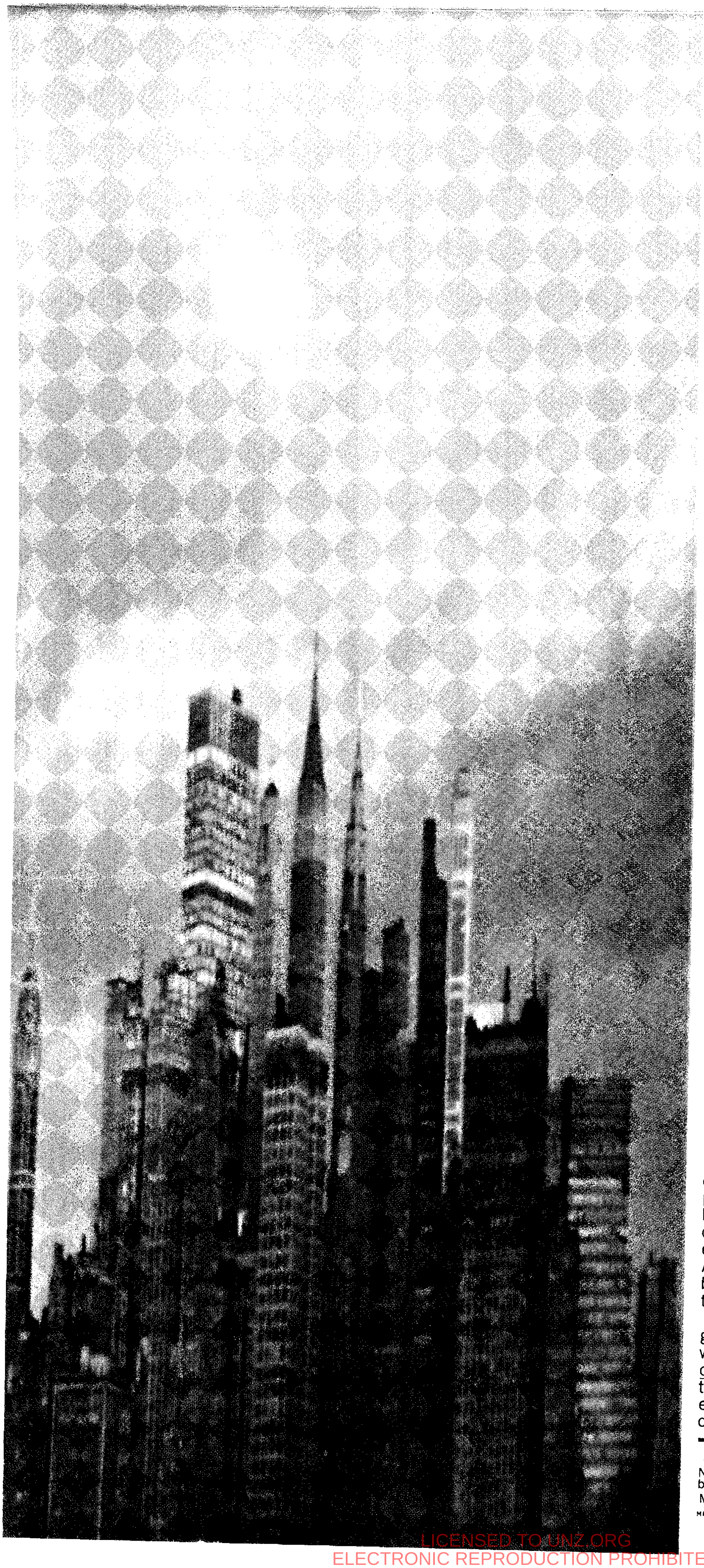
NOVELS about scientists never quite succeed. The fact that the hero is a scientist turns out to be not especially relevant to his character, and the description of him could equally well fit a person in almost any intellectual profession, or the portrait is of someone totally demented and bent on the destruction of the human race, or else he is too good to be real. Even a writer who knows the world of science as well as C. P. Snow does has great difficulty in creating interesting and plausible fictional scientists. Snow's portraits of real scientists—of Einstein and of the great British mathematician G. H. Hardy—have all the drama, humor, and depth of fiction at its strongest, but his fictional scientists are wooden and unreal. It is perhaps not accidental that Snow's principal fictional character, Lewis Eliot, is a lawyer, and that his most vibrant and memorable characters, such as those in "The Light and the Dark" and "The Masters," are in the humanities. Part of the reason, or most of it, is that a scientist's life cannot be separated from his work and that this work is all but impossible to convey to the audience that can appreciate a description of the rest of his life. One can imagine a novel about Einstein that described his early and unhappy marriage to Mileva Maritsch, a Hungarian physics student slightly older than he was, and their divorce, when he was thirty-four, but would this have any particular significance if it were not that during the years they were married he created the foundations of twentieth-century physics? How would one put *that* into a novel?

These reflections were recently underlined for me by the appearance of a really extraordinary autobiographical document by the American biochemist James D. Watson, now at Harvard, which in many ways reads like a work of fiction with a scientist as protagonist but which escapes most of the fictional clichés about scientists, since it deals with real events, or at least with Watson's memory of them. As nearly everyone now knows, it was Watson, in collaboration with the British biochemist and ex-physicist Francis Crick, who in 1953 devised the now universally accepted structural model for the DNA molecule (DNA stands for deoxyribonucleic acid), which is the basic constituent of the gene. This model has opened up an entirely new prospect for the quantitative understanding of the mechanism of heredity, and it is one of the most important discoveries in twentieth-century science. Watson and Crick, along with Maurice Wilkins, an English biochemist whose X-ray studies of DNA had much to do with inspiring and proving the model, were jointly awarded a Nobel prize in 1962. The structure of the DNA molecule, as they discovered, can be pictured as a spiral ladder whose rungs are composed of four nitrogenous bases, or nucleotides (thymine, adenine, guanine, and cytosine), and whose legs are made up of sugar phosphates. Each leg is twisted into a helix, or spiral. Because there are two helices in the DNA ladder, the Watson-Crick model is also known as the "double helix," and "The Double Helix" is the title of Watson's book. (It has been published by Atheneum; the Harvard University Press turned it down because of the controversial nature of the references to many of Watson's scientific colleagues.) Crick, whose generally flamboyant character comes vividly to life in the book, calls his house in Cambridge, where he teaches, the Golden Helix, and the discovery of the double helix has been a cornucopia both for the discoverers and for modern science.

"The Double Helix" is not a history of genetics. It begins in 1951, soon after Watson, a Ph.D. fresh from Indiana University, arrives in Europe on a government fellowship, filled with "youthful arrogance," limitless energy, a deep-set ambition to discover the mechanism of the gene, a conviction "that the truth, once found, would be simple as well as pretty," a rather mediocre background in the necessary physics and chemistry, and absolutely no idea of how to go about attacking the problem. Even as late as 1951, not every biologist believed that DNA was the essential molecule that contained the genetic code; many people felt that it resided in the proteins that were also constituents of the gene. However, Watson was convinced that DNA was the key, but he hoped, at least at first, that he would be able to find out how



"Prince and Mrs. Charming!"



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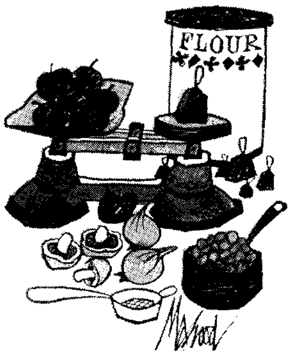
it worked "without my learning any chemistry." Fortunately, his Ph.D. supervisor, an Italian-trained microbiologist named Salvador Luria, though he "positively abhorred most chemists," had concluded that the mechanism of DNA could not really be understood until its chemistry had been unravelled. "Deep down," Watson says, "he knew that it is impossible to describe the behavior of something when you don't know what it is. Thus, knowing he could never bring himself to learn chemistry, Luria felt the wisest course was to send me, his first serious student, to a chemist." Not many chemists were seriously studying DNA, and Watson was shipped off to Copenhagen to work with one of the few who were. But he could not understand his new mentor's English, and the man was getting a divorce; i.e., he "was not going to concentrate on science for some time, for perhaps as long as I would remain in Copenhagen." So Watson went to work with a Danish biologist, Ole Maaløe, on a more conventional problem, concerning bacterial viruses. After three months, "there were enough data for a respectable publication and, using ordinary standards, I knew I could stop work for the rest of the year without being judged unproductive." So he wrote to the fellowship office in Washington for permission to go to Naples, where there is a zoological station and where he hoped it would be warm. "A cheerful affirmative letter wishing me a pleasant journey came by return post from Washington. Moreover, it enclosed a $200 check for travel expenses. It made me feel slightly dishonest as I set off for the sun."



In Naples, Maurice Wilkins delivered a lecture, during which he flashed an X-ray diffraction picture of the DNA molecule, and its crystalline structure suggested to Watson that it might be possible to construct a model of it. The technique of using X-rays to study the structure of molecules was developed by Sir William Henry Bragg and Sir William Lawrence Bragg, father and son, who shared a Nobel prize in 1915—the only father and son who have ever been so honored. Sir William Lawrence Bragg was the director of the Cavendish Laboratory, in Cambridge, where Watson and Crick later worked out their model, and in his enthusiastic foreword to "The Double Helix" he notes, "Finally, there is the human interest of the story—the impression made by Europe and by England in particular upon a young man from the States. He writes with a Pepys-like frankness. Those who figure in it [and Bragg was one] must read it in a very forgiving spirit. One must remember that his book is not a history but an autobiographical contribution to the history which will someday be written." Watson hoped to corner Wilkins in Naples and learn more about DNA than there was in the lecture, and he thought that Wilkins might be enticed into conversation and perhaps collaboration by the presence of Watson's attractive sister, but Wilkins returned to London before a plot could be hatched, and Watson, disappointed, set off for Copenhagen.

He stopped off in Geneva for a talk with a Swiss biologist, Jean Weigle, who had just returned from Cal Tech, where he had listened to a lecture by Linus Pauling on the structure of proteins. Except for Mme. Curie, Pauling is the only winner of two Nobel prizes—one in Peace in 1963 and one in Chemistry in 1954. Pauling was, at the time Watson went to Europe, the world's leading authority on the theory of chemical bonding; his "The Nature of the Chemical Bond," published in 1939, is one of the most important texts in modern chemistry. In 1951, Pauling advanced the hypothesis that protein molecules were arranged in helices, and this is what Weigle told Watson. Watson decided that he wanted to go immediately to a large scientific center with an established program for the study of the biological molecules so that he could apply the same techniques to DNA. Pauling, he felt, was too busy to waste his time with a young and inexperienced Ph.D., and Wilkins did not seem especially friendly, so Watson went to Cambridge, where the Austrian-born biochemist Max Perutz was working in the Cavendish Laboratory. Perutz arranged an interview with the younger Bragg. (Perutz won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry the year that Watson, Crick, and Wilkins won it in Medicine and Physiology.) Compared, say, to high-energy physics, biology had, at least in the early nineteen-fifties, a homespun quality, perhaps because of the comparative simplicity and inexpen-

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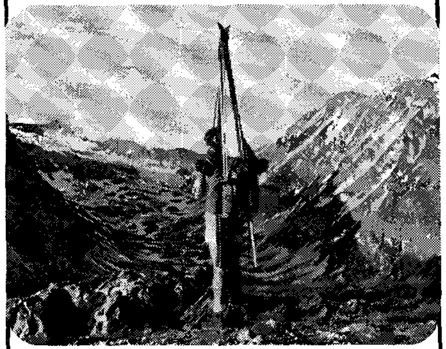

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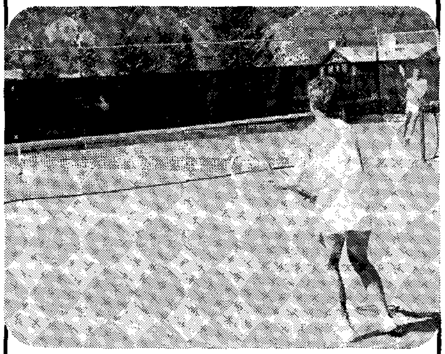

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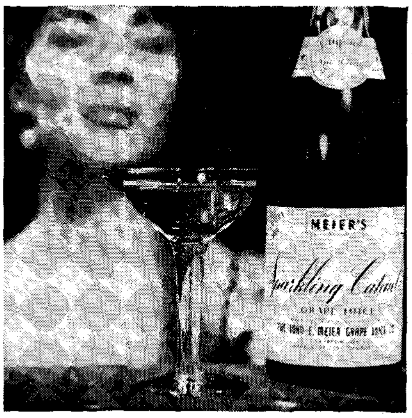

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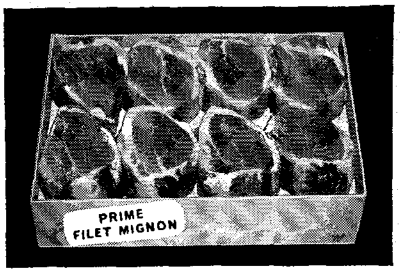

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siveness of the basic experimental tools. In contrast to the situation that apparently prevailed in biology, it is almost inconceivable that an unknown physics Ph.D. could wander into a multimillion-dollar high-energy physics laboratory, without invitation, and become one of the family, which is what Watson was proposing to do at the Cavendish. To make things even more difficult, Watson wanted to use X-ray diffraction methods, which were based on Bragg's Law—the simple and basic optical principle upon which the whole subject is founded and which is taught in any college-physics curriculum, and which Watson did not know. Yet no matter; the introduction by Perutz, who had just succeeded in confirming Pauling's protein-helix hypothesis with X-ray diffraction techniques, worked, and Watson became, almost on the spot, an associate at the Cavendish. Now the fellowship office balked, for it was clear that Watson was no longer interested in learning the chemistry he had been sent to Europe to do. However, he still had a thousand dollars of his fellowship money, and he felt that this would be enough for a year in England.

At this point enter Francis Crick. Although then in his middle thirties, he was the *enfant terrible* of the Cavendish Laboratory. (Watson was only twenty-five when he and Crick constructed their DNA model.) He had been trained as a physicist, and during the war he had worked on magnetic mines for the Admiralty. After the war, he had switched to biology, and when Watson met him he was still working toward his doctorate. Everyone at the Cavendish knew that Crick was brilliant but not that he had the patience to see anything through—a quality probably more important than sheer intelligence in doing science. (The late Austrian physicist Wolfgang Pauli remarked that the trouble with a certain colleague was a defect not in his brain but in the seat of his pants, which would not stay put long enough in a chair to allow him to finish a problem.) Crick, an unabashed extrovert, unnerved the more staid workers at the Cavendish:

> This came partly from the volume of Crick's voice: he talked louder and faster than anyone else, and, when he laughed, his location within the Cavendish was obvious. Almost everyone enjoyed these manic moments, especially when we had the time to listen attentively and to tell him bluntly when we lost the train of his argument. But there was one notable exception. Conversations with Crick frequently upset Sir Lawrence Bragg, and the sound of his voice was often sufficient to

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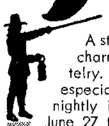

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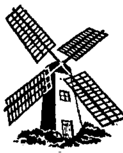

make Bragg move to a safer room. Only infrequently would he come to tea in the Cavendish, since it meant enduring Crick's booming over the tea room. Even then Bragg was not completely safe. On two occasions the corridor outside his office was flooded with water pouring out of a laboratory in which Crick was working. Francis, with his interest in theory, had neglected to fasten securely the rubber tubing around his suction pump.

It is, by the way, a remarkable feature of the biology of the time that all the principals in the DNA story, Pauling excepted, worked on both theory and experiment. It was possible, as it is not in general in modern physics, for a man to have a bright new theory and go off into his own laboratory to test it. In physics, the functions of the theorist and the experimenter, because of the complexity of the disciplines, are separate, and almost no theorist can participate in the verifying, or disproving, of his own theory.

Watson and Crick hit it off at once. Both men felt that in the structure of DNA lay the secret of the gene, and that Pauling's helices, or something like them, were the key. However, in Great Britain at the time, X-ray experiments on DNA were the exclusive prerogative of the group headed by Maurice Wilkins, at the University of London. To an American scientist used to the competitive hustle and bustle of the large laboratories, it was incredible that a fundamental problem like DNA structure could be allotted to one laboratory, and that the laboratory could establish its hegemony simply by being the first to work on it. This could have been a workable situation, for Crick and Wilkins were old friends, but the DNA problem had been turned over to an assistant of Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, or Rosy, as Watson calls her, and she was hostile to any outsiders. Watson suggests (on this he has been challenged by Wilkins) that even Wilkins was not welcome in her laboratory. Watson's description of Miss Franklin, who died in 1958, is one of his most unflattering, and in an epilogue to "The Double Helix" he goes a long way toward reversing it:

> Because I was then teaching in the States, I did not see her as often as did Francis, to whom she frequently came for advice or when she had done something very pretty, to be sure he agreed with her reasoning. By then all traces of our early bickering were forgotten, and we both came to appreciate greatly her personal honesty and generosity, realizing years too late the struggles that the intelligent woman faces to be accepted by a scientific world which often regards women as mere diversions from serious thinking. Rosalind's exemplary courage

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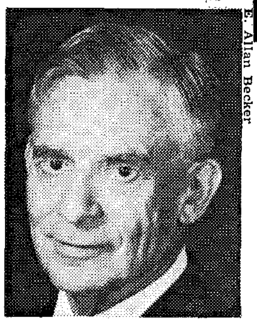

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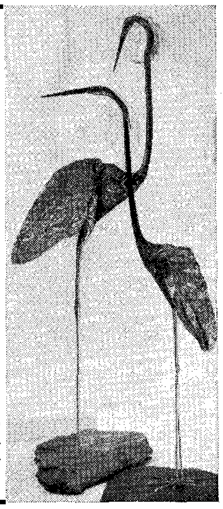

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and integrity were apparent to all when, knowing she was mortally ill, she did not complain but continued working on a high level until a few weeks before her death.

In any event, it was Rosy who had taken the best X-ray photographs of the DNA molecule in the world, and it was to Rosy that Watson and Crick had to go for data. Indeed, in mid-November of 1951 Watson went to London to hear her lecture and to see whether her latest photographs indicated that DNA had a helical structure. On the basis of Watson's report, Crick concocted a model for DNA in which there were three sugar-phosphate legs, to which the nucleotides were attached on the outside. Wilkins and Miss Franklin, in response to an excited phone call, went down to Cambridge to have a look, and soon after Crick began explaining what he had done it became apparent that Watson had misremembered some of the data in Rosy's lecture, and this did not help their relations with her. In fact, not long afterward Bragg received a complaint from Wilkins' chief that Crick "and the American" were duplicating work being done in London, and not long after that Watson and Crick were forbidden to work on DNA. Crick went back to his Ph.D. thesis and Watson went to tobacco-mosaic viruses—the viruses responsible for the mottle on tobacco leaves—whose structure, he discovered, was also helical.

The spring and summer of 1952 produced no significant advances in the DNA problem, but Watson had an interesting meeting with Pauling in France. First of all, Pauling's passport had been seized at Idlewild by the State Department, presumably because of his political beliefs, when he was on his way to Britain a short time earlier to attend a scientific congress, and then, under extreme pressure from the scientific community, the Department had suddenly reversed itself, allowing him to go to Europe; second, it seemed certain that Pauling was also thinking about DNA and the helices; and, third, Peter, Pauling's son, was to spend a year at the Cavendish, which would give Watson and Crick direct access to any advances the Master might make on DNA in Pasadena. (Watson, who writes in "The Double Helix" about girls and conversations that he and Crick have about girls, and that he and Crick's wife have about girls, until he and Crick begin to sound like councillors in a summer camp, notes that his enthusiasm for the arrival of Peter was in no small measure due to Peter's beautiful blond sister Linda, who he

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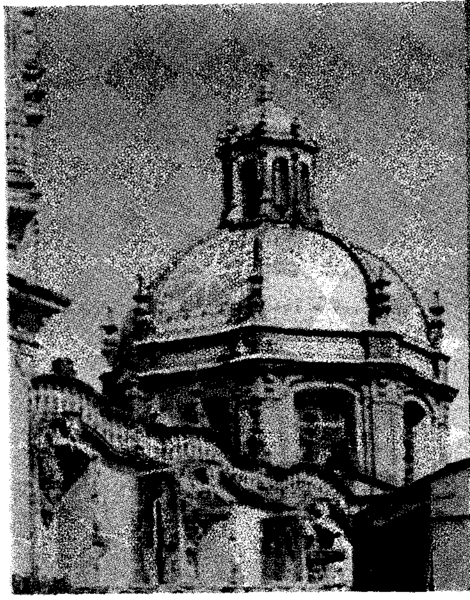

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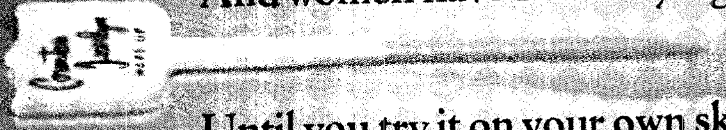

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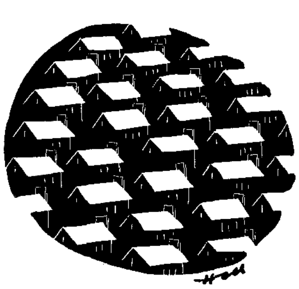
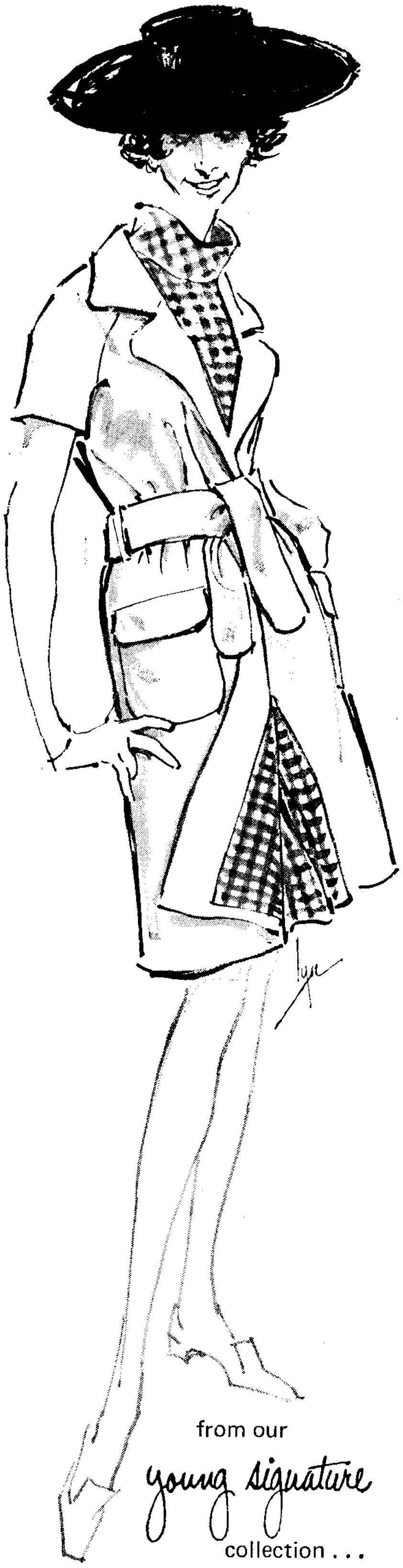
hoped might also show up.) In the middle of December of 1952, Peter, now at the Cavendish, got a letter from home announcing that his father had a model for DNA but giving no details. A month later, Peter received word that a manuscript from Pauling would soon be on its way to England. If any non-scientist thinks that a scientist is overjoyed to see a fundamental problem he has been working on solved by someone else, no matter how worthy and no matter how splendid the solution, let him read Watson. The model Pauling described proved to be very similar to the one Crick had been working on. The thought that by some clever twist Pauling had produced the perfect model was almost too much to take. Watson yanked the manuscript from Peter's coat pocket, began to read it, and almost immediately realized that Pauling had made a stupendous mistake. "When Francis was amazed equally by Pauling's unorthodox chemistry, I began to breathe slower. By then I knew we were still in the game." Pauling's mistake was one of elementary chemistry, and Watson and Crick felt sure that if Pauling did not discover it himself it would be pointed out to him when the article was published, six weeks later, after which, they felt, Pauling would work night and day until he found the correct model. Therefore, they reasoned, they had at most a six-week head start, and if they were going to get anywhere they would have to return to DNA full time.



Watson went up to London to show Wilkins and Rosy the Pauling manuscript and the error, and, he hoped, to get a look at the most recent X-ray data. It was a memorable visit. Rosy said that Pauling's model was obviously wrong, since it involved helices, whereas her X-ray data indicated that there were no helices in DNA, and she added that in the model the sugar phosphates must be placed outside the nucleotides. But no sooner had Watson left Rosy than Wilkins showed him X-ray photographs of a form of DNA slightly different from the one in the pictures that Rosy had shown Watson, and in these there was unmistakable evidence of the helix structure. Nonetheless, Wilkins said, Rosy was right about the sugar phosphates. Watson returned to Cambridge determined to try again, and it now took almost no persuasion to convince Bragg that if the DNA structure problem were to be cracked in England it would be done by the Cavendish group, since it was the only one seriously attempting molecular model-building. The next step was to have the shop in the Cavendish construct out of metal the components of the DNA molecule so that Watson and Crick could try to construct a model in three dimensions—a technique Pauling had used with brilliance after he discovered the helical character of the proteins. Reconstructing the DNA molecule in accordance with Rosy's scheme raised entirely new problems, since now it became necessary to rearrange the four nucleotides in such a way that the chemical bonding would hold them together. Nevertheless, Watson thought he had hit on the proper scheme. Happily contemplating his solution, he lay awake until after two in the morning. However, next day an American crystallographer, Jerry Donohue, who happened to be doing research at the Cavendish and who, except for Pauling, knew as much about chemical bonding as anyone else in the world, pointed out to Watson that the molecular data that Watson had taken from standard chemical texts were not right and that the DNA in his model would not hold together. Moreover, Crick pointed out that the model was inconsistent with the X-ray data. Next morning, Watson was back in his office experimenting with his model. Suddenly he saw that if he took two of the nucleotides (adenine and thymine) he could bond them together, and, moreover, the same bonding worked to hold the other pair together. Thus adenine and thymine and guanine and cytosine could be fitted neatly together in pairs between the sugar phosphates. This turned out to be the answer, and when Crick got to the office he immediately grasped the significance of Watson's discovery.

The next step was to build a three-dimensional model that would prove that the whole structure could be put together coherently and that would reproduce the pitch of the helices indicated by the X-rays. The following two days were tremendously exciting ones for Watson and Crick as the model-building proceeded without a hitch. (There is a photograph of this model in the book, and while the wire rigs that represent the ladder give it a Rube Goldberg quality, if one knows



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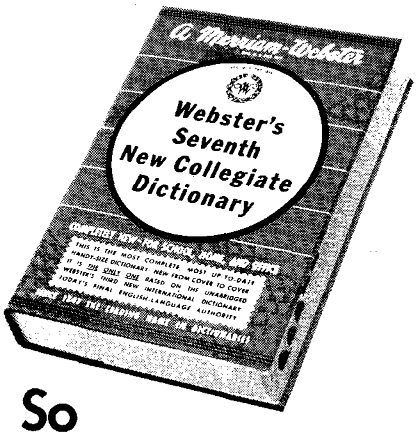

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what one is looking at there is a marvellous symmetry about it, especially if one realizes that one is looking at the first real construct of the basic building block that governs heredity.) Bragg was called in to inspect the work, and he was at once taken by it. Wilkins came down from London, and when Rosy heard about the model, she turned out to be a surprisingly easy convert. In fact, they called back two days later to say that their new X-ray data completely confirmed the theory of the double helix. Pauling got word of the new model in California and instantly accepted it in place of his own. On April 2, 1953, Watson and Crick sent a manuscript to *Nature*, the British scientific publication, giving the details of their work, and in its implications for biology it may well be as important a publication as Darwin's book.

"THE DOUBLE HELIX" is a unique work about science. It concerns a great discovery and it is written by one of the discoverers soon enough after the event so that all the human details that make a work of science so much like a work of art have not been forgotten. One may fault its literary style, although the writing is remarkably fresh, and may feel a little uneasy about its frankness. However, science is done by people, with all their faults and all their grandeur, and, as Watson's book shows vividly, this, and the marvellous beauty of the truths that it wrests from nature, is what makes the enterprise the wonder that it is.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND: AN EX-MARINE'S ODYSSEY IN VIETNAM, by Martin Russ (Atheneum). This exceptional book describes, in good, plain prose and with remarkable honesty, an appalling human activity—combat. The author, who saw action with the Marines in the Korean war, went to Vietnam to find out about this war and, as a free-lance writer, spent about six months on various fronts, with American, South Vietnamese, and Australian troops; his book, in the form of a diary, reflects day-by-day events and states of mind. He shared and describes the emotions of fighting men—fear, hatred, pride, guilt, anxiety, disgust, and discomfort, all in one muddle. Like the soldiers, he would be at times shocked by vio-

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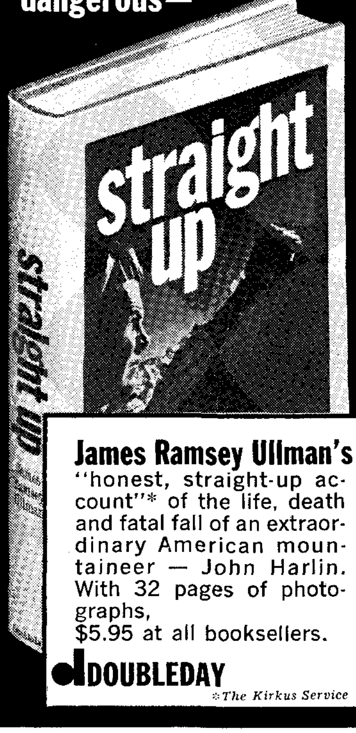

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lence and at other times indifferent to it; at some moments careful and conscientious, at others dazed and silly. Away from action, he was still moody—loathing the Australians after having admired them, ricocheting between pity for and dislike of the Vietnamese. What he gives here is a rational account of irrationality, made the more persuasive and comprehensible by his literary control.

EPITAPH FOR KINGS, by Sanche de Gramont (Putnam). An easy-to-read chronicle of, and an inquest on, the French monarchy from the death of Louis XIV to the execution of Louis XVI. In Mr. de Gramont's view, the Sun King's legacy—which included a parasitic nobility and a treasury like a sieve—was a bag of problems. He sympathetically describes Louis's heirs' efforts to solve them, and tells how every attempt at reform was foiled. Reforms or no, the addled condition of what was in fact a rich and powerful country did not, according to the author, create a widespread demand for the revolution that actually happened; though Mr. de Gramont is scarcely an apologist for the *ancien régime*, he sees the French Revolution as something less than a glorious event. What he offers, in language that is mainly journalistic, though sometimes more artful, is a pessimistic vision of history as the product of bad luck, stupidity, and violence.

THE REAL C.I.A., by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. (Macmillan). The author, who is now a professor of political science at Brown, started out in the late nineteen-thirties to be a journalist. He joined the forerunner of the O.S.S., then served in the O.S.S. itself, and, finding intelligence work a more fascinating kind of news gathering than reporting, went to work for the C.I.A., and was serving as its executive director when he retired three years ago. In many respects, his account of the agency scarcely differs from what one might expect of a man who has served in any federal bureaucracy—Agriculture, say. Mr. Kirkpatrick discusses such problems as how to be both painstaking and efficient; how to maintain employee morale despite reorganizations and quashed projects; how to pacify or work with other bureaucracies with overlapping functions. He recalls the period when Senator Joseph McCarthy and his followers believed that the C.I.A.

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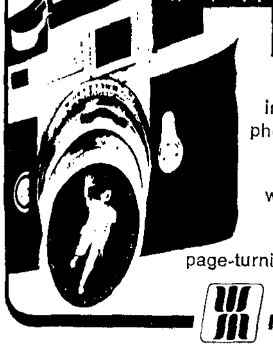

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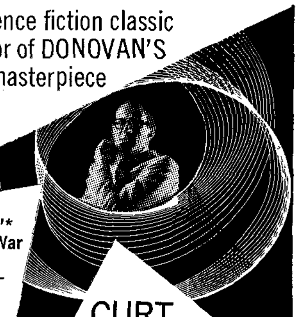

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was crammed with Communists, and is somewhat chagrined by the currently fashionable view that the C.I.A. is crammed with uncontrollable reactionaries. He does little bragging about those occasions when the C.I.A. was right, and less excusing when it was wrong, and in every way writes like an ideal intelligence officer—shrewd, sophisticated, brisk, sober, and practical.

BEYOND BELIEF: A CHRONICLE OF MURDER AND ITS DETECTION, by Emlyn Williams (Random House). A reconstruction of the psychopathological horrors that the British newspapers called the "Moors Murders"—the sadistic killing of three (possibly five) children by a demure young couple named Ian Brady and Myra Hindley in Manchester a couple of years ago. Mr. Williams (the author of the notable horror drama "Night Must Fall" of a generation ago) makes use not only of facts but also, in the hope of reaching a kind of para-accuracy, of surmise and imagination. The result is an insufferable literary pretentiousness and a haunting tedium (every action is buried in a midden of naturalistic detail); what is worse, one is always conscious of the author caressing his repulsive material with a sort of relish.

PRINCE OF AESTHETES: COUNT ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU, 1855-1921, by Philippe Jullian, translated from the French by John Haylock and Francis King (Viking). A biography of the aristocratic dandy on whom Huysmans modelled des Esseintes, Wilde modelled Dorian Gray, and Proust modelled the Baron de Charlus. The material is utterly fascinating—a towering meringue of gossip, scandal, ostentation, elegance, and wit—and M. Jullian does it perfect justice. While freely admitting Count Robert's homosexuality, he curiously insists that it was all sublimated, and that Count Robert's twenty-year intimacy with his "secretary," Yturri, was not physical but a simple matter of using Yturri to represent him in paying calls on the Pope, the Rothschilds, Duse, and the sick cat of a friend. Highly recommended, but to be read *cum grano salis*. Illustrated.

GIBBON AND HIS WORLD, by Sir Gavin de Beer (Viking-Studio). A concise, beautifully written, compassionate account of the life and work of the unhappy, fat little author of "The Decline and Fall," amplified by a hundred and twenty-nine pictures of people and places that Gibbon knew.

MY FATHER, SHOLOM ALEICHEM, by Marie Waife-Goldberg (Simon & Schuster). This tender, entertaining memoir is the first full-length biography of the celebrated Yiddish writer. The author's portrait of her father is lifelike and cozy, and it creates a character who seems to have been invented by Sholom Aleichem himself: a cheerful, optimistic, trusting babe in practical matters, cheated by everyone from postmen to publishers, who, by his gifts of imagination and compassion, makes high art and great jokes out of his own misfortunes.

GREAT WATERS, by Sir Alister Hardy (Harper & Row). Dr. Hardy, whose "The World of Plankton" and "Fish and Fisheries" are models of popular science, had the good fortune as a young man to serve as chief zoologist aboard the Royal Research Ship Discovery, one of the last of the square-riggers, on its famous and largely pioneering Antarctic oceanographic study of 1925-27. This handsome book is a revised and abridged (that is, relieved of much purely scientific data) version of the journal he kept of that extraordinary experience in the world of whales and the tiny plankton on which they feed, and—as adventure, as scientific exploration, as an introduction to marine zoology—it is a delight. Illustrated with photographs, drawings, and watercolors by the author (many in color), and maps. Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

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HO-HO-KUS—The Borough Council has received bids from 4 construction companies for its $1,750,000 sewer program.

Sewer construction contracts may be awarded at the council meeting in March if the low bid is accepted.

Construction would then be started on the first phase of the sewering in May. The contractor will have 30 days to complete the work which is expected to take about eight months.—*Hackensack (N. J.) Bergen Evening Record.*

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